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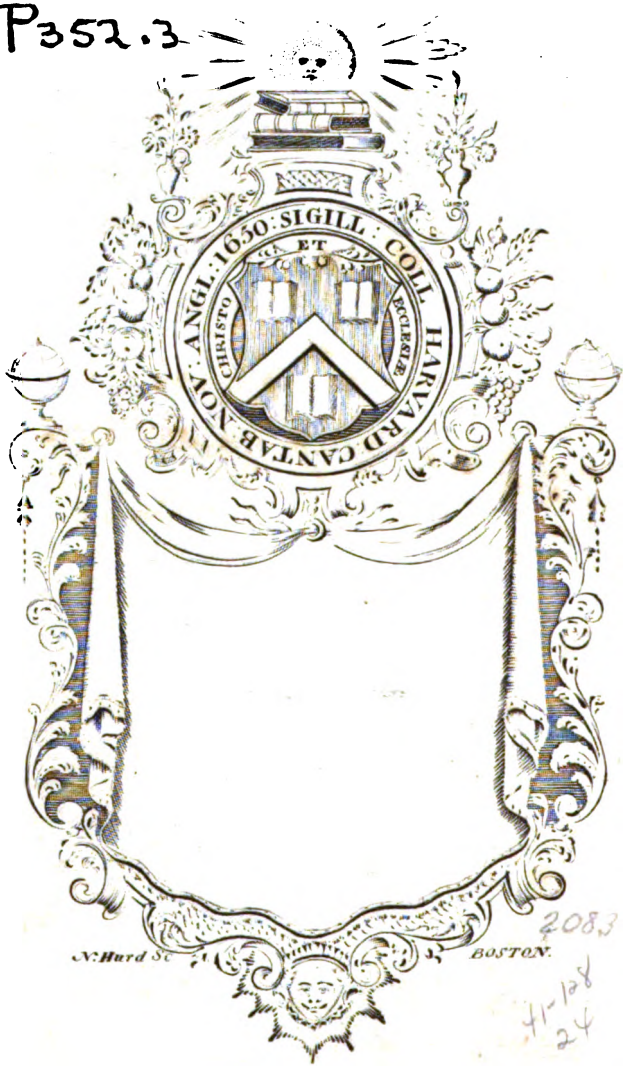

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SOMETHING.

EDITED BY

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

"Tis Something----Nothing."

No. I.] *Boston, Saturday, November* 18, 1809. [Vol. I.

THE WORLD.

THIS World is—as it is, and as no one can change it
For better or worse, as it is we must range it;
And try if from what it is ought we can take
Will give opiates to vice, and keep virtue awake;
For virtue indulges too much on her pillow;
'Tis her's to bestride the impetuous billow,
To ride on the storm, to out face the bleak wind,
And assert the all conquering power of mind.
To prove that no fortune or sorrow can bend
The soul of that man who can be his own friend:
Do his duty, start fairly, take truth for his guide,
Make faith his reliance, religion his pride;
Keep watch, take the helm, cry at folly, "no near,"
And when once gain'd the right course say, "steady now steer."
But if Virtue once dozes, be sure in a trice,
The helm of her vessel's seiz'd hold of by Vice;
The sheets are eased off, and a free breeze obtained,
More is lost in one hour, than by days can be gain'd;
Happy yet, from her slumbers if Virtue awakes,
Ere her bark on the rock of incautiousness *breaks*.
But the world? aye the world, well it is—as it is,
Its wealth is a target some hit and some miss,
'Tis composed of a mixture, some sour, some sweet,
Some weak and some strong, and some little, some great,

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Some wretched, some happy, some grave and some sad,
Some wise and some foolish, some good and some bad.
But where all have a fair chance to act as they please,
Or to *struggle* for bliss, or be *curs'd* at their *ease*.
But, it follows of course that if some *will* do evil
And pursue that broad road that leads down—(I'll be civil)
So to balance accounts, *other* some must be found
Who've ambition enough to ascend the *high* ground,
For virtue, or vice, would have absolute sway
If all should determine to travel *one* way.
And this once effected, mankind would be slaves,
And *drill'd*, like a despot's train'd bands, to their graves.
No honour or praise could their actions reward,
Nor justice a punishment fairly accord;
Since force and not reason, constraint and not will
The measure of each prescrib'd duty would fill.
The moral, unlike to the physical world,
Has a spot where the banners of peace are unfurl'd;
'Tis the space intervening 'twixt little and great;
'Twixt the zenith of fortune and nadir of fate.
Where Experience beckons to all, as she cries
Or rising or falling, here pause, if you're wise,
'Tis the shade of content, where the weary may rest,
And partake, if they please, of the sweets of the blest.
Yet such is the folly of those who pursue it,
Tho' with hard toil they've gain'd, they still pant to get through it;
While those who're *compell'd* from high fortune to stray
In spite of conviction keep down hill their way.
Yet such the repulsion of all as they meet,
They are ne'er known to stop, one another to greet,
And lest the rich man check the poor in his fall,
He leaves *him* the broad way, and himself takes the wall.
Then viewing the world as it is, we shall find
That if some *will* go forward, some must lag behind,
If some seek the country, some must live in town,
If some will go upward, then some must come down.
For the high roads of life, like the bridges of Boston,
Would ne'er pay their costs, unless both sides were crost on.
Since each other then meeting, avoiding, or shoving,
Or crossing, or jostling, we always keep moving,
Since, like teetering boys, when one mounts t'other falls,

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Since few keep fair-weather, but all have their squalls.
This world may be aptly compared to a pot
Where all kinds of sauces are kept piping hot,
While each genus is jostling the other, and toiling,
Like men, to obtain the best *places* to boil in;
While money's the fuel that fire conveys,
And ambition the poker that stirs up the blaze.

A Categorical Syllogism.

MAJOR.

This is a strange world.

MINOR.

A strange world must produce strange people.

CONSEQUENCE.

Strange people must exhibit strange things.

Now who can doubt after this that we can tell watt's what? It is strange that a work should be undertaken by—Nobody. It is stranger that it should be professedly inimical to—Nobody.

And yet that it is likely to be supported by—Nobody.

And what's most strange, and passing strange, is, that these truths, though truths, will be denied by—Nobody.

"*Alas! he's Mad.*"

Some say that it is madness to undertake a weekly and literary paper in Boston, after so many have failed—We beg pardon of the learned editors, we *should* have said, after they had *declined publishing*, in consequence of a deficiency of public taste to estimate and patronize their respective merits. They say too that Maros enough could be found if Mecænases were plenty.

THREE QUERIES.

Can any man admire the beauty of a woman, before he *sees* her beautiful?

Can any botanist acknowledge the pre-eminence of a flower till he has observed its superior claims?

Will not Maros produce Mecænases?

Look at Philadelphia and New-York. The former has her Dennie, the latter her Irwins; Look next at home;—does not the Anthology blossom and bear fruit under the influence of an enlivening sun? Our

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soil is rich enough, let but the seed be good, sow it carefully, and it will produce its fifty or its hundred fold.

Mecænases produce Maros! Virgil wrote, and wrote *well*, before Mecænas interfered in his favour—Let a Virgil appear in Boston and he'll find his Mecænas—somewhere.

It is not what we think of ourselves, but what the world think of us, that establishes reputation and, consequently, profit.

We may think and say of ourselves that we are wits, geniuses, or learned men, but after all we have thought and said of ourselves, there is a certain something necessary to make the world believe.

The greatest error into which periodical writers generally fall is that of thinking themselves wiser than their fellow creatures: That they sometimes *have* been so must be granted, but because Addison and Johnson instructed, it does not follow that every succeeding writer should amuse. Johnson stood "like the monument" firm in disappointment: we are equally prepared.

But let us jokingly, and without the usual animosity, notice the observations of our wits and punsters on some of the periodical works that have made their first and last appearance on the stage of literary patronage in this town.

THE THISTLE.

The *Thistle* springs up, and, like Virgil's bee, "vitam in vulnere ponit."

There is much virtue in a *name*; *Thistle* was an unfortunate title, a "noli me tangere" "a nemo me impune lacessit," cautious people were afraid of touching it. We trust that we have been more fortunate in our choice, for every body must be pleased with "*Something*," although there is a something that will never please "No not to Nobody."

N.B. The above quotations were introduced to prove that *Nobody* understands Latin as well as English.

THE TIMES.

The Times are changed! Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

THE MIRROR.

The Mirror is still held up; may it never know a painful reflection!

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The Weekly Magazine say the punsters, was not strong enough to stand its ground, because it was *weakly* supported.

THE EMERALD.

The Emerald was not *read*, because it was *green*.

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THE ORDEAL.

Its *fire* was too hot, and its *water* froze, there could be no fair trial.

THE POLYANTHUS.

Polyanthus. Sweet pretty name! Ladies like bouquets; but is it to be supposed that they will at all times wear them in their bosoms? Humanity forbid! The Polyanthus had to be sure many flowers, but alas the thorns sprang up and choaked them.

Now, is it not perfectly natural and conformable to custom immemorial, that these gentlemen (the editors,) should complain of the want of spirit in a public to support a work of merit? but, if "Nobody" should be doomed (which is very probable) to the fate of his predecessors he will candidly confess that it can only be owing to his deficiency in "Something."

But notwithstanding all the complaints that have been made about the public not having spirit enough to support a work of sense, we are determined to try if *we* have sense enough to support a work of spirit.

We pretend not to a keenness of vision that will enable us to *shoot* folly as it *flies*, but if it should happen to *light* within gun-shot when we are sure of not wasting powder, we may perhaps take aim.

By this it will appear that we have some knowledge of good generalship, being economical of ammunition.

Fine Eyes.

There was once, and there may be still, an Academy of Apathists in Italy; at one meeting this question was proposed,

Which are the most handsome eyes in women, black or blue?

Some contended that blue eyes were entitled to pre-eminence because their colour resembled that of the heavens, and their beams were soft and mild; they who advocated black eyes contended that their fire was more brilliant, that their effect was more striking, and that the contrast they afforded to the whiteness of the skin was wonderful in its operation at the first view.

How the contest was decided we cannot tell.

We introduce the circumstance only as introductory to a decision we have already made, that is, that *we* shall in *our* estimations of the comparative beauty of eyes give the preference to those which look upon us most favourably, let them be grey, brown, blue, or black.

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The Drama.

The Drama will engage a considerable portion of our attention; nor shall we forget that the authors of its institution in our mother country were ecclesiastics, that the preachers of the Gospel were the first and originally the only actors in the Drama, and that it was introduced to give a more impressive effect to the doctrines of morality and Christianity.*

However changed in its nature or effect, it must still be regarded as an object of high consideration in its influence over the public mind, and consequently claiming and deserving the support of all enlightened societies. They who fear it as an instrument of evil tendency, (if their sincere wishes for general amendment have equal energy with their professions) should think it their duty to attend dramatic representations, that by their presence they might check the further encroachments of immorality; for the stern countenance of virtue will easily make vice retire ashamed: while they who think it has a moral influence, should present themselves as guardians to that moral influence, and by their sanction promote its permanency.

If the aged, the wise, and the good *will* give up that control over dramatic representations, which a public should always possess as an essential right, to the young, the thoughtless, and the profligate, what can be expected but that authors, managers, and actors will endeavour to please the deputed agents of authority, instead of the authority itself?

Without entering into a discussion of the wisdom of those measures which, public or private, have continued to banish the greater part of our clergy from theatrical representations, we shall only point out and lament the effect.

It is presumed that there is no man of sense who does not look up to that reverend class of society with respect and awe; if then they, with the aged and good laymen of our land, would attend that instrument of public influence the Theatre, what author would find it his interest to write, what manager to represent, what actor to be concern-

* *Let it not be imagined that we wish to dignify the professors of the drama, exclusively, by asserting that their original predecessors in that calling were ecclesiastics. The lawyers are equally welcome to the honour which history bestows on them, for all lawyers before the* reformation *were clergymen.*

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ed in a performance of vicious or immoral tendency? or when should we now hear, (though in plays of general good moral, but written in looser times) those indelicate, indecent, and sometimes obscene allusions which doubly sting the heart of innocence in the tumultuous roarings of the galleries.

Nor would such restraints banish one sterling witticism of any nature from our stage. For wit may be called the union of acute sensibility with quick but correct judgment. And what acute sensibility would wound one feeling of an innocent heart, or correct judgment approbate the injury?

The too great alienation of such characters from the theatre has probably been more the cause of the introduction of indelicacies in modern performances, than the inclination of the author. For an author would naturally be induced, and has unfortunately cause, to to reason thus, "If I am to expect success or profit from my labours, I must please those who will attend them. And who are they? The wise and good? Alas, no! They leave that establishment which they *know* to have influence over public morals to the patronage of youth; it is *youth* therefore that I must endeavour to please"—the consequences are but too obvious to need elucidation.

Another apparent cause of an incorrectness of conduct sometimes discernible among those who compose part of the audience of the Boston Theatre is the exclusion of females from the pit. It cannot but be acknowledged that in all societies not absolutely depraved, the presence of females refines the moral conduct of men, or at least checks for the period their depraved habits.

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man. We had been brutes without thee.

And we fear it may not be unjust to add that in many societies
We *are* brutes without thee.

But to return from this impelled digression. The admission of females to the pit in this town, as in the principal cities of America, would certainly tend to check that irregularity of conduct so often exhibited there to the annoyance of the audience in general; if honest tradesmen were permitted by *custom*, for no regulation of the theatre is against it, to bring their wives and daughters with them, they would themselves be more cautious in their conduct, and more inclined to insist upon a like cautiousness in others. Boys would be restrained from indecorums in which they are at present too liberally indulged, and, independent of other beneficial effects which we trust it is un-

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necessary to mention, the Boston Theatre would exhibit an audience less deviatory from the morality of the Boston public.

French Readings.

"Qui sapientiæ et literarum divortium faciunt nunquam ad solidam sapientiam pertingent."

Whatever may be the *effect* of our feeble exertions, we shall always endeavour to encourage any exertion which may tend to the purity of the morals, the elevation of the character, or the accomplishment of the minds of our fellow citizens; nor are we deterred from a strong recommendation of the study of the French tongue, by the celebrity of the selfish observation, that the universality of the French language would prepare the way for the universality of the French empire. So long as the citizens of the United States preserve American *hearts*, they may speak the French, as safely as the English language. When Monsieur Le Tessier delivered French readings in London, his rooms were attended by the nobility and gentry of the first fashion and accomplishments. English Readings have also been warmly patronized in Paris. We believe an opportunity is now offered to the intelligent of Boston of setting, in America, an *example* of encouragement to one species of literary merit.

Although Mr. Martelly could derive no pain from our candid opinions delivered to the public on his first evening's performance, we shall address ourselves solely to him on this occasion in the languages he is professedly acquainted with, trusting that he will thence infer our sincere good wishes and intentions.

"On ne parle que pour etre entendu." Pres. de Brosses.

I *sensi* in un certo modo potrebbon dirsi, Ministri, Nunzj, Famigliari, o Segretarj dello 'ntelletto. Buonmattei.

For, however tastefully and acutely a reader may himself embrace the feelings of his author; something beyond strict correctness of recitation is necessary to transfer those feelings to an audience: for instance, the ebullitions of wit require a quick and poignant, but delicate enunciation; for the keenness of wit is estimated by its polish: but if a public reader should adhere so closely to nature as to deliver such effusions exactly in the same style and manner as an accomplished gentleman would play with them in a drawing room, he would neither be understood nor heard by a diffused audience; in private societies we direct our *own* wit to those who, as we think, will immediately comprehend

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it, but a public reader directs the wit of *others* to those on whom it is his province to enforce the conception.

As, therefore, Mr. Martelly delivered his readings to a company to whom, generally, the French language is not native; we trust we shall not be deemed presumptuous or proved erroneous in recommending to his attention, a less rapidity of utterance and a greater energy of action.

Right and Wrong

OR

Left and Right.

In travelling in Massachusetts we are put to some difficulty, the law not having determined whether keeping to the right, is right or wrong. In England the law has determined that the right should be the wrong side. And in an action for damages, a counsel there pleaded as follows

My Client was travelling ~~from Wimbledon~~ to London: he kept the *left* side of the road, and that was *right*. The Plaintiff travelling from London to Wimbledon kept the *right* side of the road, and that was *wrong*.

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
In driving your carriage along;
If you keep to the left—you are sure to go right
If you keep to the right—you go wrong."

But the Legislature of the state of Pennsylvania, actuated by a rigid sense of right and wrong, and not being willing to call right things by wrong names, ordered that the right of the road should be the right side, and that the left should be the wrong.

If it is yet to be determined which is the right side in Massachusetts; it would appear that the *left* side must be the wrong side, and consequently we should advise all persons to keep steadily and universally to the *right*.

Silent Admonition.

It is presumed that tender-feeted gentlemen will no longer complain of the side ways of Boston being so rough and dirty, when they consider the beneficial effects produced, by their remaining so, on the fair

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sex. Have they not heard of the catarrhs, toothaches, consumptions, and deaths, "caught by thin soled shoes," among the young ladies of New-York and Philadelphia? and would they wish the same havock here! surely no! Rough pavements and dirty streets oblige the ladies to wear cork shoes and thereby secure them from being *Kid*-napt.

Nor should the ladies on their part disconsolately lament a few rents in their laces or other garments, when they reflect what invaluable good consequences are produced to their lovers, by those mementos of the impropriety of being out after sunset, which are left, ambushed in darkness, to advise them. No moral lesson could have the effect of instilling the decorum of returning home early and soberly, half so forcibly as a bruised shin by the stump of a broken post.

Darkness too has its advantages, but the chaste yet envious moon deprives us of one fourth of them; the other three fourths however, sufficiently employ the rest of our senses when the eye is useless.

With what astonishing ingenuity can the human mind, produce good from evil!

Manners.

Manners will be one subject of our observance; for instance, if we see a person calling himself or wishing to be styled by others a gentleman, standing up in the theatre with his hat on and arms a-kimbo before a lady, we shall by persuasive, and perhaps convincing arguments, endeavour to prove to him, that it is by a very *different* conduct he can obtain the sanction of the wise to the title to which he aspires.

We are strongly, perhaps strangely, of opinion that the author who declared that "Manners make the man," had some sense—if he had added that they made the gentleman—but, no matter, it may be that in the rank to which he referred, he supposed that no person could be entitled to the character of a man unless he was a gentleman. Petronius arbiter was a vile wretch—Chesterfield has been drawn as his parallel. We think unjustly—Petronius had no virtues, Chesterfield had many; separate the chaff of the latter from his grain, and much wholesome food may be obtained.

Politeness and Politesse should not be confounded because their orthography is similar; Politeness is the effluence of a virtuous mind. Politesse of a slavish, selfish inclination—A polite man will never intentionally offend, a man of politesse will always intentionally insult.

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All characters who attempt to appear what they are not, while they endeavour to cheat the world, are the dupes of their own vanity.

No one can by sensible men be esteemed as greater than his fellow citizens because he keeps his hat on when civility induces others to uncover their heads; but if such an one seeks the applause or admiration of fools, let him have his reward.

An indelicacy (to say the least of it) is obtaining among some of our young men, on their entrance to churches, public assemblies, theatres or elsewhere; they seem to imagine that the longer they keep their hats on when entering a meeting house, the greater their frolics at the door of an assembly room, and the louder their noise on entering a box at the theatre, the greater their consequence: while some, as if wishing others to suppose they were constantly attended by servants, to perform the necessary acts of civility for them, leave the doors open, unmindful of the silent rebuke of female delicacy, that turns its eye in vain to discover any *gentleman* who could be guilty of such conduct.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinet esse *feros*.

Exchange Coffee House.

We profess not to be men of business, but we *think* we have seen something of the world. The house built for the president in Philadelphia, after remaining several years unoccupied, was profitably engaged by public spirit; the purchaser of Morris' buildings has made an ample fortune; the City Hotel in New York, was bought by an individual, who thereby cleared an immense property; and it appears only to require a similar spirit in the rich inhabitants of Boston, to enable them to boast of the most elegant building, and the best house of general and polite entertainment in America.

At this house was given on Tuesday evening, perhaps the *most* splendid ball and entertainment ever witnessed in the United States; here was no "half faced fellowship," no attempt to unite affected style with natural vulgarity: all was ease, elegance, and harmony; the company consisted of about three hundred ladies and gentlemen, for whom an entertainment was prepared, that displayed the union of liberality and taste; every delicacy delicately served up, gratified the eye, while it refreshed the palate; and the correspondent decor-

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ations and attentions, exemplified that generous ardour to please, which has on all similar occasions been witnessed in Mr. Hamilton.

The Theatre.

We shall not pretend to dignify our observations on dramatic representations with the title of Criticisms or Critiques; much less shall we presume to inform the public how they ought to think; we shall offer only our own *opinions*; which, perhaps, may prove as erroneous as those of our predecessors. And as a proof of the *probability* of such an event, we shall begin by observing that it is our *opinion* that no one who has hitherto undertaken the task of a critic in Boston, within the sphere of our reading, has had a knowledge of theatrics in any way competent to the decisions he has made. Let therefore the heretofore critics remain content under the shade of ignorance, for if they assert *knowledge*, we shall be forced to impute some character of a less ingenuous nature. It is not by the indiscriminate puffing of a private friend, or by the general abuse of those who are personally unknown to them, that critics can expect safety from the ordeal of their own justice, nor can such conduct either authorize them to assume, or justify the public in sanctioning, such a title. The public has a right to exact from every editor the performance of one essential and unalienable duty, they have a right to exact correct information, or at least information *intendedly* correct. The editor may mistake in judgment, but when he asserts *facts*, those facts should be incontestible. Proceeding upon this fundamental principle, we shall never insert any communications (or rather puff collateral) on the subject of theatrical representations; we will think and write for ourselves.

"*We* would not flatter Neptune for his trident."

We mean to be independent in our own opinion but not restrictive of the judgment of others. We shall give our ideas freely of the public, the managers, and actors, but let it be remembered that they will be only our *own* ideas; we presume not to speak with the town's tongue.

Our object is the dignity of the drama and its professors, and it is with regret that we find our first duty of an unpleasant nature.

Theatre, Wendesday, Nov. 15, 1809.

To sport with the feelings or even the name of the unfortunate, to make the abuse of either subservient to private policy, to delude with false and groundless expectations, or to endeavour to veil self interest

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under the cloak of charity or beneficence, is vile and vicious in the extreme.

Under which of the above standards the managers of our theatre think proper to enlist, they may perhaps on an investigation of their own conduct with respect to this evening, determine: We know they cannot fly from *all*.

We were told on Monday evening, that the *profits* of Wednesday, were to be given to a gentleman in sickness and distress. The profits! when it was well known that the receipts from the performances advertised could not be expected to yield one half of the supposed expenses. Admirable liberality! we have experienced *such* instances of the liberality of the managers before. May they not be *imagined* to have reasoned thus? There is to be a grand ball on Tuesday night; the ladies will be tired, they will not attend us on Wednesday, let us then advertize Wednesday for the benefit of this gentleman, and we may perhaps by these means gain more than we otherwise should, and be also *thought* to be at least the *instruments* of public generosity.

Happily, they found that the public had been hitherto too much deceived to be deceived again: and fortunately they have left to the solid principles of humanity to *effect* for the unfortunate sufferer that intended advantage, which had it been offered on this occasion would have been absorbed in the vortex of their *pretended* expenses.

This incidental circumstance has elicited observations, as we think suitable to the occasion, *when* the managers act honourably to the public, our *applause* will be equally unequivocal.

Religion.

In vain on talents we rely
For happiness or ease;
We envy only can defy
When we ourselves can please.

But temper'd by Religion's laws,
We find within our breast
A friend, that whisp'ring its applause,
Will lull the soul to rest.

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Rosina sings sweetly, she dances with grace,
She gives voice to an eloquent mind,
Her delicate touch each soft *wild* note can trace,
Or the mazes of science *refin'd*.

O'er these, which are virtues in sensible minds,
Religion's mild sceptre is sway'd,
She trusts to her God, to her Saviour, and finds
Her trust with *content* is repaid.

Ergo apis matinæ
More modoque

Grata carpentis Thyma per laborem—In plain english, not under the sun's but under the *moon's* countenance, like our brother editors we—steal. As, therefore we confess ourselves the occasional *subjects*, they who criticise by rule, cannot with any grammatical propriety make us the *objects*, of reflexion.

Bashaw's Tails.

A bashaw with three tails! "Risum teneatis amici? Yes, when we consider correctly the title itself, and the origin of it. They are not three of Lord Monboddo's tails, nor three tails to a wig, commonly called pig-tails, but they are horses tails, borne before them as ensigns.

Among the Tartars and the Chinese, a horse's tail is still the standard under which they go to war, and in Turkey it is considered as a mark of dignity; the reason of which is, that their standard being once taken by the enemy, the general of the army cut off his horse's tail, fastened it to the top of a pike, and displayed it to the army; by which he rallied his soldiers who were in great confusion, exhilarated their courage, and gained a complete victory.

The bashaws of three tails, are those who are entitled to have carried before them three horses tails, fastened to a pike with a gold button.

Guillotine.

It is generally supposed that this instrument, by which the unfortunate Louis the sixteenth suffered, was invented by Monsieur Guillotin, a physician, and a member of the national assembly in 1791.

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The illiberal sarcasms licentiously indulged respecting the expedition physicians use in despatching their patients, perhaps continue to promulge this error; Monsieur Guillotin certainly *introduced* it to France, and we think with humane intentions, but the *invention* of it cannot be ascribed to him. For, it was formerly used in England, in the limits of the forest of Hardwicke in Yorkshire, and was called A Maiden; the executions were generally at Halifax. Twenty-five criminals suffered by it in the reign of queen Elizabeth; twelve more were executed by it between 1623 and 1650; after which it is supposed that the privilege was no more respected. That machine is now destroyed, but there remained one not long ago (and it may be there still) in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, by which the regent Morton suffered.

Virgil.

As we propose making our little work useful as well as entertaining, we shall occasionally introduce a few classical remarks.

Virgil in the first book of the Eneid, v. 321, speaking of Harpalyce, the Thracian Amazon, and praising her extreme swiftness, says, that she went faster than the Hebrus.

Volucremque fuga prævertitur *Hebrum.*

Is it any thing wonderful that she should outrun a river which was never remarkable for its rapidity? There are but few rivers which a man on foot might not overtake, *walking* at a common pace.

Virgil undoubtedly wrote

Volucremque fuga prævertitur *Eurum.*

Intending to say, what is frequently expressed by a very common hyperbole, that she went faster than the wind, as in other places.

Illi æquore aperto
Ante Euros Zephyrumque volant.
Equo prævertere ventos.
Fugit ocyor Euro, &c.

Again, it stands in the common Delph. editions.

Huic Conjux Sichæus erat ditissimus *agri.*
Phœnicum.

It appears clearly by what follows, that Pygmalion killed Sichæus, to have his *gold:*

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Auri cæcus amore
Clam ferro incautum superat:

When Sichæus, after his death, appeared to his wife Dido, and exhorted her to fly, he at the same time informed her in what place he had buried his *money*, which he advises her to dig up, that it may serve her in her retreat.

Veteres tellure recludit
Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et *auri*.

Dido follows his advice, and takes these treasures with those of Pygmalion.

Naves quæ forte paratæ
Corripiunt onerant que *auro*, portantur avari.
Pygmalionis opes pelago.

In all this we find that it was Sichæus' gold, which caused these revolutions, and not the lands which he possessed; therefore there appears no doubt that Virgil wrote

Huic conjux Sichæus erat, ditissimus *auri*.

And not ditissimus agri, as it is printed.

Humanity.

Humanity's life's dearest friend,
'Twill hear the faintest groan;
To others woes its thought extend,
And thus relieve its own.

'Tis not to speak where all may hear,
Or give where all may see,
'Tis feeling, and the private tear
That prove humanity.

I pass'd by a cottage;—I turn'd and beheld
An infant distress'd at the door:
She spake not, she sigh'd not, her hands were upheld
As if aid from *above* to implore.

I enter'd the hut;—ah how sweet it appears
For a moment such grief to beguile!
The innocent infant receiv'd me with tears,
But she whisper'd adieu in a smile.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. II.] *Boston, Saturday, November* 25, 1809. [Vol. I.

IN PRIMIS.

To all to whom these presents shall come—Greeting.

We, the editor, of this paper, having duly considered, weighed, and substantiated, (so far as we could find any *substance* in them) the various hints, sneers, and objections pointed against our first number, do hereby by our pap(er)al authority, excommunicate all who will not think like *us*.

We do, also, command all former editors of weekly papers in Boston, who have unadvisedly taken up arms against the feelings of others, to begin to feel for themselves.

Blown from our Garret, by the Zephyrs, through a broken pane.

NEMO NOBODY.

IN SECUNDIS.

Although we have, conformably to custom, adopted *a grand title* for our labours, and after as much daily and nightly contemplation as Dr. Johnson exercised, fixed upon a term at least as congenial to our work as the "Rambler," was to his—we declare as well in the open face of day, as in the closed eye of night, that we have no desire to conceal our real name; that all booksellers, printers' devils, binders, and carriers, are perfectly at liberty to answer truly this question: "Who is Nobody?"

We use the plural pronoun because *we* are not fond of *Egotism*, but if it has not already been discovered, it will soon be, that we are as *singular* in our editorship, as in our opinions.

And let us reply, in spite of the *plural* predictions which a few hours produced from our A-Delphi Apollos, that we mean to be *singular* in *another* instance—in duration.

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Why our *ex-tempore* friends should utter so many complaints, we cannot tell; "let the gall'd jade wince," we shall only say that when *they* wrote about *us* "*our* withers were unwrung."

We acknowledge the worst that *can* be said of us;—that we are fools. All editors who like ourselves attempt to be witty, without the means of being so, must be occasionally liable to ridicule. But in *whatever* character we may appear, we will assert our right to the unalienable privileges of it; and if we are either *real* or *esteemed* fools,

> "*We* will have *liberty*
> Withal, as large a charter as the winds,
> To blow on whom *we* please; for so fools have:
> And they that are most galled with our folly
> They most must laugh:
> For,
> He whom a *fool* doth very wisely hit
> Doth very foolishly although he smart,
> Not to *seem* senseless of the bob."

IN TERTIIS.

COMPLAINTS have been made on the *unintelligibility* of our language; we shall always be ready to answer objections. We have some acquaintance with Dr. Johnson and Noah Webster.—But lest it should be thought that we are desirous of interfering with their acknowledged prerogative of *coining* words, we shall in future be particular in placing their *Roman* words in *Italics*, and their American words in an *united state*.

To the *ladies* some apology may be thought necessary for the introduction of quotations from different languages—but much as we sincerely love them, we shall make none; because, we think they *ought* to be instructed in them. Why should not the Latin grammar be taught in ladies' schools? We were flattered a few months ago, by a sanction delivered from the pulpit to our opinion on this subject. Some of our first instructors in Boston have, with a laudable independence of conduct, set the example,—we wish that all (who can) will follow it.

To the *ladies*, however, we will observe one thing—that we shall never adopt a foreign language for the purpose of conveying to the *superiour* sex an idea at which innocence need blush—they may, therefore, apply at all times, *with safety*, to any of our former editors for explanation; or, if none of them should happen to be at their elbow at the moment, they may pass over the quotations without loss.

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Theatre, Nov. 17th, 1809.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

If the editor of a paper can at *any* time receive *pleasure* from his exertions, it appears to us that it must be when he has an opportunity of doing justice to merit. The first moments that promised us a pleasurable sensation from the theatre, were those which exhibited Mr. Mills in the character of Alexander the Great—on this occasion we felt our inclination sanctioned by our judgment; we could praise, not only because we *wished* to praise, but because we could unequivocally declare our sentiments; we have seen the first actors in Europe and America perform this part, it has been attempted by one who must *here* be nameless; but without any impression but a sense of justice, we declare that we think that *Alexander* was never better represented than on this evening.

The king, the hero, the lover, and the madman, have been *before* exhibited, but the *man* himself made his *first* appearance in the person of Mr. Mills. Mrs. Powell, stampt our favourable ideas of her performance of the character of Roxana in the first three lines; with pleasure we experienced that every passage, afterwards occurring, deepened the impression.

The sweet tones and the delicate exhibition of Statira by Mrs. Darley, were rendered more affecting to *us* by their similarity to those of our lately deceased ornament, Mrs. Warren.

We think that to those who are more pleased with reality than names we may safely say, that these three characters conjointly taken, have seldom been better performed in Europe.

MANAGERS.

The editors of the Boston Gazette announced on Monday last, that among other communications which they could not insert, they had received an answer to "Nobody."

If we could not rejoice that this valuable paper was filled with *valuable* matter, we should regret the omission of this answer.

We beg the managers not to deceive themselves by supposing that we have any unfriendly inclination towards them. We declare most unequivocally that we have none.—But—let not this observation be considered as a recantation of any thing that has been before observed. We shall do our duty to the publick, and we shall be much *gratified* if the managers, by doing *their* duty, will make *ours* more pleasant to us.

We declare also, expressly, that our sole object is the elevation of the character of the theatre, its restoration to sanity in mental as well as cor-

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poreal existence; if in the exercise of our duty we should at any time cut beyond the wound, it will only be with an intention of making the cure more perfect.

COMMENTATORS ON SHAKESPEARE.

THE commentators on Shakespeare have unfortunately been generally what the world calls learned men. We say *unfortunately*, because, when any difficult word or passage in his works has occurred, they have applied to the *dead* languages for explanation, and having therein found some word of similar construction to that which confused them, they have adopted its signification, and concluded of course, that the English word, from its orthographical similarity, must have been derived from the Latin or Greek, and consequently have partaken of a correspondent meaning.

It is undoubtedly true, that the English language is very considerably indebted to the Latin and Greek for *compound* words, but it must also be admitted that the Latin tongue was essentially indebted to the English, or its original, the Anglo Saxon, for many of its roots.

The brilliancy that has been attached to, we cannot think which has emanated from, what are now called the learned languages, (excepting the Hebrew,) has been suffered to overpower the mild illuminations of modern tongues; what an accurate investigation of our own orthoepy would most clearly elucidate, we are taught to search for through the chaos of supposition.

One commentator imagines a meaning for an obscure passage; a second declares, that the imagination of the former has led him astray, in consequence of his not having corrected it by the usual energies of his judgment; a third declares they are both wrong; and a fourth, after laborious researches, and the customary effusions of malignity, leaves the reader only to exclaim,

Who shall decide when *doctors* disagree?

We shall here make a short remark, on circumstances that perhaps may not be the objects of general contemplation; the *dead* languages, dead to us, the Latin and the Greek are frequently called the *ancient* languages; and thereby, is an idea inculcated that they are languages of greater antiquity, than our own. This is not the fact; the Latin language is *modern* in comparison with the English or Anglo Saxon.

The city now called London, was established long before that of Rome; and the Anglo Saxon language can be traced to the commencement of European history. Why then should they who have, as it were, an orig-

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inal language of their own, apply to foreign tongues for explanation of terms, only become obsolete because the thread of continuity has accidentally been broken.

Shall we, because during those ages called the centuries of darkness, when it pleased the Almighty to infuse on mankind an intellectual sleep, men neglected the investigation of truth or the cultivation of their language, shall we, *therefore*, in this revivifying day of industry, neglect to apply to the labours of our preceding ancestors? surely no. The thread though broken may yet be tied, and by pursuing it as a clue, we may yet be lead from those labyrinths of error into which the hypotheses of imagination, and the *uniformly* directed investigations of learning have involved us.

The Romans overrun Gaul and Britain, and maintained possession of each for a considerable time; but, is it customary for invaders to give all and take nothing? Can it be supposed that an army with its attendant settlers would keep possession for any length of time, of a country whose forms, customs, religion, manners, and habits differed so essentially from their own, without regarding them with particular attention; and if they *did* regard them with attention, is it not natural to conclude that they would introduce to their own language the terms by which these varying forms, customs, religions, manners, and habits were defined and could be explained? The suggestion is apparently conclusive. This cohabitation of different nations must have been attended by reciprocal advantages to their respective languages, and will undoubtedly account for the introduction into the Latin of those English words, which are arbitrary, having no root in their own language, and no sanction from Greek etymology. But because the Latins adopted our terms two thousand years ago, and assimilated them to the construction of their tongue, are we now to apply to them, for the interpretation of our *own* words? Are we to sacrifice the independence of our own language, the customs of our forefathers, and apply for allusions through the mist which the adaptation of our terms to the idioms of a foreign language has thrown over them? We think not.

THE BATTLE OF WORDS.

Four huge men of learning one ev'ning had met,
In a good lady's parlour, to worry and fret
The poor old English language to tatters and shreds,
For a bandage to bind etymologists' heads.
Their theme was, *three words*, honest Shakespeare oft used,
And the *which*, full as oft, commentators abus'd;

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Patch, *Patched* and *Pageant*;—so after they'd greeted
In due form and order, and each one was seated;
They applied to Sam Johnson, that rock of defence,
For all, who like him may *sometimes* err in sense.
Well, what says the Doctor? why "*Pageant's*" a shew
Indeed! is that all? that's no more than I knew;
Well, but now search again for his meaning of *Patch'd*,
Alas! *here* too the doors of his genius are latch'd.
But still look for "Patch," without anger or huffing,
Now—"a term of opprobry, perhaps ragamuffin."
A term of opprobry! but stop, of what nature?
For vices, like men, have their varying feature;
Well—seek ragamuffin—he here tells us that
This word is from rag—and—he does not know what;
So, lay by the doctor, his reasoning assures
That the *skill* of physicians is prov'd by their cures.
In this puzzling dilemma, our heroes—for ah!
There are heroes in learning, as well as in war,
Who can wield their sharp lances of latin and greek,
And if these *two* should chance in the conflict to break,
Can follow examples of men of the field,
And retire behind *Hebrew*, or *Syriac*, their shield.
Our heroes then finding no help from their God
Who once shook th' Olympus of Lore with his nod,
Piled Pelion on Ossa, invention on thought
Till his own native tongue seem'd to him but a *wart*;
Tried, by twisting, distorting, by righting, careening,
To strain these *plain* words to *their* fanciful meaning;
But as oft as they thought they'd discover'd the sense,
Shakespeare stood up himself in his language defence.
And prov'd that their wit to *one* passage assigned
Must *still* to that passage *alone* be confin'd;
Or, if one bright idea perchance had a brother,
They might still go so far, as to *torture* another.
They next then, applied with great labour and pain
To those who *pretend* obscure lines to explain,
But *here* they soon found, who most learning could boast
Was he who, *explaining*, could puzzle the most;
For Johnson and Warton, Tyrwhit and Malone,
They *found* had each one a conceit of his own,
In no instance abiding by *general* rules,
Excepting—when censuring others as fools.
Yet 'tis plain replies one, that in *this* they agree

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That "patch'd" means "*particolourd*," pray look, and you'll see.
That can't *be* cries the dame, who as yet had been mute,
Unambitious to venture on learned dispute;
For *I'll* prove that they 're wrong, and although 't may be treason
To oppose such wise men, yet I'll give you my reason;
I am *patching* this gown, but I certainly mean
That when finish'd the patching should never be *seen*.
And therefore I use the *same* colour, intending
That none should discover the rent I am mending.
'Tis an honest hypocrisy meant to conceal
That thrift we all *use*, but wish not to *reveal*.
But if patches meant *different* colours I trow,
Some ladies a strange colour'd garment would show,
But with all your great learning, your science will lack
To prove that a girl patches *white* robes with *black*.
Oddzooks cries one scholar, I think I now have it,
An idea! and thanks to the lady who gave it:
"Patch" must mean a concealment, I candidly vow
I ne'er ascertain'd the right meaning till now.
By interpreting thus, we shall place all at ease;
Now hear me one moment good folks if you please;
"*By appearances false to deceive*," will explain
The meaning of these words we've sought for in vain:
From "Patch," Patched and Pageant I think I can prove
That this interpretation all doubts will remove:
He said, all consented with lore to dispense,
And to judge nature's child by their plain common sense.
Thus explaining each word from their own *native* phrase.
They discover'd their clue, and escap'd from their maze.

QUID PRO QUO.

Some authors write to shew their *wit*,
And some to prove their sense;
We too, may fail our mark to hit,
Because, *we* write—for pence.

We most *cordially*, therefore, thank our friendly prophets for their predictions and wishes, for we sincerely desire that we may be as speedily as possible at *our wit's end*.

But we cannot, notwithstanding, help thinking that Mordecai will still be found sitting at the king's gate.

We were formerly told that we served up to the publick, "beans and pork" one day, "and pork and beans" the next. We admired and of

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course remember the *classical* allusion; and that we may not suffer under such witticisms in future, we declare that we have changed the *regularity* of our ordinary, and that every Saturday the Bostonians shall be treated with the best platter we can muster of *salt fish*.

But, as fishers of men, we shall only attempt to catch them, when they are inclined to *bite*, and that being the case, we will answer for serving them up *well dressed*.

Theatre, Monday, Nov. 20th, 1809.

THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST, AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The play having been advertised for repetition on Wednesday, we shall make no remarks on its performance this evening.

Animal Magnetism.

A play or farce loses much of its interest where the allusions of the author are not immediately conceived. Every thing that the abilities of Mr. Dickenson and Mr. Bernard could effect to excite *laughter* was attended with success in this exhibition.

Animal Magnetism first excited public attention in the year 1778, by some operations performed in it by Dr. Mesner in Paris.

The reports of the doctor's discovery, and his great success on a number of patients were noticed by government, and some persons of distinguished ability in philosophical pursuits were appointed to examine the merits of this pretended discovery. It was found to be borrowed from the exploded hypothesis of Van Helmont, and the result of their investigation was "That Animal Magnetism is a mere chimera."

Upon these circumstances, we presume that the laughable farce of Animal Magnetism was founded.

OURSELVES.

We wish and intend that our paper *may*, and we are not without hope that it *will*, shortly be considered as uttering the unadulterated sentiments of our judgment. This judgment may not always be correct, and in many instances we know it will not be *thought* so; but, if we can command ourselves, it shall always be *sincere*. We think we can *so far* command ourselves, as to venture to pledge to the public whatever of reputation we have acquired, for the fair, impartial, and unprejudiced exercise of our duty to *them*. This duty will frequently be unpleasant, but (heaven willing) we *will* perform it.

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We have no friends, no enemies. If then, in the execution of the duty we profess, we should not acquire the one, or should create the other, we must content ourselves, like other patriots, in having laboured, "p ro publico bono."

LITERARY MERIT.

UNTIL we are proved to have deceived we expect candour. It has, hitherto, contrary to the practice of larger cities, been customary with the Bostonians to decline attending the performance of a new play, until its merit has been pronounced by others. This custom is attended with great injury to the managers of a theatre, and no small imputation on the liberality of the public. We know, that we have been accused of vanity—already—let us deserve the accusation or not, it is of no consequence—We will put the strength of our opinion to a fair trial. We are content to abide by the issue. We consequently venture to recommend to the public patronage, a play of American production, but of sterling merit, which is soon to be produced at our theatre.—The author is Mr. White, a native of this town. We are actuated by no feeling but that of attempting to do justice. We have read the play, and sincerely believe that, if well performed, it must succeed. *We will* even say more, we will *pledge our judgment for its success.* When we deceive the public, we shall expect no further support, for we shall not deserve it.

DR. S. JOHNSON.

WE may probably be suspected of having used too great a latitude of idea, in our remarks or insinuations with regard to Dr. Johnson—We have hinted, to be sure, at some occasional aberrations from sound judgment, but let it not therefore be supposed, that we have souls incapable of feeling his beauties, minds insensible to his virtues, or hearts unwilling to do justice to his labours and his science.

But the first step to knowledge is inquiry, if we take every thing for granted that is said, even by the best of men, we shall be liable to error.

It is the province of every man's mind to deliberate, to weigh, and to examine, because

Errors in taste are dangerous in their influence, in proportion to the acknowledged genius or celebrity of the person who commits them, for where we have been taught or accustomed to admire, we suffer our judgments to repose on *confidence* when we should awaken them to examination. As in our mercantile concerns, we rely on those reputed

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rich, so in our intellectual determinations we too often place implicit trust in those acknowledged or reputed wise, and by so risking our property in the one case, or our opinions in the other, we are equally exposed to bankruptcy in fortune or understanding.

Tuesday, Nov. 21st, 1809.

MR. OGILVIE.

The task imposed upon us this evening is changed from that from which we had every reason to expect pleasure, to what we have every reason to lament.

Have the *fashionable* people of Boston no literary taste? have they no feeling for the character of the town, no desire to promote the permanency and improvement of an institution which reflects so much honour on the individuals who have established it, and which promises so much benefit to their children? O Fashion! where is thy blush—thou wert weighed in the scale this evening with solid sense, and wert found wanting.

A gentleman, whose talents you *dare* not disown, had prepared an oration for this evening in favour of the first and best literary establishment in Boston, The Athenæum—to which, as was once said of Athens, The *souls** of all your town resort, and *you* did not attend!

The weather, to be sure, was bad, but Fashion keeps her coach.

Theatre, Wednesday, Nov. 22.

THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST, AND WE FLY BY NIGHT.

We feel happy in the reflection that we committed nothing to the press of what we felt on Monday night; for had we done so, our observations on this evening's performance would have exhibited *apparent* contradiction. On *this* evening we witnessed a play, excellent in plot, delicate and often beautiful in language, and strongly impressive in its characteristic features of stage-effect; performed with correctness, attention, and superiour ability. The ligature of history or interest was never broken, the whole was intelligible, and interesting in the warmest degree—and the reiterated applauses in the last scene gave ample testimony of the feelings of a gratified although not numerous audience.

* *It seemed as if the* souls *of all the Grecians were enclosed within the confines of Attica, although their* bodies *were spread over all the other parts of Greece.*—Paperculus.

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N. B. We are neither to be bribed nor frightened.—We apologize to the publick for the frequent mention of our feelings; but we are forced to it by continued insinuations; yet, by every tie that binds us to them, we swear, that if it is within the scope of our ability to do them justice, they shall have it, in spite of threats, caresses, flattery, or bribes.

We mean to write for the *publick*, not for individuals, be they managers, actors, lawyers, orators, or ecclesiasticks.

We shall praise when we can, whenever or by whomsoever we think praise is deserved.—We shall praise Mrs. Powell, Mr. Bernard, and Mr. Dickenson unequivocally for their performances this evening, not because we were refused our *right* of *free* admittance to the theatre on Wednesday, but because we think they deserved as actors every thing we can say in their favour. We do, therefore, from the purest principles, of judgment, declare our admiration of the performance this evening in *all* its parts.—We have not an opportunity of being *very* particular, we know too that selections of characters frequently appear invidious or prejudiced, but we think that Mr. Darley's exertions in the play, and Mr. Mills' natural acting in that, and his elegant and chaste exhibition of the French character in the farce, should be noticed with extraordinary approbation.

TEKELI.

We have four times witnessed with pleasure the performance of this melo-drama: as often have we regretted that the receipts of the house were not equivalent to the exertions of the managers and the principal actors. This piece is the most interesting in its characteristic features, and the best supported in its subordinate agency, of any we have seen exhibited in this town.

We regret that the managers are so *positive* in their annunciation of performances; we think, if they were *less* so, that the public would be *more* affirmative in their sanction, and the theatre less negative in its receipts.

LAWYERS.

Every institution is liable to abuse, but the abuse of an institution does not invalidate its essential integrity; there were (as we are told) wicked angels in heaven, and there are (as we are told) some wicked lawyers on earth. Now we mean to amuse our friends as much as possible, and we

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intend to be as witty as we can be—but the **unconceptionative* nature of our intellects has never yet discovered any wit in the indiscriminate observations of indelicacy on lawyers, women, and priests, and consequently we shall never soil our paper with transcripts of such a nature, and we trust that our own feelings will secure us from *original* sin.

But, however, as some reformation is as necessary among the lawyers as in other communities, we take the liberty of recommending, to those only who need, it the following

LAWYER'S PRAYER.

A FRAGMENT.

Ordain'd to tread the thorny ground
Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name,
The tribute of the widow's prayer,
The righted orphan's grateful tear.
To virtue and her friends, a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend!
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
Protect th' oppressor in his wrong,
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
To sanctify a villain's cause!
Let others with unsparing hand,
Scatter their poison through the land,
Inflame dissention, kindle strife,
And strew with ills the paths of life;
On such her gifts let fortune show'r,
Add wealth to wealth, and pow'r to pow'r.
On me may fav'ring heaven bestow
That peace which *good* men only know,
The joy of joys by few possest,
The eternal sunshine of the breast.
Power, fame, and riches, I resign,
The praise of honesty be mine,
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me, when I die.

* *The reader will undoubtedly give us credit for all the* amplificative *embellishments with which we may occasionally adorn the American tongue.*

We place "women" in the middle, because medio tutissima—between the law and the gospel.

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THE PANOPLIST.

The Panoplist for October, 1809, with its usual interest in the first great duty of man, furnished us in an extract from Dr. Butler with an excellent collection of prayers. In this number of the Panoplist, will be found, and we trust they will be searched for,

A Prayer of Parents for their Children.

A Prayer to be used, by merchants, tradesmen and handicraftsmen.

A Prayer to be used, by debtors, and all persons obliged by crime or contract.

A Prayer for Patrons and Benefactors—but no prayer for lawyers.

For this omission, which originates by the bye, rather with Dr. Butler than the Editors of the Panoplist, we have endeavoured in our paper to compensate from an assurance that the *Woe* formerly announced to the scribes and pharisees cannot be applicable to *all* our modern young lawyers; for many of them are never to be found either *standing* or *sitting* in the Synagogue.

FRAGMENT.

"They are the thoughtless and the profane alone, to whom a rational piety is an object of ridicule; and we betray weakness of mind, not by respecting religion, but by being afraid to profess it."—*Panoplist.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lest we should hereafter be so crowded with advertisements as "*to preclude much excellent matter*" it may be necessary in the first instance to state what kind of advertisements will be received, and how they are to be paid for.

"*Who steals my purse steals trash.*"

Now, as we mean to deal with trash as little as possible, any gentleman losing his pocket book containing trash, and wishing to advertise it, must send elsewhere, but, any person having lost his wits, his decency, or good manners, may perhaps hear of them at our office—Price, Attention.

Answers to (supposed) Correspondents.

Alpha is very ingenious, but we wish not any communication wherein the Omega is beyond the twenty fourth line. If men or women of sense wish to figure in "something," we shall thank them for the juice

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of the grape already expressed, without the rind. "In vino veritas," but "frontinulla fides." It is not the largest grape that yields the most juice. Besides, long pieces make long faces, and we wish to shorten the phizzes of our readers as much as possible; another reason, good morals like pretty shapes, are more attractive in spencers than in long *cloaks*.

Answer to (real) Hand-respondents.

THEY who shake hands with us because we edit "Something,"

And, they who avoid us, because we are "Nobody;" are equally welcome to their *own* opinions, but they will not change ours.

We have *nothing* to do with *politics*, we will take the hand of any *honest* man with pleasure, we prefer the Publican to the Pharisee:—

Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's, then if thou fall'st———

PRETERNATURAL AFFECTION.

THE following instance of extraordinary attachment is thought worthy of relation; though the objects of it are of inferiour importance, the subject to some may be interesting.

The attachment is still continued in the house of the Editor.

Six chickens lately hatched, and suffering from the severity of the weather, were taken from the hen, placed in a cage, which was introduced to a warm room; the cage was open at the top. In the evening a female cat was discovered in the cage hovering and cherishing the chickens with her own warmth—the cat was removed—but during the night exhibited symptoms of great anxiety—she caught the first opportunity in the morning of returning to her adopted charge, by whom she was welcomed as a natural mother. She was afterwards permitted to have free access, and since the latter end of the last month she has to the present moment attended the chickens as a parent, fed with them, slept with them, cherished and protected them.

MR. OGILVIE.

Thursday, Nov. 23d, 1809.

WE return home this evening, and with delight bid sleep give place to the rapturous reflections on the intellectual feast we have enjoyed; for

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we feel that we have witnessed the soundest *body* of illustratration, enlivened by the sweetest *soul* of intelligence that ever blessed our ears.

To do justice to the literary and oratorical abilities displayed by Mr. Ogilvie, this evening would require more talents than we can command, and more attention than the advanced state of our publication will admit. But we will still attempt a cursory review, consisting not of particular, but general observations.

We shall remark in the first place on his subject—which was one as happily chosen for the display of his extensive erudition as he could have wished, for the purpose of conveying truths, which the Bostonians not only ought to hear, but of which they ought to retain the impression.

If it is our pleasure to rank in the scale of enlightened nations; if we assume the attitude of classick respectability, we must render ourselves respectable, not only by the pomp of phrase, but by our scientifick information; we must give our children such an education, as will enable them to make not an essential *distinction* alone, but an honourable *choice*, between abuse and argument.—We must not only build houses but minds; those minds should be instructed not simply in the art of acquiring money, but in the knowledge how they can best serve their country in peace or war, how to estimate and encourage the productions of art and science, that they may hereafter prove the protectors of what will alone lay the foundation of permanent security, and freedom.

Mr. Ogilvie's oration on the subject of the Athenæum, was replete with solid scientifick and we hope effectual argument; embellished with many of the most beautiful figures that our language could produce.—We presume that the *mind* of Demosthenes had laboured, although the oration "smelt not of the oil," for the polishing art of Cicero had given it a sweeter odour.

We had indeed a nectareous bowl, which Apollo and the Muses might have quaffed with delight, and the many coloured wings of science were not expanded as we hope in vain.

If we dared trust to our memory for quotations of language so delicately modelled, and so appropriately and energetically directed, we should be proud of adorning our remarks with them.

We have had the pleasure of listening attentively to every oration heretofore delivered by Mr. Ogilvie, in Boston; but we must think that in every ornament necessary for a perfect work of this nature, the oration this evening was incomparably superiour to any we have before heard: and in this opinion we feel a consciousness of support in the sanction of those present on the occasion.

The garden of nature seemed to have been at once laid open to the view of the author; but while he selected the most beautiful flowers from the parterre, he neglected not the medecinal herb. There were

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in this oration all the prismatic rays of science, but at the call of reason they converged in one pure light; there was in it all the splendour of genius, but the chaste eye of taste could gaze on it unblenched.

BENEVOLENCE.

If heaven has to you assign'd
The *power* to relieve;
Examine well the suffering mind,
Ere you proceed to give.

Indulge not in a rude *excess*;
Be gentle, but *sincere*;
A bounteous *shower* might oppress
What pity's *dew* would cheer.

Lorenzo lost riches, his means were now scant,
The proud fled his retirement attend;
To pay their *last* visit, and beg, should he want,
To them for assistance he'd *send*.

Benignus stood by—he was poor, and said nought;
But his eye told the tale of his soul.
When *alone*, his friend's hand, he with eagerness caught,
"I've but little, but *bring* you the whole."

CHARITY.

Let not the charms of pleasure chase
Those feelings from your heart;
Which, while they give your feature's grace
Will *real* joys impart.

The pastimes of the rout or ball
Are often bought with pain;
But charity's persuasive call
Was ne'er obey'd in vain.

We had enter'd the carriage, and Emma appear'd
In splendour arrayed for the ball;
An orphan's soft murmur of sorrow was heard,
She stopp'd, and return'd to the hall.

She blush'd as her seat she resum'd; 'twas the glow
Of a feeling as warm as sincere.
I gaz'd—Pearls in clusters *encircled* her brow,
But the pearl that *adorn'd* was—a tear.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 3.] *Boston, Saturday, December* 2, 1809. [VOL. I.

ODD OR EVEN.

FOND as we are of *oddities*, our publishers tell us that we must make "Something" even.—We have therefore been obliged to raise our price to future subscribers, from three to four dollars; but the public may be assured that it is only because we wish to be upon *even* terms with *them* as well as with our printers.

THINKING.

A little man great in thought.—Some people are apt to imagine that others will suppose their intellectual faculties engaged in *abstract elucidations*, because they appear serious.—"Let him alone," says Bannister to those who attempted to interrupt Dibdin, while apparently thoughtful, for "he *thinks* he is *thinking*."

LADIES' COMBS.

FASHION, which will reconcile any thing to a subservient fancy, has commanded our sprightly damsels to attach two, three, or four combs to their head arrangement. And it is now only such *hair-trained* ladies that in fashionable circles are *well-combed*.

HOPE.

WHAT is it? An anxiety for something that will never come, an attempt to cross over a newly frozen stream—the ice breaks and you are—gone.

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BETTER THAN THE REST.

At a late ball, a young lady being introduced by her partner to the supper hall, and requested to take some rest, observed that she thought the *refreshment* better than *all* the rest.

DEVIL.

The gentleman politely (or politicly) introduced to us under this title, was formerly an intimate with many respectable families, and even surnamed several people of high estimation.—Witnesses,

Lord of Montresor, Rogerius Diabolus; lord of Lusignan, Hughes le diable; Robert, son to William the Conqueror, surnamed the Devil.—Beside which,

"In Norway and in Sweden there were two families of the name of *Trolle*, in English, Devil: and every branch of these families had an emblem of the Devil for their coat of arms.

In Utrecht, there was a family called *Teufil* or Devil; likewise in Brittany there was a family of the name *Diable*.

MONKEYS.

While these animals are continually reminding men how nearly the the brute creation approach to *us*, shall we receive no lesson how far we ought to retreat from *them*?

BRANDY.

The first Sultan that was ever intoxicated, was Amarat the fourth, but he got drunk—with wine.

BELLS.

As a lately erected bell has made a great noise in this town, it may not be amiss while it is yet ringing in our ears to convey with its sounds a few impressions to the mind.

The invention of bells is attributed to the Egyptians—the feast of Osiris was announced by them.

English history says that *large* bells were not known (some say until the fourth, others) until the sixth century.

Pliny mentions bells under the denomination of *tintinnabula*, but such could not have weighed three thousand pounds.—Augustus too as we are

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told, placed one before the temple of Jupiter,—but though Homer tells us that his godship sometimes nodded, we are certain that he could not have slept while such a bell as our Brattle street meeting house can boast, was sounding in his ears; in the sixth century (or thereabouts) when Sens was besieged, a certain bishop, no matter who, ordered the church bells of St. Elienne to be rung, and by their *proclamations* so terrified the besieging army that they instantly raised the siege.—A little while afterwards Charlemagne ordered all the church-bells to be *baptized.*

We are told that that there was in Peru, in the year 1554, a bell whose circumference was forty five hands.

TONGUE OF THE BELL.

The bell itself made a great noise, but the breaking of its tongue made a greater.—All who set their wits to work to make a pun between bells and belles on its importation, had on this accident *une belle occasion*, to shew, *un-bel-esprit.*

Some say it broke because it struck too hard.

Others say that it proved its weakness by talking too long on one subject.

We think it failed because it had not sound met-al.

MANAGERS.

We acknowledge that we are usurpers, and that like all other usurpers we support our dominion by the assistance of spies and informers; we have also ears of our own, and eyes that are not very short-sighted; in addition, we have a mind that can re-flect. Let this observation account for "Something."

If the managers really think that we have done them wrong, why do they not make their remarks in the fair face of day openly and on the *first story*—why do they keep "grumbling in the cellarage." A candle should never be put under a bushel, place it on a candlestick and it will give light.

If while intending to careen the ship we have applied our purchase too partially to the main mast, have they not a foremast and a mizen?

ATTACKED.

We most heartily congratulate our subscribers and readers, on the prospect before us; instead of being laid up in *ordinary*, our paper gun

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boats, are likely to become men of war—we have at last been attacked—Hurrah for battle and stripes! *we* fight under the American flag, and whatever colours our enemies may shew, false or true, we swear that we will conquer or die.

But we are wandering from our proper sphere, "about, about my brain," and let us find some less heroic subject of allusion.

At last the critic lance was hurled, we felt it—on our seven-fold shield. Let the foe advance.

Qui cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur.

Still, still too much upon stilts; can we not descend? we fear we cannot walk on *common* ground, but we know that we must *stoop* to conquer.

We will therefore insert a few *strange* remarks, for Plutarch tells us, that mandrakes planted among vines improve the flavour of the grape, and although we do not expect that these introductions will much correct our acidity, we know that they will be the cause of making "Something" a more stimulating beverage to future subscribers.

Is it to be supposed *after* reading the above, that men of common sense will not *perceive* at once that we are intolerably vain?

There needs no *ghost* come from the *grave* to tell them this.

But let not our readers be alarmed, for we fight only with the pen, consequently they are to expect nothing more than *paper* war.

SOLITUDE.

O Zimmerman! after all you have said to recommend solitude, what can we think it, but as the retreat of the vain, the humility of the proud, or the bravery of the coward? If the world insults me, shall I fly from it? Oh no! To the *right, face.*

CARDS.

In an ingenious work, called "The Curious and instructive Library," written by Father Menestrier, a Jesuit, we find a little history of cards.

According to this writer, playing cards were unknown till the year 1392, when Charles 6th, of France, fell into a lethargy. May they never be worse employed than in curing lethargies!

QUOTATIONS.

We would not willingly offend any one, but we cannot afford to yield to the suggestions of those who complain of us for making quota-

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tions from ancient and modern languages; for we expect, though published in Boston, that our labours will reach Cambridge, New York, New Haven, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

MUCH ADO ABOUT "SOMETHING."

"WHAT is the reason" said an old lady to her daughter, "that you don't attend to nothing," "because mamma," replied the young lady, "I am pleasingly engaged with "Something."

Did we not foretell that "Something would please," any body? "Nobody" knows what he is about.

LADIES' TRAILS.

BASHAWS' *tails* have produced the following *tale*, of a lady's *trail*. "A certain fashionable lady, intending to enter her drawing room a few days since, found herself suddenly arrested,—ah! by what? The trail of her gown had not yet escaped the closing of the coach door."

The above is a "*communication*" we have taken some liberties with the contour we confess, but the features remain the same, and we beg leave to add that the lady if not of the *highest* must at *least* have been of the *longest* fashion.

We beg the author to continue his communications, for if he is not thought witty now—he may be really so by and bye.

But,—to him and to all who may be inclined to favour us with their assistance, we seriously declare that we shall publish nothing that is not chaste in wit, and honest in allusion;—excepting perhaps, what may issue from the brains of our editorial selves, of which perhaps we may not judge so severely, as of the wit of others.

EDUCATION.—No. I.

IT is our wish to effect some improvement in the education of our children. We shall, therefore, occasionally, and regularly if practicable, insert our ideas on the subject.—Our sentiments will elewhere be considered, as local—we intend them only for Boston and its vicinity. Our aim is in *this* instance particularly directed to the establishments in Boston and its neighbourhood, we are too well acquainted with the su-

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perior establishments *elsewhere*, to suppose that any thing we could say would there be necessary.

EDUCATION.

On this topic much has been written by men with learned *pens*, and many beautiful rays of nature have emanated from the female *heart*, on this topic we have been spurred by the orator, and instructed from the pulpit. But preceptors still labour, and parents still complain.

In the chaos of contending sentiment in which we find all writers on this subject equally involved; from the discordant hypotheses by which their readers are equally confused; it would appear that the best and simplest edification on the subject they have produced, is that which they *involuntarily* exhibit—a lesson to all mankind to be cautious in their positions, modest in their arguments, and diffident in their assertions.

The result of our contemplations, is that no regular system of education can be devised that will be equally applicable and beneficial to all.

As witnesses in support of this apparently bold assertion, we appeal to experience and nature.

Experience will teach us that the education of children has always been accommodated to the existing state of nations and their appliances. —So it has ever been and so it ever will be. As the natures of governments differ, so must differ the habits of the people, and in conformity to those habits, must be the education of those destined to observe them; and as the minds of parents are not of uniform compositon, but modified by the effects of differing professions, by the accidental influences of politics, climate or custom, so must their wishes, manners, habits, and feelings so totally disagree as to put all uniform systems of education at defiance.

Were we Spartans, the above observations might have been inapplicable.

Our next appeal in support of the assertion is to Nature.

Nature will from every breast at once declare, that the organs of human beings are not so mechanically arranged that like an artificial instrument, they will return the expected note responsive to the breath, or touch of every mouth or finger unskilfully applied.

The chords of the human mind, to produce the harmony we desire from them, must be moved by the breath to which they would *naturally* vibrate; it will consequently appear that any mechanical system of education must be liable, at least, to general inapplicability; for the variations of the feelings are as infinite as the variations of the features of the human character, and all regular systems to which any probable degree of success can be attached, must be founded on the presupposition of a precise congeniality of sentiment, feeling, and judgment between the authors of it and the parent; a congeniality almost impossi-

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ble between two the most affectionate and best selected friends, and never to be expected between the parents and the author of such a system, while individuals retain feelings exclusively their own, ideas peculiar to themselves, and a competent degree of pride or weakness to defend them.

But, admitting the practicability of an author's forming a system of education that should be acceptable to the judgments and common sense of all. Is the work done? is the effect produced? We are indeed *told*, and we acknowledge what we ought to do, but where is the security for our performance? In our knowledge of what is right? If so, there *may be* some parent who has never suffered the defenceless state and supplicating eye of his infant to disarm his authority, and destroy his resolution.

It is a common observation that there is no general rule without an exception; but of all general rules, we think none are more exceptionable than those dogmatically delivered respecting education; particularly where general systems of treatment are adopted, without references to genius, feeling, and disposition.

"Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is a quotation easily made and at all times applicable—but applicable to what? to the general duty of the parent. But the material question is, *how* this is to be effected. We are all desirous of training up our children in the right way, the difficulty is not in the inclination, but the means. We apply for information on the subject, and the misfortune is that we apply to *learned* men, who compose theories and systems in their closets, and approving themthemselves, imagine, that a condescending world will yield implicit confidence to the efforts of their midnight study.

It is very easy also to apply to any author for sanction of conduct or sentiment, and it is as easy to obtain it: erroneous and even vicious habits may plead the expressions of writers in their favour; but such applications prove only a servility and dependence on *mortal* capacity, where the mind *really* anxious for true knowledge would ascend to nature and to nature's God.

(To be continued.)

ON THE FEMALE MIND.—No. I.

To ascertain the orginal comparative effort of the female mind, we must examine it from its introduction to existence, and we are ready to confess that, generally, in this earliest emanation of it our testimony must be derived from female information. But it may not therefore be

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imperfect. Let us in the first place appeal to the feelings and experience, since we have no where the *testimony* of mothers, whether they have in any one instance fairly estimated, perceived in the earliest infancy of their children, a predominence of natural mental expansion in their male over their female issue.

Presuming that the general reply would be at least, "*no, we have not,*" we shall proceed upon the proposition, that male and female at their birth, and till the emanation of reasoning faculties, are equally endowed with that fundamental principle of intelligence, which, as it is neglected or cultivated, will produce wild or perfect fruit.

In order to estimate accurately the future corrivalship of mind, it appears expedient to suppose two infants either in the same family, or in two families of equal capability and will to give them the best education.

Our enquiry must then necessarily be respecting the difference of male and female education, and how each mode respectively is calculated to check or promote the improvement, to produce the contraction or expansion of human intellect.

We presume it will not be a contested position that the improvement of the human mind must be proportionate to its expansion, or its capability of embracing the various objects presented to its attention.

But there is beside this *capability* of embracing objects, another essential requisite, which is a *readiness* to imbibe whatever is presented to it; the capability of embracing objects may be considered as a *natural* endowment the readiness with which those objects are received as an *artificial acquirement.*

For, a mind may possess in itself the *capability* of retention, but if objects are not presented to it, it must remain void, like any common vessel whose powers of reception are in its form, but which it requires external agency to fill.

But the *readiness* of the human mind in embracing objects, involves a question of widely different consideration in its *readiness* to receive, it is removed from a passive to an active employment; but this activity must be given to it by preceding contingencies; the mind, having had once presented fairly to it, one primary idea will easily expand itself to the comprehension of such ideas as are collateral.

For instance, a boy accustomed to see soldiers in their regimentals walking singly through the streets will, from the effects of natural curiosity, readily imbibe the idea of a company; from a company his ideas will, from the same natural impulse of investigation, expand to the conception of a regiment; from a regiment to an army, but another who has never been in a situation to see men otherwise accoutered than by their customary dress, will have no ideas, or if any, very imperfect ones, either of a soldier or the company,

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If then the human mind is indebted for its expansion to the objects presented to it, it must of course follow, that the expansion of the human mind must be in proportion to the nature, quality, and effect of those objects presented to it.

This point, which we think incontestable, being admitted, we shall proceed to enquire into the distinct modes of treatment of the male and female mind.

But knowing how public disquisitions, however intelligible the author may attempt to make them, are always liable to misinterpretations, we think it necessary to declare, that while we are pointing out the causes of the superiour expansion of the minds of infant males, we are not advocating the same as applicable to females. Our object is only to prove that the female mind is at least equal to that of the male, *naturally*, and that those female minds which have burst the trammels of ordinary education and depressing restrictions are not inferior in the general exercise of intelligence to those of their coeval males.

(To be continued.)

Theatre, Friday, Nov. 24th, 1809.

The Foundling of the Forest was again represented this evening, and to a very thin house—Now, we declare at once our opinion that if the managers suffer neglect from the public, they suffer only in consequence of their own bad management—They *do not* do their duty; and if they are *inclined* to do it, they know not *how* to perform it. Does it not ring in the ears of every stranger that Boston supports a theatre with greater spirit than any city on the continent? We can as yet, say no, as respects this season—but we *dare* not, with all our vanity, add that they would not do it, if open, honest, and direct measures were adopted to invite them.

We have no scruple in declaring to the managers that they are wrong, for we will tell them *wherein* they have erred.

All persons, who engage in any way with that many headed monster—the public; should establish as soon as possible some fundamental principle of action on which the hydra may rely: but it is well known that our managers have invited *part* of that public to performances that would have disgraced an English barn—they have puffed and puffed, till at last their candle has gone out.—There is no longer, candidly considered, any reliance to be placed on them with regard to the performances—they will, to be sure, tell us that such a play has been performed with the *most unbounded applause* in London—but will they ensure the public

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that it will be correctly performed here?—And yet, this they must do, before they can with any propriety complain of neglect.

The managers must themselves establish a credit for truth and discernment, before they can expect the public to follow what are now their (will o'th' wisp) invitations.

Mr. Cooper is advertised this evening for six nights.—The managers will doubtless experience the advantage of engaging him. After his departure, we shall ourselves usurp, on *paper*, the province of directing the managers of the theatre.—Yes—we will do it.—We know that there are talents in the present company, that properly encouraged and elicited would do justice to the managers and to the public, and, they shall not slumber, if we can rouse them.

We are bold—vain—and all that—no matter what we are called—we undertake to reform the theatre—if the theatre be not raised in the estimation of the public, before our paper fails, we must bear the blame. If we should be the means of promoting its respectability, and putting money in the pockets of its managers we shall expect credit.

We would now venture to give a hint to the managers of what we think they ought to do, but we must reserve it for our next.

Theatre, Nov. 27th, 1809.

HAMLET, AND THE SPOILED CHILD.

We are fully sensible of the very delicate situation in which we are placed by the arrival of Mr. Cooper, and of the increased duties which are thereby imposed upon us; we shall *endeavour* at least to discharge them faithfully, but concisely.

Hamlet is the most interesting to a philophysic mind, the most tenderly woven, and the most exquisitely beautiful, when adequately represented, of any of Shakespeare's characters.—We know not that the idea has been before indulged, but we cannot help thinking, that the delineations of this character were drawn from his own feelings voluntarily excited from *supposed* extraneous causes, for the purpose of exhibiting how a virtuous and a moral mind might love, might feel, determine, yet conduct itself, in every instance irresolutely.

Hamlet has no previously determined character, on his introduction. Nothing is said of him that can describe him more particularly than as the son of the deceased king.—As a prince, and the son of a dearly beloved but deceased father he first appears, mourning the loss of his father, and the quickly succeeding marriage of his mother with his father's brother.—His sorrow on these occasions can only be considered as the effect of natural sensibilities, and not as designating the character of the

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man. He is a prince of Denmark—so far, a certain sketch is given for the contour of the interlineations of his manners and deportment. Here we must stop with respect to every prospectus the author has given us of his character: he becomes from the moment of his introduction the creature of incident and feeling; and we can only judge of the performance of such a character from our own opinion of the effects the various incidents and feelings would produce on such a being so circumstanced.

Mr. Cooper appeared this evening to some part of the audience as performing with less than his usual spirit, and the attendant fatigue of travelling was imputed as the cause.—We should however rather consider, what others imputed to a deficiency of spirit, as the effect of an increase of judgment, formed on the minute study of the character; and this was evident to us, from what *must* have been *purposed* deviations from his usual method of delivering several passages, and the improved arrangements of many of the scenes.—Sticks and hands were less than ordinarily employed, but silence and the mind applauded more.

We hope the time is not far off when, vociferation and extravagant action will no longer be the leading incitement to public applause.—We have witnessed with supreme delight the approbation of the Boston audience, given to sentiments of heroism and morality—we know therefore they can feel as men, and if upon this honest and natural feeling they will consent to build a superstructure of science; what may not hereafter be expected from a community celebrated for enterprise?

We can discover *who* applaud noise, and *who* silently admit impression; we would barter a thousand clapping hands for one honestly excited tear.

We know that Mr. Cooper's acting this evening has called forth very contradictory sentiments—such must always be the case while the temperament of the human mind is so contradictory in its willingness to receive pleasure from external objects.—Some say that he did not play with his usual spirit, we think he played with more than his usual judgment; some say he was fatigued, *if so, we* say so much the better—for the effect of his fatigue was—added interest to the character; if the ladies say Mr. Cooper was not *himself*,—we still say so much the better, for the prince of Denmark appeared in his stead.

We have before said that we profess not to be critics, and much do we detest that captious frivolity which would carp at an accidental error in an actor's utterance. We shall never censure managers or actors for involuntary mistakes—we shall be steady only to the public's rights, but if a scene is out of order one night to the confusion of the performance, we shall expect that it will be repaired by the next.

We shall take the same liberty of dissenting from any part of Mr. Cooper's performance as we would from that of any other gentleman or

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lady on the stage, but on this evening he has afforded us but little opportunity.—We think that on some occasions he regards metrical composition as of minor importance, and we cannot give our assent to the substitution of the word blanch for blench, in the soliloquy immediately succeeding the visit of the players. We are partial to our own language and its *real* etymology.

We think also that Whalley had some reason for proposing to Garrick the reading the following passage, thus,

My father's spirit! in arms! all is not well.

The soliloquy after the player's recitation, was delivered with fine conception and effect, but we submit to Mr. Cooper's consideration our objections to his delivery of that passage in it, wherein Hamlet condemns himself for having already *talked* too much and too LOUDLY on the subject—would not a reflecting intonation be more appropriate to such self discovered errors?

We have never known the soliloquy on death to have been better or more feelingly and impressively delivered.

Mr. Cooper's attitude—(but it was not attitude alone, 'twas soul evinced by countenance and limb) after the play scene, was strikingly impressive.

His manner of delivering "a bloody deed," &c. almost compensated for his killing Polonius.

We could point out many intrinsic beauties in Mr. Cooper's performance of Hamlet, but it is not our object to criticise—we wish only to catch every opportunity of re-establishing the credit of our theatre.

We will however suggest another hint to Mr. Cooper.

The *requests* of princes to subordinate officers are always considered as commands—if Osrick does not feel the force of the prince's request, he should be taught the *essence* of civility by the prince himself—Hamlet, finding that Osrick would not put his hat *on* at his request, should convince him of his want of manners by taking *off* his own.

Mr. Mills performed the Ghost with strict propriety, with energy and impressions that were felt and acknowledged by the audience. We think that this gentleman needs only the cultivation and *defence* of his own talents to *become*, what his ambition directs him to aspire to be—a great actor. Can we say any thing more in praise of Mrs. Darley's Ophelia than the feelings of the audience exhibited? we think not.

Yes,—on reflection, we can say more, for the audience judged generally perhaps by the effect produced—we will, therefore, trace that effect to its causes—a chaste conception of the author's meaning, and the most delicate and affecting execution.

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Laertes, by Mr. Darley, was well supported—this gentleman has lately exhibited talents which, cultivated, will do him honour.

He will excuse us for remarking, that when the king asks him,

"Who shall stay you?"

He should not reply—"My will."

The meaning of this passage we conceive to be this—prosaically delivered—all thew orld, or all the world's (will,) shall not stay my *will*, and for my *means* I'll husband them so well, they shall go so far with little.

Mr. Darley, and indeed every other gentleman concerned, deserved great credit for the last scene, which we have never seen better exhibited. Mr. Dickenson was every thing that established *custom* in the personation of Polonius required—but we think the character itself is fundamentally *mistaken*.

We experienced a jealous pleasure in finding the gallery disappointed by Mr. Bernard's taking off only two waistcoats—We have seldom seen this gentleman so chaste in his performance as on this occasion.

Mrs. Powell always deserves praise, but we cannot this evening applaud the queen of Denmark.

Theatre, Wednesday, Nov. 29.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

We saw so *little* of this play that we shall say very *little* about it, yet were we present during the *whole* performance.

We think no human being could have exhibited a finer contrast in speech, action, and manners, than that which we witnessed from Mr. Cooper this evening, in the assumed and real character of Leon.

We think Mr. Cooper very *deeply* improved, and we welcome such improvements with delight, because we think they will tend to the *improvement* of the stage. He does not talk so *loudly* as usual, but he makes us feel more *sensibly*.

Mr. Mills, in the Copper-Captain, was excellent.

By the bye, a "leather or prunella" critic the other day, in the Patriot, observed, that Mr. Mills "was no Ghost," that "a ghost was beyond his sphere."—We like wit, but only when we can discover it. It is not worth while to ask this six starred critic what he meant. We say that Mr. Mills played *Shakespeare's* Ghost in Hamlet, and played it well. Any ghostly observations to the contrary notwithstanding.

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TRIFLES.

We embark in this undertaking on an avowed principle of independence of opinion; and we have no objection to wear our heart upon our sleeve, for any bird to peck at, whether daw or dove.—We are well aware that we lay ourselves open to the censures of men whom we highly esteem, but we have said "Va mon enfant," we have launched our bark uninsured on the ocean of experience, and we can less hope to escape from *privateers* than *public force*.

But independent of our own sins, we find that we are called upon to answer for the transgressions of others—the managers accuse us of writing for other papers, we beg leave to assure them that we have enough to do with our own.

We shall take this opportunity of declaring most unequivocally, and we hope particularly that *Mr. Cooper* will credit our assertion.—We have *never* directly or indirectly been concerned in any one criticisms on theatrical representations, within the limits of the United States, before we commenced the editorship of "Something."

Since we commenced editors ourselves, we declare as unequivocally, that we have not written, nor will we write any thing but what appears under our own authority.

Mr. Powell may also be assured, and we know that Mr. and Mrs. Claude will be so, after this declaration, that we were not the authors of the unpleasant criticism of which they so much complain.—What it was, when, or in what paper it appeared we know not, for we have never *seen* it.—*Our* sentiments we declare *openly*; we need no cloak to them, for they are honest if not correct.

"Who steals my purse steals trash."

We thank our witty friends, for their jokes on this poor line in our last number; we care not, if we can amuse them, be it so, even at the expense our *own* purse.

But, we cannot so cordially unite with that gentleman who observed that if a certain thousand dollars, were loaned for the support of this paper, "Something would come to nothing." Let the experiment be made, we will answer for the *issue*.

We do not see the necessity of our being poor, because Dr. Johnson was indebted to poverty for a stimulus to his talents.—We think we could be more witty if we had more money—we like too a glass of wine now and then, for

> "Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
> And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse."

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Besides, it is rather a bad plan to drive an author to exclaim,

That while his head with fire pindaric glows,
He seeks in vain for fire to warm his toes.

Verbum sat—sapienti.

COMMUNICATION.

[We are grateful for the following, and feel highly honoured by the *comparison*.—It is however strange, that the only reluctance we feel in giving it publication, arises from the only virtue the author has neglected to praise—our modesty.]

"Nemo Nobody, Esquire, Editor of Something."

MR. EDITOR,

The Rev. Mr. Channing's new Meeitng-House justly attracts admiration :—Its internal and external appearance presents a varied and yet a oness of architecture, that charms the eye and commands an involuntary respect. Last week I attended the dedication of this elegant structure.—My attention to the service-forms and reflections upon the language of the Rev. Divines, were equally and critically apportioned ;—they were truly impressive and gratifying ;—and, when the offices of devotion were gone through with, I left the house, highly pleased and edified. But Mr. Editor, as I was walking homeward, with slow step, and calling to mind that which I had seen and heard, I happened to turn up my eyes, when lo ! the large and boldly elevating spire, which majestically rises from the tower, surrounded by its modest but symmetrical attendants, brought "NOBODY" and "SOMETHING" full upon my mind ;—and I could not refrain from drawing the following

COMPARISON.

This *House* was erected by genius and taste—
(And so is the "SOMETHING"—that's clear :)
It was *built* for a purpose divine, good, and chaste—
(With the same views doth "SOMETHING" appear.)

From the *pulpit* such truths will go forth, as, I ween,
Shall cut folly and vice, and their friends—
(On the pages of "SOMETHING" will, also, be seen,
Such truths, for the very same ends.)

The *steeple*, that points towards heaven the road
Has a base that is broad, firm and fair ;

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(So "SOMETHING," I trust, will point upwards, the good
On discernment its grand base doth rear.)

The *wane* boldly shews the true current of wind,
And the landsman and seaman directs—
(So the satire of "SOMETHING," and wit most refin'd,
Boldly reader and writer corrects.)

In symmetrical ease, round the tow'r, *spires* arise,
The grand steeple to guard and adorn;
(So, 'round "SOMETHING," the graces and loves meet our eyes
And of Pleasure and Profit the form!)

BOSTON, *Nov.* 27, 1809. W.

NATIVE GENIUS.

We are still pleased with our endeavours to excite the attention of the publick to Mr. White's play, and are more pleased to find that our opinion of it is sanctioned by men whose talents have done honour to their country. We shall write the prologue, and Mr. Paine the epilogue. The managers will *undoubtedly* do their duty, the actors *theirs*, let the publick attend and we shall shew the world what Boston *can* effect.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

By our determination never to be *behind* hand with the publick, we have been drawn into a little scrape, and been too much *before* hand this week —we had been threatened with the stingings of nettles, ants and pismires, in abundance, and we promised in our thirty sixth page to make a few extracts from the pretty pieces *written against* us. But alas! they have never yet appeared in print—We sincerely condole with the publick for the loss they sustain—They cannot however help themselves and therefore must put up with the product of our own factory for we confess that we have no foreign goods on hand.

By the bye, that the world may think us true Patriots, it may not be amiss to declare, that all our raw materials are of our own growth, and all our wit *home-spun*.

Who can doubt us now?

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 4.] *Boston, Saturday, December* 9, 1809. [Vol. I.

ON EDUCATION.—No. II.

No writer on this subject has (perhaps) been more frequently quoted than Solomon;—but, with deference to men of learning, we think his maxims have been sometimes introduced without a sufficient elucidation of his original meaning. The instructions of those acquainted with the learned languages, caution us to beware of adopting in the *limited literal* sense, subjects of *metaphorical allusion;* in the infancy of languages, we are told that, objects of our *external senses*, were selected for the purpose of explaining intellectual ideas, that a figurative style was then intentionally, and perhaps necessarily preferred. May we not then without presumption infer, that when Solomon says, "He that spareth the rod hateth his own son," and in other similar expressions, he adopts the term only as the *emblem* of that necessary authority and corrective influence which is ever the duty of the parent or instructor to exercise over erring youth, and not as the *instrument* itself. And we think we may venture to presume not only that Solomon himself never did, but that he never *intended* to recommend the use of the instrument we now call the rod, or any kind of corporal punishment, except in cases of the extremest necessity.

We are well aware that by this presumption we at once contend with contrary opinions of high authority; but as we have before observed, our object is truth; and in the pursuit of it, though we shall endeavour to preserve an humility correspondent to our talents, we shall not shrink from the performance of any duty we sincerely believe to be within the scope of them.

We declare in the first place our wishes, in the next our intentions; our wishes are to abolish as much as possible the application of corporal chastisement to children; our intentions are to plead for a restriction of

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it.—But before we attempt the success of either, we shall endeavour to prove that the misinterpretation of words alone, and the adoption of *sensible* objects where only *intellectual ideas* were intended, have contributed in a great degree to the introduction of scripture as a sanction to the general personal chastisement of children.

"He that spareth the rod hateth his own child," it is said, says Solomon.—Our object is not to dispute the maxims of Solomon on this head, but to enquire what they really were.

The first time the word rod is mentioned in the old testament (excepting Jacob's policy) is in the 4th chapt. Exod. 2 verse, "And the Lord said unto him (Moses) what is that in thy hand? And he said, a rod."

This certainly could be no other instrument than a shepherd's wand or stick; for Moses was at that time keeping Jethro's flock; but immediately afterwards we find it assigned to him as the emblem of his future authority. "And thou shalt take this *rod* in thine hand, *wherewith* thou shall do *signs*"—again we are informed; "And Moses took, *the rod* of *God* in his hand."—Let us now observe for what purpose—"That they, (the Israelites) might believe that the God of their fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob, had appeared unto him." It seems then, from this earliest instance of the mention of a rod, and also from its mechanical formation, that it was delivered to Moses, not as the instrument of corporal infliction on the Israelites, but as the type or emblem of his delegated authority alone.

The second instance we shall introduce is from the 17th chapter of Numbers.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

"Speak unto the children of Israel, and take of every one of them a rod according to the house of their fathers, of all their princes according to the house of their fathers, twelve rods: write thou every man's name upon his rod.

"And thou shalt write Aaron's name upon the rod of Levi; for *One* shall be for the *head* of the house of their fathers."

Again, verse 6.

"And Moses spake unto the children of Israel, and every one of their princes gave him a rod a piece, for each prince one, according to their fathers' houses, even twelve rods; and the rod of Aaron was among the rods.

"And Moses laid up the rods before the Lord in the tabernacle of witness."

Now these rods could be no other than the emblems of authority which *distinguished* each one as the head of the house of his fathers, they were not the instruments of correction, but the type of power.

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We will consider next the sense in which the father of Solomon adopts the word.—In the 23d, which is one of the Psalms of David, he observes—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they *comfort* me."

The whole of this beautiful poetical effusion is allegorical. The rod is the emblem of authority and good government, the staff of support and nourishment—for in a preceding verse he observes—"He *maketh* me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters. "He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the path of righteousness for his name's sake."

Here our ideas embrace a beautiful exemplification of the just exercise of authority; for as David observes, the *Lord* being his shepherd, he shall not want; for his rod, that is his paternal authority, *makes* him lie down in green pastures, or, in a literal sense, by confining him to virtuous and useful habits, restricts him from wandering in the pursuit of vicious indulgences; and his staff, that is, his supporting influence, leads him for refreshment to the untroubled fountain of truth.

We have only one more explanation of the word rod to introduce before we examine Solomon's meaning in *his* use of it; and this is taken from the 125 Psalm. "For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous."

We would place this in a literal sense thus;—The wicked shall have *no* permanent authority over the righteous; lest the righteous, *put forth their hands*—(A SYMBOL *of obedience or intreaty*) to iniquity. It is common in the old testament to use the effect for the cause, iniquity consequently implies the workers of iniquity.

This passage then according to our interpretation means in the language of the present day, The wicked shall have no permanent authority over the righteous, lest the righteous should be forced to yield obedience to, or seek protection from the wicked.

Isaiah says, "the rod of mine anger and the staff in *their* hand, is *mine* indignation."

Ezekiel, "I will cause you to pass under the rod"—symbol of submission on the one side, authority on the other.

Micah, "*Hear* the rod and who hath appointed it."

Again. "*Feed* the people with thy rod."

From the foregoing quotations it is evident that the word rod is at least *frequently* used as the symbol of authority, may we not therefore without presumption suppose, and without danger believe, that the same word is used generally by Solomon in a similar sense.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE CLERGY.

To the esteemed and highly respected clergy of these and other states, with many of whom we boast an acquaintance, we offer an apology for our occasional observations on the sacred scriptures; but we are attached to them by every tie that can bind a human being to his God, by every principle of taste that can admire sublimity in poetry, and by every essential doctrine that testifies a christian; and consequently, our only apology must be, that we were ourselves educated for that reverend profession; we have ever (inwardly) lamented our disobedience to our parents; but have ever, as we trust, advocated the cause of truth. This we will never desert. Custom allows laymen a greater *latitude* in writing, but we trust that the latitude allowed, will not contribute less decorously to the promotion of the general weal. Every advocate for just principles has had reason to bless the lay preacher of Philadelphia; —May none have reason to complain of *us*!

We must be witty, to inspire attention,
Sin's surest remedy is, sly prevention.

UNIVERSITY.

We have been young ourselves,

And we solicit our young friends at Harward, with the permission of their government, to elicit their talents occasionally, and adorn our pages with youthful emanations of fancy or intelligence.

Carpe diem—
Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet.
Sapere *aude.*

"When I was a child I thought as a child." Now—

We find by rueful experience that there was something wanting in *our* education, we were not taught *to be*, but *to act* the man. But,

We were taught to make money
As bees make their honey, And,
Sec vos, non vobis mellificatis apes.

Our Harvard friends have without doubt heard of the

Musæ Etonenses,

Let them be rivalled by the

Musæ Harvardienses.

And let our pages be honored by their introduction.

Μολεν τὸ πῶν.

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Theatre, Tuesday, Dec. 29.

RICHARD THE THIRD, AND THE LYING VALET.

The tragedy of Richard the third as now represented, has been so changed from the original production, to answer the purposes of the actor, that it may now be considered merely as the vehicle of the talents of the person who performs the principal character in it.

However opposed the opinions of others may be, we still persist in our determination, that the change of Mr. Cooper's style of acting is the result of judgment and improvement.—It was formerly reported of Boston, that the actor who could make the greatest noise would please the audience the best; it is certain that while they suffer quietly and patiently so much disgraceful conduct in the galleries the actor *must* bellow to be heard. But is there no authority by which the respectable part of the audience can command their right of freedom from insult and indecency? The noises which perpetually disgrace our theatre, disturb the actors, and insult the public—discredit our police, our justice, and our freedom. The purchaser of a ticket for the boxes has a right guaranteed by the sellers of the ticket to a quiet and peaceable enjoyment of the entertainment promised; and no person purchases *more* than that right; no one purchases a privilege of creating noise, promoting disturbances, or offending modesty.

The character of our town is risked by the endurance of such irregularities, and it becomes every honest man, and is essentially the duty of every parent, husband, or brother, to whom the delicacy of female chastity is dear, to rise up at once and check the increasing evil—it may easily be remedied—it requires only in an *individual* a determination to do what's right to effect it, and let an *audience* be united in their resistance to such insults, and the fear of shame would enforce decency.

We know very well that our managers must be *compelled* to do their duty or they never will do it. But as we have already said much about the duty of managers, we shall in the course of this, give the hints we promised in our last number.

The liberties indulged in European theatres may be adduced in opposition to our remarks—but God forbid that we should plunge *at once* into the abyss of vice which marks the degeneracy, or prophecies the ruin of nations—let us at least be *great* before we become vicious; let us at least *rise* before we fall.

Regarding the character of Richard the third as performed by Mr. Cooper, we can have little more to say than that it *was performed by him*, and as we have already observed in an improved manner.—We have been on the stage ourselves, and we have felt the inconveniences, nay, distresses occasioned by, something deficient in the subordinate characters;

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yet could we not with justice blame them; a sudden exclamation may perhaps have condemned them, but reflexion always assured us that the original error was elsewhere.

Not excepting Mr. Cooper, we declare in our opinion the gentleman that deserved the most credit this evening was Mr. Johnston—of course we do not urge now a competition of *talents*, but a competition of *exertion*, and this is what the audience should encourage. We must foster *endeavours*, instead of lavishing our applause on *recommended* talents: let us have a theatre of our own, nursed by ourselves, and *corrected* by ourselves; there are talents at the command of the managers, sufficient to make the Boston theatre equal in respectability to any on the continent; we know it, and we will prove it to be so, before the present season is over, but the managers must change their plan of operations in their interior arrangements.

Why is any gentleman *suffered* to appear in a principal character for the first time on the stage, if his success is *less* than doubtful? if his appearance and the candour of the public acknowledge some abilities, why is he not retained? A manager's duty is to encourage, instruct, reform—not to make money, by deception. But to return—we think that Mr. Johnston's performance of the character of Henry the sixth, this evening entitled him fully to all the applause he received, and we hope will hereafter obtain for him all the encouragement his continued exertions may deserve.

Mrs. Powell was this evening completely at *home*, for, she was the amiable wife and the affectionate mother; nor did the qeeen lessen her attractions—for she played an *honest* queen.

Mr. Mills was received on his *three* entrances with *extraordinary* applause—if this had *not* been the case, we would have supplied the deficiency—he played with more than usual spirit, and the battle between Mr. Cooper and himself was well contrived and executed.

We wish to praise and shall rejoice to do so when we have an opportunity of praising honourably.

The Lying Valet.

When obscenity is banished from the stage, we will praise acting that is not indebted to it for applause.

LADIES' GREAT COATS AND GENTLEMEN'S PETTY-COATS.

What strange reversions in the order of things will not fashion introduce?—Time was—when the word "petticoat" designated the sex to which that article exclusively appertained; for instance—"he is led by the petticoat," "he is under pettticoat government," &c. &c. &c. But if any man was to say now of another that he was under petticoat

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government, it would only signify that he was under *no* government at all.—We presume that some of our patriotic youths have already perceived this difficulty in allusion, and therefore have adopted the *petty-coat* themselves, to prove that they are only under their *own* government.

As however in return the ladies have taken the *great* coats from the men, and as in this instance we think them perfectly justifiable, we do not know, a less *indelicate* term that can be applied to what they have substituted for the privileges they have bartered than *justifiables*.

We do therefore (by our paperal authority as heretofore) order all shopkeepers henceforth not to put the ladies to the blush by calling these articles, invisibles—but to offer them for sale under the *head* of *justifiables* and charge accordingly, the usual advance for fashionable *titles*.

All shopkeepers who shall presume to sell, after this our imperial (paper) order, any such *inexpressible* articles under any other name than the above, shall be considered as dealing in contra-band goods, and liable to (pun-is meant) accordingly.

PROMISED HINTS.

We consider that the duties of managers do not consist alone in advertising plays and receiving the profits of the receipts.—A moral choice in the selection of them, a minute attention to the rehearsal, and a pledge for the honourable performance of them are indispensable obligations incurred by their undertaking.

We think it is dishonest to invite the public to a whole play and give them only half of it, or a larger part so mutilated that they who wish to understand it, are obliged to come a second time, for the additions that may be then made.

Every individual has as much his private right, though composing part of the audience, as if he had made a private bargain for himself alone. And this right should in honesty be *secured* to him.

All public establishments are really, or supposed to be, under some written or acknowledged regulations; there is at least an implied contract which ought to be fulfilled. We promised the managers a few hints and therefore we keep our word.

Theatre, Monday, Dec. 4th, 1809.

MACBETH, AND MY GRANDMOTHER.

"He is to appear this evening for the only time in the character of *Macbeth*, and supported by *all the talent* of the company, we may expect a rich entertainment." *Communication—Gazette, Dec. 4th.*

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We select this passage, for our motto, for we most willingly admit that Mr. Cooper *was* supported by all the *talent* of theatre—but the friendly communicator did not inform us how much he was to be *undermined* by the *want* of it in the inferior characters, as they are called, though in our opinion, they are as essential to the perfect performance of a regular drama, as the principal actor himself. For,

It is in the power of *any* one actor if incompetent, or inattentive to, his part to destroy the effect of the best scene ever written by Shakespeare.

We wish not to wound the feelings of a father, but we must and *will* perform our duty to the public. At *present* enough.

We presume that the character allotted to Mr. Barnes, was undertaken by him, more from a willingness to oblige, than from his own ambition to figure in tragedy.

The triumvirate were completely bewitched in the opening scene, they could neither get up nor down; we should have thought that managers might have managed better; we have never known them before without a hole to creep through, but on this occasion they were most laughably caught in their own traps.—The entrance of Birnam wood was well—but we did not see its exit.

Does no one attend to the duties of the supernumeraries? If they are suffered to play their tricks *ad libitum*—we shall only ask how much longer the public are to be insulted?

We hope we have already said enough respecting the disturbances in the galleries, if the managers do not prevent such disgraceful conduct, we say that the public *will*.

We now, having as we think, performed the unpleasant part of our duty on this evening, will indulge in our more grateful task.

If we dared before, in *contradiction* to general opinion, to assert the improved taste in acting of Mr. Cooper, what must be our pleasure in praising his performance this evening when, acting upon the same principle, we find his performance of the character of Macbeth approved by all?

We know what it is, not to receive manual applause, when we think we deserve it, and have been accustomed to hear it, and we fear that Mr. Cooper on some occasions, condescended to extort it from a part of the audience, while the whole of it, were paying him the more honourable tribute of silence.

Applause injudiciously bestowed very often destroys the effect it intends to continue. Applause is necessary to the encouragement of a *young* actor, and we would recommend it on *all* occasions, where ladies or gentlemen in subordinate characters make successful efforts; but to applaud with hands or sticks in the intervals of a highly wrought scene,

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supported by performers of acknowledged merit, we think tends only to weaken the interest of the scene, and check, by exciting others, the *necessary* feelings for the completion of it.

The merits of an actor can be sufficiently rewarded by the public, in this regard, by applause bestowed on him at his exit, or during such pauses as are naturally occasioned by the complete effusion of passion, the declarations of moral sentiment, or the termination of declamatory or historical speeches.

We know not that Macbeth followed Richard the third, upon any other principle than that of convenience; but if the managers, or rather Mr. Cooper, for we presume from the superior order which obtains during his stay, that he has some controul, *did* intend to draw a contrast between the effects of predetermined vice, and the incidental introduction of it to a virtuous mind, they happily succeeded.

The characters of Richard the third and Macbeth, are as distinctly, as *differently* decided on their introduction. The former is declared to have been vicious from his birth; his mother says of, and to, him,

> A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,
> Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy,
> Thy school days, frightful, desperate, wild and furious;
> Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous;
> Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody;
> More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in *hatred*.

But the character in which Macbeth is introduced to us is widely different; indeed it is the former character reversed.—We have not room for quotation, to exemplify it.

We shall only say, we think generally that both characters were performed by Mr. Cooper, in a more chaste and impressive style than we have ever before witnessed.

It would add nothing to Mr. Cooper's fame, were we to quote *all* the passages in which he excelled. The dagger scene, the soliloquies, the management in the supper scene, were among the most impressive features of his acting; but we cannot omit mentioning our admiration of his manner of resisting the first attack of Macduff, and, in general, the very strongly marked changes in the different characters of Macbeth, for he has many, and many were exhibited to us distinctly performed this evening.

Macbeth in the last scene (though Birnam wood has come to Dunsinane) still relies for his safety on the prediction, that "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth"—he trusts therefore to the *prediction* rather than his *sword*, and this *idea* was for the first time displayed in *acting* (to us) by Mr. Cooper.

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We are sorry that Mr. Cooper still says, "if trembling I in*h*abit." The word was originally "in*h*abit"—stay at home—in*h*ibit was one of Mr. Pope's *polished* improvements; "*then*," was changed into "thee" by Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Malone *sanctified* the alteration. But we like Shakespeare better than all the commentators, as we like the old English language better than all the rest.

Why should we *not* read?

Dare me to the *desart* with thy sword
If, trembling I in*h*abit, then, &c.

That is, if, trembling then I stay at home, &c. For so it appears in the first folio, which is "worth all the rest."

There is another equally contested passage, on which we would suggest to Mr. Cooper *our* ideas, notwithstanding that so many pages have already been written on it.

We must be brief—and therefore will only *point* it according to our suggestion.

"My May of life
"Is fallen into the *sear*: the yellow leaf,
(the honours of natural decay)
"And that which *should* accompany old age, &c.
"I must not look to have."

Mrs. Powell was as usual when she plays a *bad* character, *not* at home in *it*. The audience were grateful to her for the violence every mother must do to her own feelings, in pronouncing the lines beginning thus:

"I have given suck," &c.

But they can never be omitted with justice to the author.

In her last scene she gave general satisfaction.

We will take the liberty of suggesting to her, in prose, our interpretation of the passage.

"My royal lord,
"You do not give the cheer," &c.

You *sell* your feast, if you do not often tell your guests that they are *welcome*, while you are giving it; if the intention is that they should only *eat* they might do *that* better at their homes, but *from* thence, when on a visit, the sauce to meat is *ceremony*,—that is, a proper attention to your guests.

"The *appurtenance* to *welcome* is fashion and ceremony." HAMLET.

We would hint to the gentleman who may *hereafter* perform the bleeding soldier that the western isles of Scotland are not named Kernes and Gallow-glasses; but that Kernes and Gallow-glasses were men—the one *light* armed, the other *heavy* armed foot soldiers.

Mr. Claude deserved and obtained great credit for his performance of Banquo, and when he appeared as his ghost, his minute attention and correct action were very impressive.

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We wish that we could speak as favourably of Mr. Johnston in the character of Duncan, as we have spoken of him in Henry 6th—the art of an actor is often discovered by his making small characters great.

"Though last—not least."

Mr. Mills encountered many difficulties this evening which may be understood by the foregoing remarks; he surmounted them in the conclusion of the best scene of Macduff, by the energy of his *own* talents.

We know the arduous duty this gentleman has generally to execute, and therefore cannot perhaps with justice, complain of an occasional deficiency, or substitution of words.

Pressed as we are for room for observations on the occurrences of this week, we cannot with propriety suffer the above remarks to go to press, without expressing our admiration of the superior performance of the vocal harmonists this evening. We must conclude by saying that in spite of the few ******* which occurred, we think on the whole, that the tragedy of Macbeth never gave more pleasure to the Boston audience.

My Grandmother.

Though we shall never pretend to analyse, or make many observations on farces while offered to us in mutilated states, we shall always recommend whatever will afford to the public an *innocent* amusement: as such and as something more, we can venture to recommend this.

First impressions weigh powerfully on the mind, but we *endeavour* to divest ourselves of them. Mr. Dickenson's Gossip, we think *excellent*.—Mrs. Mills' songs were charming—give us nature, and let all Italian fopperies return to Rome. Mr. Mills made *not* a "faux pas," but a "lapsus linguæ," in the farce, which caused some merriment; it was occasioned by the accidental substitution of the word "cigar" for guitar.

We should not have noticed it, had it not given us a pleasant opportunity of praising at the same time the appropriate behaviour of Mr. Mills.—We like to see the *gentleman* exhibited by other means than dress; a man to be a gentleman must do his *duty*; and Mr. Mills on this occasion did perform *his* duty nobly, by acknowledging at once his accidental error, and silently entreating the public indulgence—he *had* their indulgence, and *applause*.

And may the esteem which will be attached to Mr. Mills' conduct on this occasion be the attendant of every actor who has sense enough to deserve it.

HINTS.

We thank our friends for their hints about spaces—but the world differ in opinion—some think they have too little, and others think we give them *too much*; we declare that we are not ourselves fond of vacuities

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of any kind, we will therefore fill up the vacuities of our pages in future, in hopes that the public will fill the vacuity of our purse; for let the public be assured that it costs something to write sixteen pages per week; however till the world reforms, and so long as we discover or observe follies, we shall always have enough to say. We are very ready to take hints, when they are given to us, and some will perceive that we are equally ready to borrow hints from them.

Tuesday, Dec. 5th, 1809.

MR. OGILVIE.

ORATION ON DUELLING.

Every person who attempts to do a public good, deserves credit, at least for the *attempt*. But an attempt to eradicate the practice of duelling by delivering orations on the subject, is in our opinion futile in the extreme. What despotic kings and legislatures almost equally despotic; what wise men of all civilized nations, under whatsoever government they existed, have concurred in their endeavours to abolish, and with all the energies at their command, have failed in executing; can we expect from an oration, even the most polished, the most argumentative, and the most impressive, delivered to a few, comparatively few, individuals? Mr. Ogilvie may be assured that, if we know any thing of the world, his orations on this subject will have no good effect. His words, his actions, his figures, and his fashion may please an audience, but he will never accomplish any moral good by it; of this we should presume his own experience and feelings would convince him. We may approve his sentiments and applaud them, but why does any person applaud a sentiment but because it is congenial to his own feelings? and if congenial to them, his own feelings would dictate all that could be told to him. We do not want to be informed of what we *ought* to do, we have Moses and the prophets, we have all learnt it from our cradles,—what we want is to be persuaded to *do* what we know to be right.

With the most sincere attachment, we admire Mr. Ogilvie's talents, but we are not thereby bound on all occasions to adore the *application* of them; and with the freedom of opinion which we shall always, even with respect to our dearest friends, assume, we condemn the oration delivered this evening, "in toto." But, while we are giving our opinions, let it be considered that our base is professedly public good, and that we shall always judge of public offerings of every nature according to our estimation of their *effects*. Yet will we always be candid—and say *why* we disapprove of them.

We have nothing to do with what is *promised*; nothing to depend upon for *future* refutations; we judge of the oration as it was deliver-

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ed this evening. We may all be in our graves before the answers in favour of duelling may be delivered, and in the mean time they who heard Mr. Ogilvie this evening may according to the summary of his oration, fight on warrantable ground. We have before privately objected to this oration, we now object to it publicly. We say that *arguments*, and strong ones, were advanced in *favor* of duelling, and observations or interjections only were opposed to them. We have been often publicly promised by Mr. Ogilvie a refutation of these arguments, and we expect them on Tuesday next.—But, we shall expect—argument, not declamation only.

Mr. Ogilvie has a fair opportunity of meeting us on this occasion, on equal terms; he is perfectly at liberty from *our* feeling, to make what use he pleases of our remarks—but we hope that Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Fennell may always shake hands, although the orator and the editor may disagree.

We send *our* "Something" into the world, but without any expectation that every body will be pleased with it; *we* have opponents, and should be sorry if we had none.

Theatre, Wednesday, Dec. 6th, 1809.

OTHELLO, AND HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

We purposely omitted the mention of Mr. Claude in our remarks on the tragedy of Richard the third, because, we expected that in the course of a few evenings he would afford us an opportunity of expatiating more generally on his merits—that expectation is now realized; we can now speak of him as a principal ornament even in the tragedy of Othello. We think, (excepting Mr. Cooper's last scene) that his acting in the part of Cassio was elegant, appropriate, and impressive, beyond that of any male character engaged in the performancce. The interesting manner in which he conducted himself after the rebuke from Othello, and the delicately delivered observations on drunkenness, did him great honour.

Mr. Mills was not perfect in his part, yet notwithstanding accidental omissions which we regretted, there were some *retained* lines which we think deserved omission rather than utterance.

We are not fastidious, but we believe that a polished distinction may be made between *wanton* indelicacies, and the *forced* effusions of passion.

We need not blush at words, that merely designate characters whom all know to exist—*that* would be the foppery of modesty; but we shrink from any thing that tends to increase the number of them.

Mrs. Darley is a pretty woman, has a most sweet voice, and a polished action, she has, besides, as we think, the best conception of Shakespeare of any lady on our stage; but we must not suffer all these quali-

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ties combined, to shake or bias our judgment, with regard to any *particular* character she represents. All the above qualifications may be united in one lady, yet may the character she assumes be inadequately represented.—These observations however cannot be applied to Mrs. Darley's performance *this* evening, they assisted her in representing the character Brabantio had described, and when her last words were uttered—*Desdemona* died.

From the Boston Patriot.

TO NEMO NOBODY, Esq.

Sir,

It may be presumption to differ with you in opinion; but as you court notice, and consequently aim at *existence*, it would be hard indeed, were I to refuse you an answer. Your reply to a small paragraph of mine in the Boston Patriot, is hardly worthy of notice. Had you understood me, you would have seen nothing to have sneered at. When I said Mr. Mills was no Ghost, I spoke of the performance *comparatively*—and if you never saw Mr. Harper in that character, it is impossible for you to decide whether or not I was *correct in opinion*—for after all, it is but a matter of opinion, we have each of us asserted—"no more"—However, to give you a clear idea of my opinion of Mr. Mills' Ghost, I need merely observe, that it was in comparison with Mr. Harper's, what Mr. Fennell's Hamlet is to Mr. Cooper's.

******

TO ******

Sir,

Our mutual presumption we admit to be equal. We do not "court notice, and consequently aim at *existence*;" but, we aim at existence, and consequently court notice; but *as* we aim at existence, it would indeed have been *hard*, had you refused us your vital spark, for without it we could no longer have existed: we cannot but regret that so much pain has been received from a reply, "hardly worthy of notice." We profess a *common* share of understanding, but do not profess to understand what cannot be understood.

We are not so skilled in grammar as to ascertain how a positive assertion of a negative can convey a comparative idea.—Our having seen or not seen Mr. Harper in the character of the Ghost, would in neither case prove the impossibility of our deciding on the correctness of *your* judgment; for *we* judge not by comparison of persons: we cannot however agree with you that all "is but matter of opinion." We thank you for the *clear* idea you intended to give us, but although we acknowledge as readily as any one, that Mr. Cooper's Hamlet is superior to

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Mr. Fennell's, we still contend that even this acknowledgment does not prove that Mr. *Mills* did not perform the Ghost well.

We are, with sentiments of the highest consideration, &c. &c.

NEMO NOBODY.

We know the author of the above letter—Our *Badinage* is with the writer, not the man.

An Italian writer says that there are thirty one points necessary to form a perfect beauty, we shall at present only quote one of them—a *natural* complexion.

Some gentlemen, we know not whom, presented us lately with a season ticket of admission to the theatre; as their delicacy prevented a personal acknowledgment, we beg leave publickly to thank them, not so much for the gift, as for the manner of presenting it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of the piece to which these expressions are attached "if you are not afraid" &c. "if you do none of these, dread my anger" will find that his effusions are *not* inserted.

We have been favoured, with several *valuable* communications this week, some perhaps not intended for publication. We thank all who *intend* us good, but we shall look with a very jealous eye on all *pretended* aid.

We wish not to offend, or be ungrateful—but "Something" must be *something*. We ask not assistance, but we wish to *encourage sterling merit*. We do not consider ourselves bound to the publick by common but un-common ties; we sent no subscription papers round the town to obtain names, we have courted no assistance, we have not bowed to fashion, bent the knee to pride, or doffed our cap to riches. That, therefore, we may not hereafter be troubled with such *base* applications as have been made to us this week, we again declare, that sink or swim we will deliver only our own opinions, and those opinions shall be delivered as they are excited by contingent occurrences.

"Something" shall not only have none of those deceptive "communications" which, (but that they may be considered as advertisements, though not "paid for") would disgrace our journals; but while it lives, it *shall* be the organ of honesty if not of correct judgment.

The above observations are the foundation of our excuse to some who *thought* they favoured us with their *good* things.

We thank W. for his good inclinations—but he flatters.

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By Gemini "Cancer" is but a crab—he must crawl backwards.
Hortensia is mistaken. LEO.

Some censure us, as they think, by telling us that "Something" is not sweet enough for the ladies; we love and respect them too sincerely to talk nonsense to them.

Theatre, Friday Dec. 8th. 1809.

MR. COOPER was this evening advertised to perform six nights more. We congratulate the public on his continued engagement.

FOR THE LADIES. A CONTRADICTION.

Not like love's the gaudy *rose*,
Nor the sweetest flow'r that blows;
Such to the *sense* their charms impart,
But own no influence o'er the *heart*,
Like true *love*.

Love's *soil's* the pure *untainted* mind;
Its stalk, esteem and friendship twin'd;
Reason its root, its blossom bliss;
And where it thrives—is paradise.
Such is love.

But if *aught* compares with love,
'Tis the *monarch* of the grove;
While his arms their shade dispense
Shelt'ring sleeping innocence
Just *like* love.

Transient rose! *thy* proud display
Yields each ruder gust a prey;
While the oak in triumph reigns,
And to storms to bend disdains,
Like *true* love.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 5.] *Boston, Saturday, December* 16, 1809. [VOL. I.

ON EDUCATION.—No. III.

In *modern* poetry we may frequently meet with sentences, of which the subject of the *first* member is to be understood in a *metaphorical*, and the subject of the *latter* member in a *literal* sense; but this error very rarely obtains in the *Hebrew* poetry. If, therefore, the *first* subject is found to be metaphorical, we may presume that it was intended the *latter* should be equally so construed, and if the latter cannot be understood in a literal sense, it is to be believed that the former must be taken metaphorically.

Presuming on the correctness of this observation, we shall venture to import the meaning of the following passage to be this.

He that spareth his *authority* hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes—"*chasteneth*"—that is as we conceive, maketh him pure—were the word rod retained in the former part of the sentence, in its literal sense, the antithesis intended by the latter would be injured. For although the use of the rod may have been recommended as a punisher of *past crimes*, we may venture to assert that it never has been advocated as the introducer of *future virtues*. The errors of the mind can only be eradicated by the correction of the mind; and to the superiority of the chastening of *this* nature Solomon himself bears witness when he asserts, that "reproof entereth into the bosom of a wise man more than an hundred stripes into the back of a fool." And to this we will venture to add, that although external applications may whip the *offending* Adam *out* of a child, it will be difficult to prove that they ever whipt one *defending* virtue *into* him.

Ch. 14. 3. "In the mouth of the foolish," says Solomon, "is a rod of pride, but the lips of the wise shall preserve them." He cannot here

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mean the mechanical instrument, he must indicate metaphorically, *that* haughty authority which foolish men assume. Again, ch. 22, v. 8. "He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity; and the rod of his anger shall fail;" or, by the authority which he assumes in his wrath he shall himself be consumed.

Ch. 19, v. 18. "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying," or other actions of remonstrance.

Begin to make your child chaste and pure in his infancy, while there is the greatest hope of stamping lasting impressions, and do not let your wisdom or good sense be restricted in their exertions by any conduct on his part. But in this, we are not particularly instructed *how* we are to chasten our children, we are only told to exert our parental authority while there is hope that it may be useful. If to the words "chasten," "chastise," and "correct," which appear only to have originally meant, to make pure, to make chaste, and to rectify the heart, moderns will affix a sense implicating the use of a mechanical instrument, the maxims then essentially cease to be the doctrines of Solomon, and become those of his interpreters.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him;" that is, as we conceive, the authority of those whose duty it is to mend his heart, properly exercised, shall drive foolishness far from him.

Let us ask if any person can affix any rationality of meaning to this passage if taken literally. Can the simple application of a mechanical instrument expel folly and impart sense? can the defects of the mind be cured by the woundings of the body? surely, no. Solomon could therefore only mean what *could* effect such consequences, and, that must be authoritative instruction: for the words instruction and correction are in the proverbs used to signify the same thing.

"The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to *himself* bringeth his mother to shame."

Authority and the proper exercise of it give wisdom.

"Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest." Make his heart pure and you may place confidence in the propriety of his actions.

We mean not to infer that Solomon never uses the word rod in its literal signification, or that he never recommends the use of it, we only intended to prove that he has not given that general sanction to it which is perhaps too much supposed. But let us examine some passages in which it seems to occur in a literal sense.

Ch. 10, v. 13. "A rod is for the back (of whom?) of him that is void of understanding," (or *heart*.)

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Ch. 19, v. 29. "Judgments are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the back, (of whom ?) of fools."

Ch. 23, v. 13, 14. "Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die."

"Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shall deliver his soul from hell."

This we should conceive means, withhold not at all events the necessary instruction from your child, and even should you be obliged to beat him with the rod, he shall not die; if you should be reduced to the urgent necessity of using the rod, the impenious circumstances that called for it, and your *then* consequent application of it may save his soul from death.

(*To be continued.*)

Theatre, Friday, Dec. 8th. 1809.

THE GAMESTER, AND SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

Be it remembered that we write always from the impulse afforded us by the incidents presented—we have no partialities, and no enmities, to men or women.—We are consequently under the unpleasant necessity this evening of censuring Mr. Mills with all the severity that justice will permit, for his imperfections in the character of Stukely.—If the injury sustained by an actor's being imperfect in his part were confined to himself alone we should be less particular; but as Mr. Mills' incorrectness this evening deprived us of the pleasure we might have received from Mr. Cooper's acting, as well as from his own, we declare him entitled to no indulgence.

We can consequently only speak of Mr. Cooper when he was alone, or with Mrs. Beverly, for then only was he himself; but then he was—himself. If we ever mean or expect to have a theatrical performance that will do credit to the town of Boston, the public, or the audience must perform *their* duty; and their duty we conceive to consist principally in the *command* of their own rights—their right to every *syllable* that is promised to them.

The Boston audience, seem like the American public, to have no feeling for themselves; they must be either this or that.—When will they judge for themselves, assert their native rights, and prove that they have a mind as well as a country of their own?

ROXBURY, &c.

Families residing on the high roads in the vicinity of Boston, are frequently called upon by travellers, male and female, representing

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themselves as distressed, and applying for victuals, drink, accommodations, &c. &c. We should be glad to be informed how far a charitable wish may with propriety be extended to a salutary effect in such cases. —We reside ourselves on Jamaica plains, and four times during the last week have such travellers been accommodated with all of which they appeared to be in want. Were we rich, our greatest happiness would be to relieve the poor; but our neighbours know us to be otherwise, and therefore, should not direct them to *our* house, merely because they think *us* to be *fools*.

To our Roxbury neighbours.—Who are these people? are they really objects of charity, or only pretendedly poor, that they may travel at other persons' expense? Is it deceit or poverty that brings them to our houses?—The answer is important.—A person inclined to be charitable may from ignorance or mistake encourage *vice*.—We apply to our minister for information.—And we expect it.

If such persons are *really* objects of charity, and we ourselves are inclined to be charitable, let us by subscription provide some place of accommodation for them. Let us do what that *vile* and *vicious* country England does. Let us provide resources whereby any citizen landing from distress on *any* part of our shores shall have means of returning to his home without the degradation of begging.

An asylum for *honest* travellers might at very little expense to individuals be procured.—There are establishments in England, in almost every town, where they who have served their country have a *right* to claim whatever is necessary to their return to their home, or to their duty, be it what it may.

We will only mention one. At Rochester there is an establishment which provides supper, lodging, and four pence on departure, to every traveller who can justify his claim to the indulgence.

We think it would do honour to the rich men of Roxbury, if instead of sending their needy travellers to the houses of the poor, they would establish an accommodation for them in some convenient tavern, where their expenses should be paid by the subscribers to such an institution.— If others have been put to as much inconvenience as we have, we should think they would willingly subscribe three or four dollars a year for the support of such an establishment.

Monday, Dec. 11th. 1809.

ADELGITHA, AND THE FLITCH OF BACON.

We purposely declined reading this play before its representation that we might judge impartially of the performance we shall, however,

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defer our particular remarks until its second appearance, when we hope it will *not* be (as promised) represented *as* it was this evening.

We know what difficulties managers have to contend against, but we think that the managers of our theatre should be a little more particular in ascertaining that every part is completely committed to memory before the play is advertised for performance.—It is not the renewal of Mr. Cooper's engagement that will justify their bringing forward a tragedy in an imperfect state. After the many disappointments which the publick have experienced from their promises, can the managers expect that even Mr. Cooper's name will bring a full house on their advertisement of a new play? we hope not. Mr. Cooper may do *his* duty, but we must have some plausible reliance on his being properly supported. So long as they continue their present system of producing plays before they are properly prepared, they must experience and ought to expect a loss. Besides, was it not trifling with the public to say on Friday night that Mr. Cooper was engaged for the purpose of bringing forward a new play on Monday? If Mr. Cooper was engaged before Friday, and Adelgitha had been put in rehearsal before that time, the public should have been so informed. We only *hate* the wretched policy that's built upon distrust, but we *detest* the principle from which distrust arises. Deal fairly, openly, and honestly with a public, and that public will support you.

We hope at least that the managers will take a hint respecting farces from the ladies quitting their boxes, this evening.

The regulations lately introduced with regard to the boys at the doors of the theatre have our warmest congratulations; let them be persevered in, and *one* source of corruption will be dried up.

But *men* also must be more correct, let them only be convinced that a check is delivered to them *solely* for the purpose of securing their *own* free return, and a common sense of justice will make them *feel* that the sale of such check is dishonourable.

Tuesday, Dec. 12, 1809.

MR. OGILVIE'S SECOND ORATION ON DUELLING.

THERE are times when the feelings of a man intending to do justice to all parties will remain balanced between the sense of duty and the fear of doing wrong; in this situation we find ourselves this evening. Our reflections present opposite and in some respects contradictory ideas; our mind was satisfied, our judgment was decided at the conclusion of the oration, but after the recitations which closed the entertainment, Mr. Ogilvie came forward and apologized (to use his own words)

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for the *mangled* state in which the oration had been delivered, observing at the same time that on his entrance to the room he had felt a "full confidence" in the efficiency of his powers and memory, but that the latter had deceived him, and that some part of the oration had been consequently omitted.

Before we heard the apology, we had questioned our own mind, and decided generally that the oration had added honour to the writer and charms to the feelings of the man, we had *materially* objected to no part of it, we thought it on the whole though a laboured, a polished oration, and as judicious and complete a composition as modern philosophy could produce. But when we were asked to attend to an apology, we confess that, listening to it, we were at a loss to reconcile the "full confidence" which Mr. Ogilvie declared he felt on his *entrance*, with the introduction of his manuscript *on* his entrance—a practice we have never witnessed from Mr. Ogilvie before. We do not object to the introduction of the manuscript, and every feeling that we could enjoy from the several applications to it, was derived from the expectation of our thereby listening to the whole. We consequently listened attentively to the *whole* oration as we thought, and our doubtful feelings were only excited when Mr. Ogilvie himself told us that he had mangled it.

We dare not flatter ourselves with an idea that our late observations could be the stimulating excitation of this apology, and we hope that Mr. Ogilvie would not condescend to attempt an aversion of public duty from any public exhibition.

We shall now, as if the apology had *not* been made, say what we think of this evening's oration.

We think few men could speak more pertinently on the subject, or address feelings more delicately or touchingly to the heart, than did Mr. Ogilvie this evening; to the writer, to the orator, to the man of feeling we give all praise—to the man of the world, none. We are as much opposed to duelling as any man that owns a relative that's dear to him can be; we are as much opposed to robbery and assassination, to felony of any nature. We are delighted with every attempt to prevent or diminish the prevalence of crime, and we most sincerely praise Mr. Ogilvie, for his *attempt*, and which we believe was by him most sincerely undertaken with the best intentions.—But

We cannot unmake man. We think that Mr. Ogilvie himself observed that the attempts of legislatures had proved futile, if not, *we know* that laws against duellists are made in vain while legislators themselves, and even ministers *will* fight—after such *examples*, can we expect that precepts will do any extensive good? We would not willingly detract

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one atom from Mr. Ogilvie's merit, or weaken in the smallest degree the cause of moral energies.—But let us ask—why are our own laws so lenient with respect to *robbery*—but to prevent murder? which would be the inevitable consequence of *equal* punishment—of this the laws of England give us proof; duelling is an evil—so is robbery—will the world ever exist without it? or has it ever so existed? We cannot philosophise men into perfection, we must take them as they are, and they who wish to preserve a balance of good and evil, for that is all that can be expected, must not be so sanguine as to expect *eradication* of crimes, but modestly attempt the *diminution* of them.

We are ourselves attempting to do good, but we pretend not to the power of cleansing an Augean stable; had we indeed an Alphean river of eloquence at our command, we would force it through the residence of vice, till virtue could walk therein unsoiled: but we know it to be an Herculean labour.

We should heartily wish the abolition of this practice of duelling, were we not afraid that the Prussian bye way, the Italian dark corner, the Parisian Morne, and the Spanish dagger would be substituted in its stead.

We have already observed that almost every man in the world knows what he *ought* and what he ought *not* to do; we have laws now that regulate the minuter transactions of our lives and conduct.—In the days of Demosthenes and Cicero, a school boy might have committed all their laws to memory in a week—therefore had pleadings to the passions their effect, because *feeling* and not *print* regulated decisions—a conviction of what is right is not *now* necessary from an orator, because laws have already convinced us; his whole trust must therefore be in persuasion.—The most spirited orations of Demosthenes, or the most polished effusions of Cicero would have no effect in *our* courts, for *law* would decide all.

In the persuasive part this evening we think Mr. Ogilvie deficient—because, the persuasive arguments against duelling, having their foundation solely on the destruction of a human being, were as applicable to the soldier who fights in defence of his country and consequently "murders" his enemy, as to the duellist.—We think it condescension in an orator to have recourse to popular though inappropriate terms to excite feeling.—Whatever may be our own thoughts on any subject, no citizen has a right to apply, and no person who respects the laws of his country, if an honest man, *would* apply any other term to a transaction than that which a jury of his countrymen would apply to it. We have known the cry of "murder" to arouse a whole neighbourhood, and we have known

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children to cry "murder" when they have been whipped; but no murder was committed either in the former or the latter instance.

We think also that Mr. Ogilvie believes himself sometimes too safe in the firmness of his positions—and if the base is not solid the superstructure is at least insecure.

We feel some delicacy in recommending to Mr. Ogilvie the substitution of the English mode of pronouncing the letter "I," instead of that of the Scotch or French; but our duty to the public supercedes all other considerations.

We were delighted with the recitations of Gray's odes, they were most feelingly and emphatically delivered.

We will request leave of our patrons to subjoin a few remarks.

If we can judge of ourselves, or our power of governing prejudices or prepossessions, we give our fair candid opinion, on all performances and every thing that relates to them—we have already risked private friendship in our attempts for public good, we know it and we feel it—we write from what we think a correct principle.

It is not because we are pleased or amused with an exhibition that we shall at any time recommend it, we shall weigh its general *effects*, examine cautiously our own weaknesses, and deliberate before we venture to decide.

But let it be remembered that our deliberations must necessarily be of short duration, our observations concise, our language consequently unadorned.

In our character as editors, we declare we have no enmity, partiality, or jealousy of or to any man or woman—if we are wrong we err in judgment. We write from the impressions of the moment—reflection might correct errors—but printers must be supplied with "matter" in time, or Saturday would produce nothing.

SCRAPS.

Wit and decency form the most delicate repast for the understanding. We confess that we are not very good cooks, and we are told that what we intend for "bonnes bouches" are now and then out of course. Though we may be a little deficient in *order* in some things, we hope we are not neglectful of the *desert*.

We laughed the other day at being told that we had no originality; the gentleman who made the observation may be informed by his friend, that what we borrow is only—money; when we are at a loss for original *ideas*, we will call upon *him*.

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Though our publisher has thought proper to place our trifling observations under the head of scraps, we beg leave to assure the public that they are not gathered from rich men's tables.

Take care of the cat.—An expression commonly used, but applicable to cautions of a different nature. You may take care of a cat lest you should hurt *him*, or lest he should scratch *you*.

The doctor is coming.—These words generally put a careless family in motion. We have observed a similar agitation on Saturday mornings.—May "Something" prove a good physician.

Take care of what you say—we do not always hear with our own ears, but sometimes with those of a friend.

To those who enquire who and what we are, we will reply that we have talked with kings and beggars, we have danced with marchionesses and countesses, and we have dined with worse than beggars, where knives, forks, and spoons have been chained to the table; we have sounded the world's pipe from the "lowest note to the top of its compass"—yet will we defy France, England, and America to advance against us one mean or dishonest action.

We laugh at all censures of our style—we cannot be elaborate—we must write as fast as we can, and what we write is from feeling.

We shall be very happy when we are allowed to pursue a regular course, our distant friends will not comprehend many of our allusions; they are local; but our southern connexions know the use of mosquito nets.

The following remarks having appeared in one of the most respectable papers of this town as *editorial*, we think they demand a serious answer; had they appeared under the title of "communication" we should have answered them very differently.

From the Boston Gazette, Dec. 14th, 1809.

"We regret that in a publication which we lately recommended to the public, as containing matter which would probably justify their patronage and support, an uncandid and ungenerous criticism should be admitted, on the pursuit of a gentleman, whose performances have not only met with very general approbation, but have even produced an elegant panegyric from the very editor of the work to which it is our intention to allude. The objections advanced against Mr. Ogilvie's first Oration on Duelling are either applicable to *all orations* upon the subject, or are mere unsupported assertions. Such for example as objecting to the oration "in toto," without assigning such particular instances of defect

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to warrant the general conclusion. We offer this merely as a hint to the editor, in future not to be *uncandid* in his opinions, however right he may be to assign specific objections to particular arguments."

ANSWER.

To the Editors of the Boston Gazette.

GENTLEMEN,

WE admit your friendly intentions: had your accusations been confined to our incorrectness of *judgment*, we should have bowed and kissed the rod—but the charge of being uncandid and ungenerous we must repel; for candor and generosity are the effluences of the *heart*, and the want of either infers a heart under the influence of passions of the basest nature. Ours *may be* under such control; but if so, we know it not ourselves. We confess a liability to all the weaknesses of human nature; and the incorrectness of self-estimation perhaps is not the least of them; but we do not err intentionally.

You accuse us of having admitted into our paper "an uncandid and ungenerous criticism, on the pursuit of a gentleman," &c. Will a review of our remarks establish the justice of this censure, or will not the accusation recoil on the accuser? We think we could never condemn a "pursuit" which we so much admire—from which we have received the highest gratification, and that engaged in by a gentleman with whom we *think* we are in friendship, and to whom we *know* we are under personal obligations.—But we are editors for the public, not for individuals; in our endeavours to do justice we know no man nor woman, it is the public character that appears before us whether in the shape of an orator, a manager or an actor, that we judge.—Nor is it because fashion follows Mr. Ogilvie that we will fear to censure where we think we ought, nor because fashion applauds that we will indiscriminately praise.—We will yet say more; we will not praise because we are pleased ourselves, until we are assured on reflection that we *ought* to have been so.

Our former remarks on Mr. Ogilvie were not in our estimation a "panegyrick;" we gave them as a just and deserved tribute to exalted talents, honourably, usefully, and we hope successfully applied.—We beg permission to differ from you in opinion respecting our objections to Mr. Ogilvie's first oration being applicable to all, and if we have not before given reason for those objections we will give them now; but you well know the duties of editors, and will permit us to be brief.

If the first oration was in itself complete in a moral as well as rhetorical point of view, there could be no necessity for a second to answer it. If arguments strongly in favour of duelling were left unanswered; we

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say as advocates for public good, and as fathers of children, whom we might have lost in duels the next day, we were justified in condemning this oration in toto.

So far however from shrinking from what we have said, we advance another observation, and declare that we think the subject an improper one for public orations—it would suit the pulpit better.

We have already in print our remarks on the second oration.

We thank you, gentlemen, for your hint, and trust that you will never again have an opportunity of accusing us of a want of candour.

We are, with respect, your's, &c.

Somewhere, Dec. 14, 1809.

FOR "SOMETHING."

A SCRAP.

Tantus tenet error amantem. OVID'S MET.

If fate the jolly boon will give,
I'll *live* to *love* and *love* to *live*.
Let cynics prate of wrath and sin,
I'll rate them all not worth a pin.—
The sun when set, again doth rise;
One short liv'd day must us suffice;
When once the light of life is gone,
Then comes the day, that knows no dawn.
I'll deeply drink of friendship's cup;
I'll drink its thrilling nectar up:
The "wine of life," its pow'rs will be
A life prolonging draught for me.
It oft has cours'd my youthful veins,
Its riots not a frown restrains;
Nor e'er shall age its current dry;
Nor treachery e'er be lurking by.
Let him, who dares, in friendship *trade*,
A statue for his curse, be made;
Harder than marble be his frame,
A lasting monument of shame.
Colder than *marble* is his *heart*,
Who ne'er'll a friendly act impart:
I'd shun him, as a beast of prey;
I'd hie me from his *haunts* away.
My days in peaceful course shall run,
That peace may follow, when they're done.

SOMEBODY

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THE PUBLIC.

INDEED! Some very delicately patriotic gentleman censures us in a (by the bye) communication, for calling the public, in our third number, a many headed *monster*—a hydra.—Let us reply to this gentleman, by saying, that we will take as many liberties with the public as honest intentions will permit—but we deny that our term was unappropriate—for were all the heads of the public as delicately fair as those of our most beautiful females, no one could deny that their lower limbs were rather "scaly."

And does not such a being form a monster?

To our brother Editors of New-York.

GENTLEMEN,

We strongly and feelingly recommend to your encouragement and protection, the talents of Mr. Poe.—He *has* talents, and they may be improved or ruined by your just or incautious observations. We think, that the duty of an editor is first to feel, next to weigh, and lastly to determine.—We are well aware of the errors of this gentleman, but we *know* that such errors have frequently been introduced by unfeeling criticism. It is disgraceful in any editor to make actors on the stage a mere mark to shoot at.—If your intentions are to do good, encourage; If after you have done your duty, they do not improve—censure freely.

N. N.

Theatre, Wednesday, Dec. 13th, 1809.

ADELGITHA, AND THE SIXTY THIRD LETTER.

AND silence was in the galleries.

Thursday, Dec. 14th, 1809.

ADELGITHA, OR THE FRUITS OF A SINGLE ERROR.

By M. G. Lewis.

IT is in the power of genius to give to vice so delicate a covering that it may sometimes be mistaken for virtue—it is the duty of every avowed espouser of the public cause to draw aside her every veil, and shew her as she is.

We have now three times witnessed the performance of this play; and however "uncandid or ungenerous" we may appear, we shall still give our own opinions, unbiassed and unfettered.

With respect to an historical display of real character, this tragedy is *avowedly* incorrect. It was not intended as a branch of history by the

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author, and consequently it only remains for us to remind our readers that they are only safe in considering it as a fable, to which some heroic names, without their corresponding characters have been attached.

A play may be moral in its general tendency and immoral in its particular parts; on the other hand, a play may be replete with sentiments of moral *feature*, and immoral in its general effect.

Our modern plays, like certain animals, can enjoy salutary existence only in a peculiar atmosphere, and to that atmosphere we could almost wish them confined; at least, till dramatic authors shall have firmness and ability to build their beauties on the broad base of nature—then, like Shakespeare, might they be approved in every country—for nature every where prevails.

A play may have a moral tendency in one country, and an immoral tendency in all others; what will tend to correct vice in one place may introduce it to another; of this we have fatal proofs—where vices are general, popularity glosses them with the title of errors—where they are less common, let us, for virtue's sake, still call them "vices."

Upon this principle we shall make our observations on this tragedy.

In the first place we are informed by its second title, that it exhibits, "The fruits of a single *error*." A single *error!*—before the exhibition of the play we had been induced to expect, that we should have received a lesson something like that delivered to us by the amiable Cowper—to teach us how the minutest pleasure, if indulged to excess, would lead to vice—but in the course of the performance we found, to our great astonishment, that this "single error" was—*not*—being too much attached to dancing, music, parties, &c. "innocent in themselves, but dangerous in the excess;" but that this "single *error*" was the willing sacrifice of the ornament of creation—the honour of a female.

This *virtuous* woman, after having given birth to a son—marries the prince of Apulia, and lives with him in honour and happiness twelve years.

"Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas."

We will therefore not attempt a discussion on the propriety of this incident, but proceed.

Our opinion changes with the character. Adelgitha lives twelve years beloving and beloved, virtuous, honoured, and happy—of course repentant—deserving, as supposed, the character described by Dercetus.

"The model of all wives, all women;
"Whose passion for her lord—on man ne'er doated
"Woman, as doats on Guiscard Adelgitha."

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Admitting then that she had so lived for twelve years, we should be *sorry* to be informed that any pagan philosophy, natural morality, or christianity could condemn such a woman.

The sweetest voice that ever sounded to humanity, has declared that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. And great as was her first crime—did not Adelgitha repent? and after that repentance did she not live in the practice of every virtue, at least twelve years? can human *justice* doom such merit to punishment—to death?

Adelgitha was in our opinion in the first instance guilty of the greatest crime a female *can* commit but from the moment of an approved sincere repentance in our own wife or daughters we would see *that* crime no more; it is not because we feel the honour of our family affected, that we should doom a human being to perdition; but because we respect the deity, that we should attempt to save.

"'Tis in man's choice never to sin at all, but sinning once to stop exceeds his power." The latter part of this sentence demands we think the severest denunciation that critic honour can inflict.—What! if a man *once* sins must he necessarily *proceed* in sin? Oh no! let us open our doors to repentance; let us not encourage vice by refusing an asylum to repentant virtue; let us remember that "to err is *human*, to forgive *divine*." We mean not the foregoing observations as *criticisms* on the play, we do not *pretend* to criticise, we only make our remarks on the objects that fleet before us.

We have been highly gratified "in toto" (shocking words!) with every performer in this play, and notwithstanding all we have said against the play itself—as a play—we venture (and we may without contradiction to ourselves) to recommend this tragedy to the public for its *particular* beauties, for they who perceive its defects will have sense enough to avoid their influence, and they who do not, may be bettered by the *show* of morality.

One thing particularly delights us in the respectable part of the Boston audience. We never hear a really moral sentiment delivered, or see a really moral action performed, without a free and liberal applause.—This looks well: on the other hand, we find indecency applauded only where in a polished country it can be—by the galleries.

TOWN CLERK.

We thank the citizens of Boston for the honours they conferred on us on Wednesday last, by electing us to the office of Town Clerk. We declined however the acceptance of it, on principles of general utility, and heartily congratulate them on the success of our opponent.

NOBODY.

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"'Tis *caviare* to the general."

On the table of Mr. Bruce, of Kinnaird, Scotland, was introduced a dish of bitter herbs, *so* called—to which as Mr. Bruce observed to the editor, Shakespeare alluded in this passage.

We care not for the insinuations daily propagated concerning the motives on which "Something" was established; we declare that we had but one, an honest maintenance for our family, entwined with a desire to do some good.

QUARREL.

Think twice before you speak at all,
And four times ere you jar;
Eight times ere you begin to brawl,
And ten times ere you war.

Then, if your conscience says you're just,
With confidence contend;
And, your opponent honest, must
At last become your friend.

Two persons disputed, a harsh word ensued,
Pride oppos'd each assuasive amend;
Passion let loose the rein, till each hand was imbrued
In the basely-shed blood of a friend.

I enter'd—*one* word had occasion'd the breach,
Which I thought could be heal'd by another:
They lov'd, they accepted my offer, and each
With joy shook the hand of a brother.

COLLECTANEUM, WINDSOR (VERMONT.)

We are honoured by the notices of this respectable society, and shall be proud when we know that our *mite* is received into their *treasury*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Circular.—We *will* not admit any thing that has a personal, a political, or indelicate allusion.

To "*Somebody*" we feel much indebted, and *so* much that for his sake we have returned his spirited translation, to the Post Office, of the jeu d' esprit of Catullus, that he may have an opportunity of recollecting the

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character and the acquaintances of Catullus, and enable us with propriety, *by a slight alteration of the concluding lines*, to insert it in our next. Atticus and Cicero were friends, so were Catullus and Petronius, but each character was essentially different from the other.

We thank many for their good *intentions*, but they must not expect that every thing that is sent can be inserted.—If therefore any person should be hurt by his productions not appearing in print he should only blame himself.

We are ready to do justice to all, but we will not, and dare not fill "Something" with nothings.

To Celia—(but we hate such affected titles) we would whisper, did we know her, "Prudence."

It will of course occur to all anonymous correspondents that we must judge them by their productions. We think we have hinted enough, if not, we will *say* more.

A HINT TO A FRIEND.

By every object we behold,
From infinite to nought,
Some moral lesson we are told,
Or some new feeling taught.

Yes, nature bountiful as free,
If carefully we scan,
Exhibits every thing we see,
To be the guide of man.

A moth hover'd round us, while Julia in pain,
Still follow'd its fluttering maze;
From the flame she attempted to save it in vain,
She wept, as it scorch'd in the blaze.

Ah Julia! forgive, if affectionate care
Too strong a resemblance presumes:
The moth is the female that's dazzled by glare,
And fashion the blaze that consumes.

ERRATA.

Among other erratas of smaller importance, was an essential omission in our last number which in our hurry escaped notice.—In p. 61, first line, for "before the answers in favour of duelling," &c. it should have been, "before the answers *to the arguments* in favour of duelling.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 6.] *Boston, Saturday, December* 23, 1809. [VOL. I.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "SOMETHING."

FIRST.

SIR,

WITH your first and second number I was satisfied, and therefore I subscribed; your third did not please me much, and your fourth less—I wish you would take a hint not to be too serious.

Your's, A.

SECOND.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR third number pleased me much, but your first and second appeared trifling; if you would attach yourself more to serious subjects you would succeed better. Your's, B.

THIRD.

SIR,

YOUR attention to the theatre has already produced some good, pray let us have more about it in your next. Your's, C.

FOURTH.

MR. NEMO,

I never attend the theatre, and therefore care nothing about it; pray don't fill your paper with observations that nobody understands.

Your's, D.

FIFTH.

MR. NOBODY,

SOMEBODY is offended with you every week; if you would flatter every body you would have more friends. Your's, E.

SIXTH.

SIR,

CONTINUE to act from a sense of right, and you will at least be rewarded by the feelings of F.

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We cannot at present go further into the alphabet of public opinion, and the omega we trust is yet far off.

Some say that our wit is not comprehended;—we engage not to furnish *understanding*.

Let us see—is a common request. It were well if all who were *permitted* to see—*would* see.

By the bye—Some antideluvian sent us last week a complaint, or something that he appears to have intended as such, respecting the entertainment given at the Coffee House.—We admit nothing but what we know or believe to be true. Every inquiry we have made has furnished us with the answer we expected—that all was as it should have been.—If any person was refused admission to the ball room, he must of course be incompetent to judge of *what took place* in the society from which he was excluded.

SOCIAL BALLS.

Whence arises the *necessity* of inserting in the regulations of a ball, that no person shall smoke cigars in the assembly room?—Are we not the most enlightened nation upon earth? no person dare deny it; for Congress has so decreed.

SUBSCRIPTION BALLS.

In the regulations of our *subscription* balls, cigars are more extensively banished, for in them we are told they must not be smoked—even in the house.

And also—that no *person* (the original word we believe to be *gentleman*) can be admitted in pantaloons or boots.

PLEASE EVERY BODY.

Like the old man in the fable we have got *on* our ass and *off* our ass, and we have *carried* our ass. Now the only thing we wish not to be forced to do is—to *drown* our ass.

Though some *absent* persons may have complained of the want of table *cloths* at a late cold collation, they who were *present* found the tables *well covered.*

PICK POCKETS.

Pickpockets have lately made their essays with some success, at our theatre.—We propose, that when any loss is sustained, the doors should be closed immediately, but with caution; no honest man would wish to withdraw when the pursuit of villany is on foot. Let us check vices in their bud, or they will blossom too fragrantly upon us.

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MASQUERADE.

We should be sorry to interfere with the attempt of any individual to gain an *honest* income—but our sense of duty, as advocates for public good, compels us to advise all friends to private or general virtue, to repel every endeavour to introduce public masquerades to this town—we are already bad enough—let us not therefore encourage entertainments that will make us worse.

We hope the plan proposed will be, at least, postponed.

Give us vice enough and we shall be prepared for slavery; preserve our virtues and our steady habits, and we may still be independent.

TO THE HONOURABLE THE MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL COURT, ABOUT TO BE ASSEMBLED.

Gentlemen,

The presumption that may be attached to our boldness in addressing you, will, as we hope, be in some degree palliated by our desire to do good.

A petition is soon, as we understand, to be presented to your honourable body, praying relief in cases of insolvency; we have declined even seeing the petition, that our opinions on the subject might be free from bias, and simply the result of contemplation.

We never have been, and never shall be, the advocates of idleness, indolence, or fraud; and consequently must be opposed to every system that tends to introduce rather than correct them; but we must say that, as we think, the effects of our present laws respecting creditor and debtor tend to produce all.—It is not every mind that has firmness enough to endure with fortitude the shock of misfortune; nor is it every mind that has virtue enough *after* misfortune to resist such temptations as are offered as consolations to wretchedness, but which are the forerunners of every vice.—The equal punishment of the unfortunate and the fraudulent drives many an honest man to deeds of desperation, and the power placed in the hand of one individual spurred on by the obstinacy of mistaken opinion, by resentment, or avarice, may, by the right which now a few dollars can purchase, plunge a whole family into the abyss of misery, and restrain the hand of the principal sufferer from doing justice to himself and others. We know that frauds are practised, but we believe that our present system of laws respecting debtor and creditor tend more to the introduction of them, than the original feelings of the individual who commits them. We should not have been thus bold in our assertions if our mind had not dared at the same time to suggest a remedy.

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We think that misfortune and fraud are not so necessarily connected as to be incapable of separate existence; and although we subscribe generally to Dr. Young's opinion, that

"Look into those they call unfortunate,
"And closer view'd you'll find they are to blame;"

Yet may men be to blame for failings that deserve not the punishment due to vice.—And while the best of us are frail, let us in charity make some allowance for the frailties of others, and propose something that will better reconcile the legal authority of man to the will of heaven.

As we know not that any thing we are about taking the liberty of suggesting has been yet proposed, we think it necessary in the first place to declare, that our intentions are founded on a belief of the practicability,

1st. Of making a distinction between misfortune and fraud—and that distinction once made, justice can do all the rest.

2ndly. Of preventing fraud by removing its cause—the fear of entire and immediate ruin from one unfortunate occurrence.—We would prevent despair, and inspire industry.

3dly. Of preventing private conveyances, and doing general justice.

On these principles let us suppose a court founded, composed of justices of the peace, with the sheriff of the county as the presiding officer, or others of acknowledged integrity, called or forming a court of equity or conscience; not to determine debts, but to have cognizance only of debts acknowledged or decided.

Let us imagine such a court established, with discretionary powers to act in all cases on principles of justice; their decisions however subject to appeal to the supreme court.

We will next suppose a few cases as brought before them. First,

A creditor appears who has obtained judgment in other courts against his debtor, but the debtor has refused payment—the debt is of course due—the debtor is summoned, he meets his creditor, produces his books and papers to the court; every thing appears fair and open, but circumstances which he could not control, have removed his present ability—his only crime perhaps, confidence in public and chartered institutions. Should any individual have it in his power to send such a man to prison, and drive his sons to beggary or robbery, his wife and daughters to pollution for existence? Oh no. Such a court as we propose would say to the creditor—this man is honest, but he has been unfortunate; you must not distress him, you must be patient and wait for your money, and if you yourself should be distressed thereby, you shall experience the same protection on application to our court. Second,

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Let us next suppose an opposite case—a debtor summoned by his creditor appears; he has no books, or if he has they are concealed, he is proved to have obtained money on false pretensions, he has been fraudulent and dishonest, he has misused the property of others, he has knowingly and intentionally distressed the widow and the orphan—such a man, such a court would have the power of punishing as he deserved. Third case,

A person loses a vessel at sea, a house or his goods by fire, he feels himself in consequence liable to fail; he places himself under the protection of this court, lest all that he has left should be secured by attachment to one man, and his other creditors have nothing.—The court sends its summons to his creditors; they appear; the court examines the amount of what is left, leaves what is necessary to the unfortunate debtor to recommence business, gives what ought to be given *equally* to the creditors, and then restrains them from making further demands until stated times, when industry may have enabled the debtor to discharge them. Fourth case,

A person from disappointments or other circumstances is obliged to let his note remain unpaid in the bank—a suspicion is immediately spread of his instability—one who thinks more of his own interest than general justice, sends an attachment on his house or goods—the consequence of which is, that he who might under the influence of such a court as proposed have paid every farthing that was due to all, is forced to such sacrifices as oblige him at last to compound for four or five shillings in the pound. *(To be continued.)*

Theatre, Friday, Dec. 15th, 1809.

ROMEO AND JULIET, AND THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

THE greater part of our readers must be so well acquainted with this play as to render any thing we could say about it in our number unnecessary.—But there was in the performance of it this evening some things, that no admirer of the drama that has any pretensions to taste *could* pass by unnoticed—the most striking features of entertainment exhibited this evening were most ostensibly and feelingly those presented by Mr. Mills and Mrs. Darley. We wished that Mr. Cooper had given us, as before, a pleasurable opportunity, of acknowledging the exemplification of his talents; but this night there was "a falling off *in-deed.*"

Of Mr. Mills' Mercutio, were we inclined to flatter, we think that we could not say too much.—There has been much dispute respecting the proper manner of performing this character; it has been attempted

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in opposite styles, the serious and the comic, and it has hitherto been an undecided point in which it should be performed. We know not that Mr. Mills had any intention of deciding this dispute, but in our opinion, he *did* decide it effectually, by adopting the happy medium—the gentleman—the *polished* gentleman decorated the wit, and the feelings of honour were delivered from feeling; we thank him in the name of decency for *justifiable* omissions, and every tribute *we* can give to correctness of conception, elegance of action, and effectual execution are his on *this* occasion, with all our heart.

Of Mrs. Darley, in Juliet, we cannot say more; but we will say as much. We have before admired this lady's happy intelligence of Shakespeare's characters—her pretty face and harmonious tones are nature's gift—we praise her not for them;—but for the just *application* of them, dictated by an energy of mind, we *will* praise her till Shakespeare himself shall rise up from his grave to tell us we are wrong.

Mr. Dickenson.—We have our doubts respecting the propriety of his performance of the character of Peter—but custom offers him a shield. —His performance of the Apothecary entitles him in our estimation to the highest credit, for *there* was all feeling, and consequently no buffoonery.

Mr. Johnston.—There is a something with which we are not acquainted that occasions a great variation in the performances of this gentleman; it may be a misappropriation of characters. In the character of Henry the sixth we indulged our desire to praise, we can now do the same with regard to his performance of the Friar, but we think that his utterance was too much hurried.

"They stumble who run fast."

We would also recommend to this gentleman, an external head equipment more appropriate to an old character.—The more actors can accommodate their personal appearance to the characters they represent, the less difficulty will the audience have in supposing them to be what they wish to appear.

We witnessed with great satisfaction the performance of the nurse by Mrs. Barnes, because it was natural; the extravagancies usually introduced in this character were properly omitted.

We have seldom heard or seen the dirge executed in a more affecting or appropriate style.

MR. WARRELL.

We were forced to omit the last week what we thought a deserved tribute to Mr. Warrell, the painter and mechanist of the Theatre.—Peo-

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ple are apt to see and admire, without reflecting to *whom* they are indebted for their pleasure; but whereever *we* discover industry, talents or genius, and especially when we find them all united, we will do every thing in our power to present them face to face to the public.—It is not only a *new* scene that we ought to admire, but the talent and genius that can connect diversity with economy; this we have seen exhibited in Adelgitha. Independent of general changes, there is one scene almost new, which has always had, as it deserved, a general applause; we wish the public hereafter not to forget that they have experienced some pleasure from its effects.

Theatre, Monday, Dec. 18th, 1809.

OTHELLO, AND HUNT THE SLIPPER.

Mr. Mills appeared this evening in the dress of Othello, and Mr. Cooper performed Iago.

We are conscious that the labours of Mr. Mills must necessarily be great; we give him every deserved credit for industry and exertion, and we admire his talents when with them is connected that adequate knowledge of his part, without which the greatest genius must be eclipsed.

We hope that the public will make allowances for premature exertions, while *we* on our part judge principally from what we see.

We shall ever consider a complete commitment of the part to memory as an indispensable requisite in all claims to general approbation. Particular instances of good acting and correct delivery may occur, but occasional excellences will not obtain our sanction to the performance of a whole character. We believe that the talents of Mr. Mills are equal to the just conception and exhibition of Othello, but much study must yet be added before he can become master of it.

An elegant and appropriate performance of many *parts* of scenes appeared to justify this opinion; and to this we can only add a wish, that we could have approved the whole, with a hope that a *future* performance of it may give us the opportunity.

There is however much to be pleaded in behalf of all the performers this evening, and particularly in behalf of Mr. Mills, this being his first performance of so arduous a character in Boston. The shameful and disgraceful outrages on decency that are still submitted to by an insulted audience, must ever be to that audience a palliative, if not an indemnification of the incorrectness of an exhibition.

Of this and other indecorous behaviour we shall say more anon.

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We think that (excepting a few instances of deficiency, for which the cause of the above remarks will amply plead extenuation,) Mr. Cooper's performance of Iago was, in conception, style, and execution, superior to any exhibition we have before witnessed. The character of Iago we conceive to be infinitely more difficult to a performer than that of Othello; and although the just exhibition of it may not strike so generally or pleasingly as that of Othello, the comparative merit of two actors judged solely by an equally just exhibition, the one of Othello and the other of Iago, must be estimated in favour of the latter. We *have* seen this character of Iago so *villanously* performed, as to stagger some opinions respecting Othello, who only is

"Of a free and open nature,
"That thinks men honest that but seem to be so."

They who have *so* performed this character throughout, appeared to have had but little knowledge of the "Divinity of Hell," or if so, to have forgot that,

"When Devils will their blackest sins put on,
"They do suggest at first with *heavenly* shew,"

As should Iago. Iago's villany is not suspected till the catastrophe; and why? but because he has always worn the face and shew of honesty to others.

Mr. Bernard approached nearer to the Venetian gentleman, than on a former occasion, and we contemplated the improvement with much pleasure; we hope however to live to see the character of Roderigo performed.

To Mrs. Mills we would recommend the consideration that Emilia does not mean to infer that she dares to wager that Desdemona is honest; but that she *would* dare, if it was a matter to be decided by a wager, to stake her soul for her honesty.

"I durst, my lord—to wager she is honest,
"Lay down my soul at stake."

CONSTABLES.

From the Repertory, Dec. 19th.

WANTED to attend the *green boxes* of the theatre, a constable who is *able* and *willing* to do his duty. To such a one good pay will be given. Apply at the theatre.

WE republish the above, not with a wiew or pretence of giving it greater circulation, but to exhibit to the public a desire of the managers to do *their* duty, if they can find any constable who is able and willing to do *his* duty; suitable rewards are offered—if therefore such a constable is to be met with, we may hereafter expect some degree of decency

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in outward deportment in the green boxes—but if we find that such a constable is *not* to be met with, the blame will no longer attach to the managers, and we shall endeavour to trace it to its original source, be it where it may; and to

———"Find out the cause of this effect,
"Or rather say the cause of this defect,
"For this effect defective, comes by cause,"

We should however be inclined to think that the defect arises rather from the unwillingness than the inability; and this unwillingness may be produced by the fear of not being properly supported by the public in the execution of their duty; this being the case, the blame attaches itself to the public, and an inference must then be drawn that the public are more inclined to encourage vice than virtue, by familiarizing the most abandoned conduct and expressions to the eyes and ears of their wives, daughters, and sisters.

At present we believe there is no theatre in the world where the ladies, old and young, and even fashionable, deport themselves in so delicate and honourable a manner as in the theatre of Boston; such conduct calls silently but impressively on all the honourable part of male society for sanction and protection; but we are sorry to find that they do not experience them from the gentlemen. It is allowed on all sides that the theatre has a powerful effect on public morals—that effect will be good or bad as the public decide—if they mean that its prominent feature should be that of a brothel; for the sake of virtue and humanity let us keep our wives and daughters from it; if we intend it as a school of improvement, as it may be made in pronunciation, language, and morality, let us protect our wives and daughters while attending it. The rioter who deprives a thousand persons of a fourth part of their pleasure, robs them of the fourth part of the money they have paid; and should be treated as a robber; he has no longer a right to his customary or purchased rank. All laws would justify a constable in removing such a man from the society in which he can only be considered as an intruder, and every man who wishes well to his country or regards the honour of his town would assist a constable in his execution of established justice.

It is not by turning every face in the Pit or Boxes towards the lower gallery that decency can be advanced there—such conduct alone only proves the feebleness of inclined opposition and excites a more audacious daring in the offenders—the honourable part of the audience must rise at once, the constables must be ordered to do their duty, and the public, if the majority should prove in favour of virtue and morality, must assist them in the abolition of practices that would be no where else endured.

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Tuesday, Dec. 19th, 1809.

THE REVENGE, AND TEKELI.

THIS tragedy, which is evidently founded on the base of Shakespeare's Othello, was written by Dr. Young, with a view, as it is supposed, of giving to the character of Zanga some more apparently justifiable cause, for the villany he commits. Dr. Young was an excellent moralist in the closet, and endeavoured sedulously to make men what they should be, from the effects of his labours in their cause.—Shakespeare took men as they were, and by exhibiting themselves to themselves, shewed them in glowing colours the natural effects of common infirmities.

We have had the honour of delivering several times in the college hall at Philadelphia, a parallel between the characters of Iago and Zanga. We have since lost the manuscript—and as our observations on this occasion must necessarily be short, we will content ourselves at present with drawing a general but concise outline of the two characters, and leave the rest to be filled up by the contemplations of those to whom the subject may prove amusing.

Dr. Young has derived the causes of Zanga's conduct from the noblest feelings of the heart—the love for his slain father, the adoration of his country, the disgrace of having been chained for fighting in its cause, an anxious sympathy for his conquered countrymen; and lastly, his resentment at the indignity of a blow. Zanga, too, was a man (as represented)

"Whom armies followed and a people loved."

Such a man would, perhaps, *naturally* seek revenge on the causer of all these wrongs—but the question is whether, *such* a man would naturally seek *such* means.

Let us next in a brief manner examine the exciting causes of Iago's conduct. It originates from hypocrisy in alliance, the sordid lust for wealth disgracefully obtained, a mean jealously of Cassio's preferment, a base suspicion of his wife's honour. Such a man was ripe, as introduced, for deeds of darkness and of murder.

Which poet has more closely followed nature?

We witnessed only the first act of this play and part of the last; our engagements were elsewhere in the interval.

Of Tekeli and the performance of it we would again speak highly, had we time and room.

We will only recommend to Mr. Bernard, jun. a more respectful conduct in future to the Queen of Hungary; his rank, his embassy, and his character as an officer, and consequently, a gentleman, required, at least, *politeness*.

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"Mos pro lege est."

THE managers publicly, at least, impliedly agree to play only three times a week. The remaining evenings, in compliance with their regulations, are selected by other meritorious characters for their exhibitions. Every public votary has a claim to a fair chance; but they, who *depending* on there being no theatrical exhibition on the evenings on which they have advertised their performances, are injured by an innovation of this nature, and injured, in our opinion, unjustly.

MR. OGILVIE.

Tuesday, Dec. 19, 1809.

ORATION ON WAR.

HAD we attended Mr. Ogilvie this evening solely for our own gratification, we should have retired perfectly satisfied with the delivery of a composition that entertained us. But in our character as editors, and thereby bound to deliver candidly and generously (for we must be candid and generous to the public as well as to individuals) we are obliged to search more deeply, and to discover if possible what is to be found at the bottom.—We were promised an "*oration.*" Now in our opinion (avoiding technical terms) an oration should have a beginning, a middle, and an end; and these three parts should be so intimately connected, as not only to form one whole, but they should be so naturally combined as to excite the attention at first directed to the head, interestingly to the body and the feet; till the mind at last conceives a perfect whole.

The first literary, with other equally repectable characters in Boston, attend Mr. Oglivie's orations—if we do him wrong, let it be proved—if any thing we observe is controvertible, let it be controverted—we are single; he has (apparently at least) the host of critics in his favour.

We will boldly place our *honesty* of decision against any arguments they can advance.—We expect all the low insinuations of jealousy, enmity, and rivalry that will be imputed to us—but we will undauntedly declare that opinion which is the result, as we think, of an unbiassed judgment on this, as on every other occasion.

The oration was on war, but "cui bono?" To tell us that the consequences of war were the slaughter of individuals or thousands? our daily newspapers prove that.

Was it to make us believe that war was only to be introduced by five qualifying causes, and that the origin of war was superstition?

Was it to unnerve the strength of a nation, and relax the arm of the officer by telling him that his only object was to commit murder?

"Credat Judæus."

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If we can judge of officers by those we have the honour of being acquainted with, their first object is their country's good—their second, mercy.

The fact is, that war, like duelling, is an inevitable evil—they both have their origin in the depravity of the human heart, whatever other passions that depravity may *lead* to; but we fear those passions are more in number than "five" in both cases.

We regret that Mr. Ogilvie employs his talents on such subjects, unless his object be only temporary emolument, and *then* we could only congratulate his purse

We admired his oration on the Athenæum, for that *was* an oration; we were pleased with his lectures on Education and Suicide, for we believe they have affected moral good—but an attempt to dissuade an honourable nation from going to war, if its government sees just cause for it, by telling the citizens that they may be killed in consequence of it, or that they themselves may be obliged to commit "*murder*," is doctrine to which even "*honour*" however "*evanescent*" could not submit.

"A little flattery sometimes does well."

The composition was some how or other wound up with an intended compliment to the Americans. They whose fathers had fought for and obtained by *war* their independence, could not have been much flattered by its sincerity.

The quotation from lord Hastings was very unappropriately introduced, as relating to wars in general—*his* remarks were applicable only to *civil* wars.

We think in general, that Mr. Ogilvie introduces too many quotations.

We were at a loss to reconcile Mr. Ogilvie's observation, that enlightened nations always preserved their freedom, with the present extent of the French empire; or to comprehend why a nation, having once obtained its freedom, should not afterwards be liable to subjugation.—We also felt some difficulty in comprehending how wars were always attended with disadvantages to all nations, when we reflected on the respective states of England and Holland at this time and on those in which they stood one hundred years ago.

We shall now perhaps be told that we are endeavouring to lessen the credit attached to Mr. Ogilvie's talents; we say that we are only judging the misapplication or feeble exertion of them on particular occasions.

Quandoq bonus dormitat Homerus.

TO NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

In your No. 5, of Saturday 16th inst I observed an address to your Roxbury neighbours on the subject of mendicants, infesting our neigh-

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bourhood. "Who they are? Whether they be really objects of charity, or only pretendedly poor, that they may travel at other persons' expense? Whether it be deceit or poverty, that brings them to our houses," &c. an application is made to the *minister* for information, and such information is said to be "expected."

It is true that within a fortnight past, an unusual number of beggars have made their appearance amongst us; though scarcely a week passes without more or less applications for charity. Who these persons are, is as great a secret to your neighbours, as to yourself. Most of them are foreigners, who have transported themselves to the capitol, and at this season of the year *particularly*, live by begging. To afford them food or raiment, when hungry or naked, cannot be "to encourage vice." To give them money, however, is no charity; for they generally apply it to the purposes of intoxication. These persons commonly resort to *handsome* dwellings in Boston and its vicinity; because, *there* they *expect* to meet with persons, whose affluence enables them to contribute to their aid.

I will venture, however, to say, that no neighbour of our's ever sends them to such houses; and that they who reside in them, do not direct them to the houses of any others'. The writer of this reply has had frequent occasion to draw upon the charity of his "rich neighbours," for objects, whom he has known to be deserving, and needing relief; and in no instance did he ever apply in vain. He has often received more than asked for, but on no occasion does he ever recollect being mortified by a refusal. Amongst others in less affluent circumstances he has often had the pleasure to observe a disposition equally benevolent, and acts equally generous, according to their abilities. The inhabitants of Roxbury, whatever be their defects, and, doubtless, with the rest of mankind, they have their defects, can never be *justly* charged with a deficiency of benevolent feelings, or actions. If they do err, it certainly, is not on the side of *niggardness*. For them to erect "an establishment for the provision of supper, lodging, &c. for travelling paupers," would be *only* to invite into their neighbourhood a horde of vagrants, who would probably make their benefactors the first objects of their depredations. There is, already, an asylum for all the poor of the town, where every accommodation that humanity or benevolence can suggest, is amply provided; and where any person from *another* town, who can show himself a proper object of such indulgence, will receive equal attentions, till he can be safely transported to the care of his own. This establishment is not *very* dissimilar from the one you propose.

I would by no means, question the benevolent intention of your inquiries; but could have wished, however, they had been made in private, instead of the public vehicle, in which you have chosen to convey them.

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You could easily have been satisfied, I think, that no neighbour ever directed these persons to your house; but that they found out your house of themselves, and were probably drawn to it, no less from its appearance *without* than for its hospitality *within*. And far less is it supposeable, that any one who has the least knowledge of your literary character could have applied to you, or to your's, the epithet of a *fool*. If you knew us better, you would think more highly of our dispositions and understandings, than to suppose *us* capable of such injustice and folly.

As it is presumed, that motives of benevolence induced you to insert the piece alluded to, the same motive, I doubt not, in justice to your neighbours, of whom your readers may have received erroneous impressions, will induce you to publish this reply. T. G.

Jamaica Plain, Dec. 19, 1809.

Somewhere, Dec. 12th, 1809.

MR. NOBODY,

Dear Sir—Having *nothing* to do, and consequently wishing for SOMETHING to *amuse* me; WHICH, you know, is always found among the CLASSICS, I took up Catullus, in which I found the enclosed *jeu d'esprit*; which, together with an Imitation, I send you for publication. If you find errors in the attempted imitation, you will please to recollect the scriptural authority we have for saying "NOBODY is PERFECT;" and of course it will occur to you, that *perfection* can be expected in the *Works* of "NOBODY."

AD FABULLUM.

COENABIS bene, mî Fabulle, apud me
Paucis, si Dî favent, diebus;
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
Coenam, non sinè candidâ puellâ
Et vino, et sale, et omnibus cachinnis;
Haec si, inquam, tuleris, venuste noster,
Coenabis bene: nam tui Catulli
Plenus sacculus est aranearum.
Sed contrà, accipies meros amores,
Seu quid suavius, elegantius-ve est;
Nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae
Donârunt veneres, Cupidinesque:
Quod tecum olfacies, Deos rogabis,
Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle *nasum*.

IMITATION.

MY dear Fabullus, pray you be,
A few nights hence, to sup with me.

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Observe my tempting "bill of fare;"
See what the luscious items are:
Eggs and oysters, fowl and fish;
In short, sir, every fav'rite dish;
Ladies and wine, and, friend, I prithee,
When thou com'st, *bring all these with thee.*
You stare, Fabullus; 'tis no jest;
You find these *only;* I the rest:
For, sir, my larders, pantry, vats,
And cellar too are full—of rats.
Nay, don't be angry; hear me through;
Be patient; "lend an ear," or two.
I'll give you wine to quaff, by Jove;
Nectar itself; the *wine* of *love:*
And then such essence, sir! your lover
Will wish she had been *nose all over.*

SOMEBODY.

Thursday, Dec. 21, 1809.

MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.

"I will a plain unvarnished tale unfold."

In public orations or discourses are intended for public good, their objects are most easily obtained, when such expressions only are adopted as are calculated to make their way immediately to the heart—and such expressions are the "unvarnished" effusions of plain common sense —"worth all the world besides."

The address by Benjamin Russell, Esq. this day, was in our opinion, complete in every thing that should have been delivered on such an occasion, to such an institution. An institution, to the members of which we owe every thing—but flattery. The compass described the circle to which he confined himself; the level kept him from rising too high; and the square made all his turns—right angles—and if there was no extraordinary acuteness in them, there was at least no obtusity.

We confess that we were ourselves among the number of those most pleasurably disappointed on this occasion. From the writer we expected much, and *there* we were not disappointed. From the orator we expected less—on future occcasions we shall have *reason* to expect more.

To those who may imply a want of grace in Mr. Russell, we shall only observe that he was not the *actor*, but the *man.*

We either have, or usurp, a right to speak freely on all occasions; but we will take off our shoes before we tread on holy ground—and we therefore only ask Mr. Emerson, if we may not doubt the propriety of the application of the epithet "skilful" to the Creator?

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Mr. Emerson's prayer was as elegant, appropriate, and elaborate, as any we have lately heard; perhaps, he took too much pains. We think that he would have effectually performed his duty, had he compressed his prayer, so as to have demanded only one half the attention, which however was cheerfully bestowed on the whole.

Mr. Stebbins, sang with as much energy as his modesty on the occasion would permit, the appropriate ode by Mr. Snelling. We wish to insert it—but cannot.

To distant Editors of Newspapers.

We are gratified by your offers to exchange papers with us, but we cannot accept them. We have stomachs that will not be satisfied with news.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

We do not intend generally to advertise productions of any kind, but we think we should be unjust to ourselves, if we did not on this occasion observe that——*On Monday next will be Published*

LOUISA;

A DOMESTIC TALE.

By James Fennell, N.N. A.S.S. A.B. A.C. A.D. A.E. A.F. &c. &c.

N.B.—This little tale, was intended for this number, but we have *pressed* so much on one thing and the other that we have no room for poetry.

It has accidentally fallen out, with "Something;" but all our subscribers, readers, &c. may easily make up the quarrel by paying 6 cents, and uniting them.

ANOTHER ADVERTISEMENT.

In the Press, and on Monday the first of January, will be published by John West & Co.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,

To the Youth of both Sexes, composed of Maxims in easy Rhyme, by James Fennell.

The respect due to our Minister at Roxbury has, by the insertion of his letter, obliged us to omit other subjects prepared for this number.

To correspondents we will reply in our next.

Of the elegant entertainment given to the Members of the Mechanic Association, we could have said much had we room—all that we could have said will be understood by saying that it was prepared by Mr. Hamilton.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 7.] *Boston, Saturday, December* 30, 1809. [VOL. I.

MORE LETTERS TO NOBODY.

MR.

If you don't write more plainer, no body can't understand you.

Yours, G.

MR. EDITOR,

There is an obscurity in some of your passages that excites inquiry, consequently expansion of intellect. Yours, H.

Answer to the above.

"Brevis esse laboro" sed *non*, ut obscurus fiam. N. N.

MR. SOMETHING,

I am of a very singular nature, and being the first person in the society of Letters, see no reason why I should be excluded from so singular a production. I.

Answer.

MR. I,—*You* are very cunning, but cannot gain admittance.—"*We*" gives us a *plural* importance. N. N.

FRIEND NEMO,—The soft sounds of C have robbed me of my natural rights, you are no "sceptic," and I, therefore, trust that you will do all in your power to restore them to me. K.

Answer.

FRIEND K,—We rather think that C has given up too many of his Roman rights, and we fear irretrievably. N. N.

GOOD SIR,—As I help to make up your name I think you should endeavour to prevent my banishment from words with which I have been so intimately connected. Yours, finally, L.

GOOD L, *Answer.*

Too much of one thing is good—for nothing. N. N.

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THE FIRST LINE OF ST. JOHN.

"Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ ΛΟΓΟΣ."

"In principio erat *verbum*."

"In the beginning was the *word*."

The reverend and highly respected gentleman who quoted the first of the above lines during a late conversation, will of course from our replies at the time, expect some notice of the subject. We do not affect silence in company to resemble Addison, but whenever we can listen to *such* conversation, we shall always be as silent as a man's power over his tongue will permit him to be; we will attend that we may learn, and speak not, that we may write.

As we observed, there was not one explanation of this passage given that corresponded with *our* ideas, of course our opinion is expected.

We have already declared our general admiration of the sacred writings; but, perhaps that admiration has not been a little excited by our own vanity, in supposing that we have easily reconciled some of the most difficult passages to moderate conceptions; we have at least satisfied our own.

Folios have been written on this first line of St. John—we believe our ideas of it to be original—they *may* have been before published—we do not recollect that we have seen them.

It is well known that what in English we (improperly) call "the *verb*" is so essential to a sentence that no meaning can be expressed without it. The Greeks and Latins called it,—the one "ὁ λόγος," the other "verbum." The *word*; thereby affirming it to be the *essential principle* of the existence of sense in the collocation of terms—without which no sense *could* exist. Now the expression "ὁ λόγος," being used to signify the essential principle of *one* thing, is it too great a stretch of imagination to suppose that St. John used it in a metaphorical sense to imply the essential principle of all things? especially as the same sense is retained in the Latin translation, and only becomes obscure in the English.

May we not understand this passage thus?

In the beginning was the "essential principle," and the "essential principle" was *with* God, and the "essential principle" *was* God.

Theatre, Wednesday, Dec. 20th, 1809.

ADELGITHA, AND THE TWO MISERS.

We were obliged to omit from our last our remarks on this performance; they would now be out of date. The novelty of the entertainment consisted in the exchange of characters between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Mills.

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Theatre, Friday, Dec. 22d. 1809.

THE ROBBERS, AND THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.

For the benefit (as advertised) of Mr. Cooper. There was a full, quiet, and *patient* house.

"SHREDS" BUT NOT "PATCHES."

We cannot agree with our minister in opinion that "an establishment for the provision of supper, lodging, &c. for travelling paupers, would be *only* to invite into our neighbourhood a horde of vagrants." We think it would, properly administered, be the means of sending them more quickly to their journey's end.

We agree that to afford food or raiment to the hungry or naked, is not (generally considered) to encourage vice; but we must contend that if persons so presenting themselves—in a hungry and naked state—*do* as we are informed, apply the money given to them to the purposes of intoxication, that then it is no charity to feed or to clothe them, and that giving them food or clothing *is* encouraging vice, while it induces them to spend the money which others give them (to get the more speedily rid of them) in the "purposes of intoxication."

There is a nominal and a real charity, and from the observations communicated in our last we have a right to infer that they who give these people "beggars" money to get rid of them, are not entitled to be told in the language of scripture, "I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me (wholesome) drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was sick, and ye visited me; naked, and ye clothed me."

We are happy to find that they still "expect to meet with persons, whose affluence enables them to contribute to their aid;" and we most sincerely hope that if deserving, they may in such persons not be disappointed; at the same time let that aid be substantial, not consisting in money given "to be employed in the purposes of intoxication," and thus inducing them in an intoxicated state, to call on the next *handsome* dwelling for board or lodging.

Against the inhabitants of Roxbury we can have no personal complaint, nor have we ever as we know charged them with a deficiency of benevolent feelings or actions; we know not, therefore, why a justification of them should have been attempted, in a letter directed to us, which of course intimated an unfavourable accusation on our part.

We flinch not from what we have already remarked in a former number; but we wish not *now* to remark, as to fact, any thing that may appear contradictory to the presumptions of the respectable authority to whom we were indebted for a communication on this subject, in our last.—We

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will, therefore, only endeavour to reconcile apparently opposite opinions, by *supposing*, an observation of this nature made to a family of beggars applying for accommodation to any neighbouring family—"We are busy, we cannot take you in at present—there is some money, go to the next house, there you can warm yourselves and get food."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Answer to a Young Lady presenting a ('Sugar-cake') heart stained with red spots.

O SAY, pretty maid,
And be not afraid
Of the prattle of Kitty and Sue;
In offering a heart,
How could you depart
From what you must know to be true?

The heart—pretty Scott!
Should be free from all spot,
As the snow that descends from above:
For the heart—you must know—
Or *will* soon, if not now,
Is the delicate mansion of love.

Sure you could not design
It a picture of mine:
But if so, I've a right to complain;
For though often, indeed,
Sorrows teach it to bleed,
Yet the tears of the heart never stain.

Then this maxim receive,
It will never deceive;
To prove it may soon be your lot;
The best present you can
Ever make to a man,
Is a heart that is *free* from a spot.

As 'tis now Christmas day,
Something more I will say;
Many sweeter returns may you see;
And when *offer'd* a heart,
With your own never part,
'Till it prove from a spot to be free.

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THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR.

We trust that it will not be deemed presumptuous in us during this week, when our contemplative thoughts are naturally directed to reflections on the festival we are called upon to celebrate, to make a few observations on this subject.

We are well aware that christianity has suffered as much from impolitic defenders of it as from all its opponents, and we, therefore, enter on this subject with fear and trembling; but we reconcile our minds to the delivery of our opinions, not only from an intention of doing good, but from a determination that our remarks shall be so confined as to do *no harm*. As we do not pretend a general defence of christianity, we shall restrict our observations solely to the capacity of the human mind of embracing, with its usual intelligence, the *divinity* of our Saviour's birth.

We presume that all men of liberal understanding acknowlege an original Creator, All-powerful; that this eternal being, at least, *eternal* as respects us, created man, and breathed into him the breath of life—that this omnipotent created woman—The being who could create, must necessarily have all power over the created, and must even accordingly to our human sense of right, have the privilege of selecting any individual for the purposes of general good. Though millions of worlds may at this moment exist; to an omnipotent being, a grain of sand would weigh against a world; for the being that can create can destroy, and re-create.—It cannot, therefore, be deemed improbable, that *any* thing called into existence by the will of a Supreme should be unworthy of his care, or that he would form a system, and leave the direction of it to chance. In our present observations we contemplate the deity only as omnipotent.—(Acknowledging such an omnipotent) can we have any difficulty in believing that such a being, who could say, light be, and light was; who could create man, and breathe into his nostrils the breath of life; who from that man, or from any other object, or nothing, could create woman, should say to a virgin, thou shall conceive and bear a son? It is, as we believe, principally the inattention to the variation of language, in its meaning, that has occasioned the difficulties the community experience, in comprehending the holy scriptures.—What do the people *now* understand from the word Ghost, or even "Spirit?" Is it not something essentially different from the meaning the evangelists intended to convey? We will avoid quoting the words respecting the conception of Mary, as used in our translation; because they have been the object of the most indelicate allusions that infidelity could suggest.—We will only ask our literary friends, if the original words will not bear this translation? "And the will of the Almighty favoured her, and shielded her from insult"—instead of, "And the Holy Ghost," &c.

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We shall only add, that we believe that Jesus (so named *before* his birth, and which word signifies a saviour) was born of a virgin by divine ordinance, and was, therefore, called the Son of God.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,

A presumption of your willingness to encourage whatever is of a moral nature, has induced me to request your attention, to a very great intrusion upon good manners, committed by many young men, who *would* be thought attracting and of consequence; and that is, sir, the habit of assembling in parties, on the Sabbath Day, in the most conspicuous places in the streets, to obstruct the passsage, and to stare the virtuous, innocent, and beautiful damsels out of countenance. When time and inclination will admit, be pleased to pourtray, in the vehicle of which you are editor, the conduct of the aggressors; which, perhaps, will give "*opiates*" to them, and thereby "*keep virtue awake,*" and prevent future complaints (which at present are very just) of that invaluable part of society, the female sex. DECENCY.

Boston, Dec. 25, 1809.

As friends to Decency—"Decency" will of course excuse us for the omissions. It can scarcely be necessary to tell young men, that what they think of themselves is not always what others think of *them.* —A young man puts on his Sunday dress, struts before the church or meeting-house door, thinks he looks handsome—but the feeling on which he so acts condemns at once his principal beauty—his understanding. Politeness is not an evanescent qualification, it is founded on morality. No man can be polite, that arrogates applause to himself for folly, or gives unnecessary pain to others, by asking their consent, to what common sense cannot approve.

ENGLISH NOBILITY.

We have, as we fear, *here,* generally, a very erroneous opinion of the English nobility—we hear of the follies of a few upstart lords, the ephemerons of fashion—for folly makes more noise than virtue—and we judge of all by the most noisy part—a knowledge of the best, and therefore, the least announced (for virtue acts silently) would prove that every moral principle was at least as readily imbibed and encouraged in the palaces of the *real* nobility, as in the houses of the most prudent citizen.

Some ladies *here* affect English fashions, as they are called, and think that they adopt them, by arrogating a superiority of deportment.—*We*

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will venture to assure them, from our own experience, that they disgrace the characters they pretend to imitate—were they really acquainted with, or had they been accustomed to the first, that is, the best company in England, from the king to the commoner, they would have been taught that affability and liberality were its predominant features, and that politeness (not politesse) was the superstructure founded on the broad base of common civility.

RELIGION.

We shall, considering such subjects as most appropriate to the season, indulge ourselves still further on topics of this nature—Religion we consider as the only sure foundation of all mortal acquirements, and the only never-failing resource of those who are weary and heavy laden, and wish for rest. We shall consider it, therefore, as the focus to which every ray of light we may be enabled to elicit shall converge.

But on this subject we wish explicitly to be understood, we shall enter into no controversial arguments respecting the opinions of individuals, interfere with no sect, be biassed by no prepossessions. But as christians we shall do every thing in our power to impress the divinity of the christian religion. As Episcopalians, we trust we can maintain our ground; as admirers, we might almost say adorers of the sacred writings, we shall exert ourselves to our last ability in causing them to be equally admired, by endeavouring to make them more generally understood.

But that they are not now commonly understood, is not the fault of the original writers or of the translators; the difficulty originates in the capriciousness of men with respect to language. A word that signifies one thing to day, to-morrow will be applied to an object essentially different; a man who would boast of being called by a certain title one year, the next will reprobate it as a stigma on his character. We need no stronger proof of versatility in the application of terms, than what has come within the knowledge of every intelligible man during the short round of twenty years. The fact is, that if a man *adopts*, or *to* that man is given, a title, distinguishing his situation, if that situation, or his behaviour in it becomes opprobrious, the word itself originally honourable, partakes of his opprobrium, and becomes transferred to those who are really objects of disgrace.

We will here introduce an example. The word "Harlot," for instance, was once a respectable denomination, of an hired *man*, of any rank, we need not express what it means now; as the term was transferrable, it was transferred, and by a slight alteration of the orthogra-

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phy the word "varlet" introduced in its stead; *that* word submitting to the customary fate of all distinguishing terms was transmitted to inferiors, and by the omission of one letter the term *valet* was adopted in its place. We introduce this observation, for the purpose of asking this question—Should we not in finding that word in an author's works published two or three centuries ago, apply to it the same signification that it has at present?

To those who would answer yes, we should reply, they did their author wrong; for he employed the word according to its meaning in *his* time, and certainly should not be answerable for any alteration in its meaning by his posterity.

The most antient translation of the Old Testament, now extant, is the Septuagint, translated, as it is said, about 260 years before the christian æra. This translation was from Hebrew into Greek.

The version we now generally use of the Bible was translated by order of James I. into English from the *Hebrew* of the *Old* Testament, and the *Greek* of the *New*. And was published in the year sixteen hundred and ten. In both instances the greatest exertions were made to procure a faithful transcript; but neither could Ptolemy Philadelphus nor James I. however FAITHFUL the translation of either, command each word to retain the meaning then assigned to it through all *succeeding* generations. Words consequently having essentially changed their meaning during the course of two hundred years, it is not astonishing that with a reader incompetent to restore to them their original sense, passages should frequently occur to alienate attention, where they would otherwise command admiration.

Another cause of some of the difficulties that at present occur, is perhaps derived from the *very means* that were taken to remove *all*; from the number of persons employed in the respective translations; seventy two in the former instance, and fifty four in the latter; for as the translation of each was to be compared with the others, and as it was required that, although their work was carried on *separately*, they should agree *conjointly*, it was necessary for each to render the original into Greek in the former instance, and the Hebrew or Greek in the latter into English, as *literally* as possible. Now it requires no very extensive knowledge of languages to ascertain, that although we may, without injury to the original, translate literally *historical facts*, *common narrative*, *descriptive*, and plain *didactic* pieces; nay, even some of the *figurative* expressions, such as similies or comparisons, figures of thought, and even allegories, where the objects are simplified in estimation by all nations; yet that peculiarity of expression which every language has, and which consti-

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tutes its idiom, and that simple but comprehensive figure of rhetoric, the metaphor, defy all *literal* translations.

Were we inclined to prove the correctness of this position, we should only need to refer to the daily translations of living tongues, where we continually find the original sense perverted by literal translations of idiomatic expressions.

When an English minister is sent to the United States, we say he comes *to* our government, but when a French minister is sent, we say he comes *near* it. Whence has this evident incorrectness of expression originated, but from a literal translation of an idiomatic word?

We may indeed translate literally the *word* which has a metaphorical allusion in one language into another; but where is the explanatory circle of intelligence that was intended by its author?—left with the original. The consequence of such literal translations, must be an injury to the author, and confusion to the unlearned reader; and we cannot but believe, that confusions of this nature affected the inconsiderate mind of Mr. Thomas Paine, when he rashly entered into a contest for which he was in every respect unprepared. He may have observed passages in the scriptures, which to *him* were unintelligible, and judged therefrom that they *could* not be understood. Ignorant himself, so far of the subject on which he wrote, as not to know that the two testaments were necessary to constitute the bible, he wrote only *for* the *ignorant* How pitiful is the triumph over defenceless minds! the sallies of Mr. Paine may have unsettled the faith of many an honest rustic, but the doctrines of St. Paul make Felix tremble.—He is now gone—and though we elsewhere opposed him to the utmost of our ability while on earth, we hope and confidently believe he is now participating in the mediation of that Saviour, he attempted to calumniate, and pretended to despise.

Theatre, Wednesday, Dec. 27th, 1809.

GEORGE BARNWELL, AND TEKELI.

It is customary in almost every town in America and England, where a theatre exists, to have this play performed during Christmas week, and merchants generally send their apprentices, sons, and daughters to visit it, for the moral and practical doctrines it inculcates.—From the thinness of the house on this occasion, we presume we may congratulate the citizens of Boston, on the *perfection* of our young men, and *their* acknowledgment that no further improvement in morals is necessary.

The play was so well performed, that even admitting that there is no cause for amendment in our youth, we think they might have received an impressive amusement.

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TO THAT PORTION OF THE PUBLIC WHO VISIT THE THEATRE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

A PLAY written by a native of your town is to be produced at the theatre on Monday next. We have already given our opinion on its merits; since the delivery of our sentiments thereon, we think that it has been considerably improved. It will, as we believe, be offered to you on the *first* night with a correct exhibition of *all* its parts, so far as a strict attention on the part of the managers and an earnest desire on the part of the performers to do justice to their respective characters, will justify the observation. On this presumption we invite the public to break through their accustomed habits, and attend the *first* evening's representation. We only ask an enlightened public to judge for themselves; the most certain means of establishing confidence between managers and the public, is annihilation of all deception. Let them never produce any person or play that has not a fair claim to patronage, and distrust will be banished. We have already risked *our* reputation on this play; and on the eve of its performance we shrink not from what we have advanced.

Much has this play been the subject of conversation, and perhaps too many effusions of flattery have been received as truths. We recommend it only as a production of merit *sufficient* to justify encouragement; we think that the audience will at least be satisfied with it, and we will venture to add that every perfection that diligence, industry, and attention can afford, will be experienced on its first appearance.

Independent of reading and private study, it will have been rehearsed at least seven times before the public exhibition of it. The managers, author, and actors will therefore come fairly before the audience, and we trust that that audience will have as fair an opportunity as they have ever before had of judging their respective merits.

SCRAPS.

WE strongly recommend to the Selectmen of Boston to have the gutters in the streets made narrower, at least so *much* so, as to be within the elasticity of a lady's justifiable; it must give pain to every feeling "foot," to be so checked in the ambition of overleaping as to be obliged to plant itself in the middle of a puddle.

TOO FULL OF JOKES.—Clarissa says, we are too full of jokes. She is of a very serious disposition, and we should be very happy to accommodate her; but Clarissa, like others, may sometimes privately smile at which she openly pretends to condemn.

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I KNOW THAT.—An expression often used with the intent of exhibiting prior knowledge; but commonly to be received as an indirect avowal of newly offered information.

A D—D IMPUDENT FELLOW—Is an expression which our young men too freely adopt. Can they not perceive in the application of such terms, that the accusation recoils against themselves?

CANES.—A young man, by a manual joke may make his wit *striking*; but how would it suit him in *translation?*

PREJUDICES.

WE know the prejudices that obtain against first performances at our theatre. We know also the almost damning idea entertained of native productions; but if every thing is to be prejudged unfavourably, whence shall we acquire those honourable exertions of talent which dignify a country. It would be cruel, and in many instances unjust, to say that we have no native genius; such observations repel ardour and damp industry. To say that no Bostonian can produce a work of merit, is as ridiculous an expression, as it would be to say that we cannot build houses. Houses cannot be built without money, and genius must be eclipsed by the opaque intervention of poverty.

Uncandid prejudices and unfounded predilections equally disgrace those who indulge them. The following anecdote of Michael Angelo we think appropriate, and therefore introduce it.

ANGELO.

AT the time that Michael Angelo flourished, the connoisseurs (as they called themselves) preferred the works of the antients to those of the moderns. This preference gave him much disgust, and in order to expose the ignorance and injustice of these judges, he adopted the following expedient.

Privately he made a beautiful marble figure, with all the perfection and elegance he was capable of bestowing. When it was entirely finished, he broke off one of its arms, which he concealed at home; and by the power of his art, he gave the rest of the figure all the appearance of an antique.

In this state he buried it in a place, which he knew would soon be dug up to lay the foundation of some building. Soon after this, as he expected, the workmen found the figure, and it was immediately exposed to the inspection of the curious; on examining it, nothing was heard but the greatest applauses of the antients; and the moderns were only mentioned with the greatest contempt.

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Michael Angelo, who among the rest went to see the statue, patiently listened to the unjust remarks of these great connoisseurs, and then shewed the arm which belonged to it, and proved to them by the exactness with which he placed it to the shoulder, that it was his production. Thus did he establish the honour of the age in which he lived, and confounded those who prided themselves on their great power of judging.

ANTIPATHIES.

Under this article it is our intention merely to relate some very remarkable antipathies, and not to inquire into their causes, that being a subject which we must leave to the more profound scholars.

A lady, a native of France, would faint on seeing boiled lobsters. Some other persons of the same country would experience the same inconvenience, from the smell of roses, though particularly partial to the odour of jonquilles or tuberoses.

I have read of a gentleman, who would fall into convulsions, at the sight of a carp.

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it gave him a fever.

Ambrose Parc mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting.

Joseph Scaliger, and Peter Abono, never could drink milk.

Cardan, was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs.

Uladislaus, king of Poland, could not bear to see apples. If an apple was shewn Chesne, secretary to Frances I, a prodigious quantity of blood of it would issue from his nose.

Henry 3d, of France, could never set in a room with a cat.

The duke of Schomberg, had the same kind of antipathy.

A gentleman in the court of the emperor Ferdinand, would bleed at the nose on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the distance might be from him.

M. de Lancre, in his Tableau de l' Inconstance de toutes choses, gives an account of a very sensible man, who was so terrified at seeing an hedge-hog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal.

In the same book we find an account of a very brave officer, who never dared to look at a mouse; it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in hand. M. de Lancre says he knew him perfectly well.

There are some persons who cannot bear to see spiders, and others who eat them as a luxury.

Mr. Vaugheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, would faint, or if he had sufficient time, would run away at the sight of a roast pig.

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The philosopher Chrysippus, had such an aversion to being reverenced, that if any one saluted him he would fall down.

John Rol, a gentleman of Alcatara, would swoon on hearing the word lana (wool) pronounced, although his cloak was made of wool.

EXCHANGE COFFEE-HOUSE.

We hope that this elegant and important building with its valuable director in possession, will yet be enabled to stand firm against those shocks, which, in this country, every endeavour to do public good must expect to encounter. Our hope is founded on the following extract, from the Gazette. When *such* men take the direction of *such* an establishment, and *do their duty*, success is not only deserved but commanded.

The present proprietors of the *Exchange Coffee-House*, have organized themselves as a corporation, conformable to an act of the Legislature; the following gentlemen have been duly elected president and directors of said corporation, viz.

Hon. H. G. Otis, *President:* Messrs. John T Apthorp, Gamaliel Bradford, Timothy Bigelow, Cornelius Coolidge, Isaac P. Davis, Simon Elliot, Eben Francis, William Payne, Samuel G. Perkins, William Sullivan, Thomas W. Sumner, Benjamin Weld, *Directors.*

BENEFICENCE.

A sound pierc'd my heart, "Oh! my husband's no more,
"The *little* he's left me you'll spare."
Stern poverty seem'd to have guarded the door,
Yet the hand of oppression was there.

The widow inform'd what I scarce could believe:
"Accept this small pittance and live."
She cried, "'tis a transport such aid to receive."
I found 'twas a greater to give.

The Epilogue for the Clergyman's Daughter, is from the classical pen of R. T. Paine, jun. Esq. The elegant and highly polished effusions of this gentleman's genius, have given to and received from his native town distinguished honour; yet will we pronounce the poetic merit of this epilogue, equal to any production of his pen. We know not as yet that it will be spoken on Monday evening; but whenever delivered, if the reciter does it justice, we will venture to say that the classical part of the audience will have a treat indeed.

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NATIONAL PRIDE.

It is with nations as with individuals; all people attribute to themselves qualities which distinguish them from others. The Indian fabulists tell us of a country in India where all the natives were hunched back'd. A young handsome and well formed stranger came to this country. Immediately he was surrounded by a number of the inhabitants; his figure appeared to them *extraordinary*; their laughter and gesticulations evinced their astonishment.

They would have proceeded to some outrages on his person, had it not been for one among them who no doubt had seen men of shapes differing from those of his countrymen, and who exclaimed, "ah, my friends, let us spare this unfortunate ill-made man: should we injure him because heaven has not given him such an agreeable form as ours? Sooner let us fly to the temple, and return thanks to the Eternal for the humps which he has favoured us with." Every one will perceive the application of this Apologue.

LYING.

The boy who often has deceiv'd
By telling lies in youth,
In manhood ne'er will be believ'd,
Although he speak the truth.

For as the twig is crooked, we
Suppose the tree will bend.
And thus disgrace and infamy
In youth, with age attend.

In a high court of justice, two witnesses came,
Who in matters of fact disagreed:
An appeal to their character, worth, and fair fame
Was at once by the judges decreed.

The one was found guilty of falsehood in youth,
And prov'd to have often deceiv'd;
The other, ne'er known to have spoke an untruth,
At once was with honour believ'd.

Maxim.—The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleasure, as the mean to labour with success.

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Theatre, Friday, Dec. 29th, 1809.

LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN, AND TEKELI.

On this evening was announced, for representation on Monday, The Clergyman's Daughter, written by W. C. White, Esq.

BARBERS.

Our barbers are frequently (at least by proxy) witty in our newspapers—if they would exhibit their wit in their own shops, they would do it *candidly*, by affording clean towels.

Their razors too are a little dull, for want of honing; it is hoped the new year's day will afford them a little oil, to make them sharper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We promised in our last, answers in this number—we therefore must give them—however painful the task in several instances.

If "Amanda" did not intend to play a trick upon us, but was *really* serious, we must say, that she is not "to be loved." We do not think that the subjects of Mercators note, come under our jurisdiction—if masters of vessels do not bring their letters to the post-office in proper time—a complaint should be made elsewhere.

"Somebodies" have multiplied so much, that "Nobody" has been set a sum in Reduction—in *addition* to which, he begs leave to hope that Subtraction may not lead to division.

"Altern"—has mistaken our intentions and our work altogether.

The writer of the note beginning thus—"I send you for insertion," will be pleased to observe, that we can fill our pages with our *own* nonsense, and that only when we are at a stand for want of common sense will we admit such puerilities.

General Answers.—We will always, if possible, give a welcome admission to any production of merit; but we can neither insert nor answer *all* communications.

Euphemia's favour is left at the post office with some remarks; we should be happy to hear from her again.

If our correspondents will condescend to call at the post-office for returned communications, they will find them in a cover, directed according to their signatures (excepting "Somebodies") we have so many under that signature that a personal application is necessary to recover the original effusion.

We thank our friends in general, for their kind assistance—many will perceive that we take advantages of their *hints*, though we do not insert their letters.

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NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

This day is published by JOHN WEST & Co.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,

TO THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES,

Composed of Maxims in easy Verse, by JAMES FENNELL.

The following is the ADVERTISEMENT to the New Year's Gift, presented to the youth of both sexes.

THIS little work is the offspring of accidental occurrences: It affects no claim to merit for originality of thought, elegance of execution, or purposed industry. A hope that it *may* prove useful, and a trust that it *cannot* prove injurious, induced me to publish it.

Having been studiously engaged in a laborious undertaking, an analysis of Shakespeare, with a view of delivering Lectures on that author during the ensuing winter, I frequently felt an inclination to retire under the shade of my own mind, as a cool retreat from his meridian beams. In these intervals of relaxation, I scratched, as it were on the sand, a few sketches of his morals in a contour of my own idea, even in defiance of Johnsonian thunder; and contemplating their use, I thought they might, *so dressed,* attract the *attention,* and, consequently, expand the *minds* of my own children, for whom alone the etchings were originally designed. But the sun that once causes the germ to unfold, nurses the plant, invigorates the stock, and *commands* it to bear fruit. The seed, at first voluntarily sown, became obedient to other powers, the plant sprang up, leaf after leaf was produced by a compulsatory influence, till at last something like fruit appeared. I viewed it, and thought it might prove useful, if matured, beyond the limits of my own plantation. I, therefore, encouraged it to ripen, and having winnowed, as I hope, the chaff from the grain, present it as a safe and wholesome food for youthful minds.

JAMES FENNELL.

PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN WEST & Co.

LOUISA,

A DOMESTIC TALE. By JAMES FENNELL.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis *Something*.....*Nothing*."

No 8.] *Boston, Saturday, January* 6, 1810. [Vol. I.

YET MORE LETTERS TO NOBODY,

And we fear they will be continued to the end of the alphabet.

MR. MOROSITY,

Many make *manners* magnify man; may more *milky* morality more merit my munificence. Misinterpretations must, moreover, momentously molest—May moderation mollify morosity. M.

MR. M. *Answer.*

You have performed your part excellently in *beginnings*; but we wish that you would attend a little more to the *end*, and if you can get introduced by some of our young ladies and gentlemen instead of Mr. Y, at the end of the possessive and objective cases, we trust that you will not interfere any further with *his* right to the nominative. "Them there things are very pretty," does not sound, as an expression, very delicately; you will therefore be kind enough to withdraw from the nominative case, and attach yourself only to the others, in which, if Y interfere with you, we will call him before our court of inquiry.

N. N.

NEMO,

Nobody notices nugatory nothings—No, not nobody. No novelty necessitates nonsense—No, not No-ah! N.

O YEZ,

Opposition offers, on omni opportunitate, omni operi, obstacles—omit only on obliged occasions, O

PRO QUO?

Plumb-cake, pork, pease, pleasure, plenty, patience pro purse, present pleasant *prospects.*

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RELIGION.—No. II.

We shall endeavour, in this number, to exemplify the foregoing observations on this topic; in doing which we shall be as concise as perspicuity will permit us to be.

In our common translation of the old testament, Cain is represented as saying to the Lord, "my punishment is greater than I can bear."—This sentence, in our present interpretation of the words "punishment" and "bear" would argue an impatient and refractory spirit in Cain, which we presume Moses never intended to exhibit; his reply in modern language would stand thus, "my iniquity is so great that I cannot hope to be forgiven;" or as Mr. Thomson, in his late translation from the Septuagint, interrogatively puts it, "Is my fault too great to be forgiven?"

We shall now invite the attention of our readers to a very important consideration; the application of the word "God" to human beings, in the holy scriptures; and if what we are about to say should be approved as correct, it will open a very wide field, not for controversy, but reconciliation.

In this, and on every other subject embraced in the present exercises, till our readers shall be informed to the contrary, we profess originality of idea; we have no author to refer to, no sanction, so far as we know, to support us in the opinions we are about to advance; they are as we believe exclusively our own, and consequently for them we must be responsible. If by any of our readers similar ideas should have been perceived in any theological work, we should hereafter be happy to be informed of it.

The "sons of God," as mentioned in the sixth chapter of Genesis, are now our theme.

"And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them,

"That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

To other parents and instructors, as well as to ourselves, (if the bible has been placed in the hands of their children and the spirit of inquiry has been indulged) questions have been proposed—who were the sons of God? What does this passage mean? Will you be pleased to explain it?

It is now our business to offer to those unfurnished with an answer, the best illustration in our power.

In the *infancy* of the world, while mankind were yet few in numbers, it may be presumed that, being also closely *allied*, they would need no

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other director than their original parent Adam; but that as they became comparatively *numerous* and *separated*, it was necessary that some *authoritative* power should be established.—Let us suppose *that* power to have been delegated to any one person.—What was that person to be called? They had not then the already coined titles of emperors, kings, presidents, dukes, lords, &c.—Where then was the term to be found that could designate authority when yet no authority had been introduced? In this dilemma they would naturally apply to the only *superior* being they were acquainted with, and calling upon the name of their God, apply it as a title to their chief: accordingly we read in the last verse of the fourth chapter of Genesis—"then began men to call upon the name of the Lord"—or, as is expressed in the margin of the quarto bible, "then began men to call *themselves* by the name of the Lord." That is, to apply the word God to themselves, as the title of authority.

We shall advance in support of this position, the first verse of the seventh chapter of Exodus.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, See, I have made thee a *God* to Pharaoh."

Can any thing be understood by this passage, other than that God invested Moses with his authority, or advanced him to the station of men at that time called gods, that he might speak boldly to Pharaoh? for Moses had before said—"Lord, what am I, that I should go to Pharaoh?" thereby intimating that his low station in life, and the consequent humility of character, would unfit him for an employment of such consequence; but the Lord said unto him, after having given him full proof of the power with which he had invested him, I have made thee a god, that is, a man of the highest authority, to Pharaoh. Again we are told, "And Moses took the rod of God in his hand." Now this rod was not *delivered* to him by the Lord; Moses had it in his hand when he was first called; it was a shepherd's staff, for Moses was at that time keeping Jethro's flock; but he was desired to take it with him to Pharaoh as a symbol of his supreme authority, as an instrument wherewith he should do signs; we should, therefore, as we venture to presume, read or interpret, "And he took the rod, or symbol of his authority in his hand."

Let it be clearly understood that our object is solely to prove that the word God is *frequently* used in the holy writings, in a metaphorical sense, to designate the authority of man; but if we can once prove *this* to assenting judgments, we shall have the satisfaction of unfolding in a few words many difficult passages to the most common understanding.

It is at least a well founded theorem, that any thing must be as we assert it to be, if we can prove that it *can not* be *otherwise*; and as we have

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advanced one instance where the word "God" could not possibly be supposed to mean the Almighty himself, because he himself uses the expression, "I make thee a God to Pharaoh," so we shall adduce others to prove that the word God, having therein no intelligible allusion to the Supreme Being, must of course have reference to some other object.

In the laws of Moses, we find one in these words. "Thou shalt not revile the Gods, nor curse the ruler of thy people." The word "Gods" here signifies the judges.

As in the seventy-seventh Psalm; "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty, he judgeth among the Gods:" that is, among the judges.

Again; "I have said, ye are Gods, and all of you are children of the *Most* High." We shall conclude the introduction of testimony, by one observation from the mouth of our Saviour; "Is it not," says Jesus, "written in your law, I said, ye are Gods?"

"If he called *them* Gods unto whom the *word* of God *came*, and the scripture cannot be broken, say you of him, whom the father hath *sanctified*, and *sent* into the world, *Thou blasphemest*; because I said I am the Son of God?" If you have suffered men to assume the name of God himself, (thereby acknowledging the fact) how can you say that I blaspheme, calling myself only the Son of God?

It must now, we think, appear evident, that the title of God, was given to, or assumed by men, as the emblem of authority, and consequently that in many passages of the bible where the word "God" is used, and perhaps whenever it is not applicable to the deity himself, or to the description of the images of idolatry, we may safely consider it as signifying persons in superior authority.

Having this opinion ourselves, and trusting that we have conveyed it to youthful minds, (for we pretend not to speak to the learned) because we really think it will be of use to them, we proceed upon the foregoing principles to explain the passage adopted as our theme thus, "The sons of God," as an expression, represents the descendants of persons of authority, persons high in office—they saw the daughters of *men* (beings of lower rank) that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chosed.—Considering the passage in this light, instead of difficulty we find a beautiful illustration of the dangers of unlimited authority.—The sons of pre-eminence, presuming on the power of their parents, entered the cottages of the humble, and took from them what wives they chose.—Modern history, or perhaps rather, modern anecdote, will render any thing we might farther say on this subject unnecessary.

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From the Palladium, Jan. 2d, 1810.

"MR. OGILVIE.

"A CORRESPONDENT is happy to see Mr. Ogilvie's second Oration on Duelling, announced for repetition this evening. It is undoubtedly one of his most finished productions; and if its effect, on the first delivery, was not perfectly commensurate with the expectations of his audience, it was because a partial failure of his recollection occasioned an omission of some of the finest passages, and impaired the delivery of the whole oration. Those who are conversant with the subject, will readily admit, that when a public speaker is unexpectedly called upon to exercise his powers of recollection, he inevitably exhibits a degree of abstraction in his manner, and imperceptibly loses that interest in his subject, which is necessary to impart a correspondent interest to his audience. It would be in the highest degree uncharitable, to censure Mr. Ogilvie for this partial failure; when it is considered to what a wonderful extent he has improved the powers of memory. His friends will undoubtedly be gratified in giving him another opportunity to do justice to himself and his subject, and will be sure of complete satisfaction, in the second delivery of this interesting oration."

We know not how far some passages, if any, in the above extract from the Palladium, are intended to be applied to us; but we think that Mr. Ogilvie himself would not be much gratified by having this considered, "undoubtedly," as one of his most finished productions. We admire, from knowing, Mr. Ogilvie's abilities too much to suppose that he *could* not arrange the matter of his orations on duelling, so as to produce *one* more correspondent to his general merit. We admit that when a public speaker is *unexpectedly* called upon to exercise his powers of recollection, he *may* exhibit a degree of abstraction in his manner; but when the "Correspondent" proves to us that Mr. Ogilvie *was unexpectedly called* upon, we will consent that we have been in the highest degree uncharitable, if we have censured him for a partial failure.

Our vanity sometimes may induce us to suppose that such communications have an oblique reference to us; but what we dare to do, we'll dare to justify.

Repetition of the second Oration on Duelling.

WE gave our opinion of this oration on a former occasion, and it had this evening all the advantages derived from a more perfect commitment of its parts to memory; but we must and will say that we did not discover from this delivery, "the omission of some of the finest passages" in the last. We were perfectly satisfied with the first deliv-

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ery of the second oration on duelling till we were told by the orator himself that he had mangled it; and we think that our optics would be less acute in discerning Mr. Ogilvie's foibles, if he did not himself tell us he has so many.

We disapprove of any communication (excepting when called for) between the public individual character and his audience, and hope that the practice lately introduced will be discountenanced. All that a public character has to do, is to perform, to the best of his abilities, what he has undertaken and promised; this the audience have a right to expect, but no more; to court their favour or their flattery by works of supererogation, is at least unnecessary, and looks occasionally too much like management.

MASQUERADES.

As we believe ourselves to have been the first public opposers of the introduction of this species of amusement, which has since been discountenanced by authority; we think it necessary to say something more on the subject; not, however, in the smallest degree intimating an idea that, had we been silent, the fathers of the town would not have adopted the same highly praiseworthy resolutions.

But before we make our remarks on the subject, we will lay the principal advertisements which have appeared relating thereto before our readers; omitting, however, the original one for the ball itself.

"We should be sorry to interfere with the attempt of any individual to gain an *honest* income—but our sense of duty, as advocates for public good, compels us to advise all friends to private or general virtue, to repel every endeavour to introduce public masquerades to this town—we are already bad enough—let us not therefore encourage entertainments that will make us worse.

We hope the plan proposed will be, at least, postponed.

Give us vice enough and we shall be prepared for slavery; preserve our virtues and our steady habits, and we may still be independent."

Something, of Dec. 23.

"*At a Meeting of the Selectmen, Dec.* 27, 1809.

"Whereas several advertisements have appeared in the public papers, offering tickets for sale for admission to a masquerade ball in this town: *Voted*, That this board observe with extreme concern, an attempt to introduce an amusement so uncongenial to the habits and manners of the citizens of this place, and so immediately dangerous to the morals of the younger part of the community—The Selectmen, therefore, determine to take every legal measure to prevent the proposed entertainment or exhibi-

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tion—and direct, that the person who offers such tickets for sale, and the occupier of the house where such entertainment is to be held, be notified of the above resolutions of the board—and be warned to desist from further attempts to carry on an exhibition, which will be discountenanced by the authority of the town.

By order of the Selectmen,

CHARLES BULFINCH, *Chairman.*"

"MR. LABOTTIERRE feels it a duty, to offer to the public an apology for the unintentional injury, a proposition made by him for a new source of amusement has done to their feelings. Before he had matured or given publicity to his plans he consulted gentlemen conversant with the law of the land, to ascertain whether masquerades were prohibited by law, and was informed by them they were not. He then submitted his design to other gentlemen, hoping to gather from their opinion, the tendency which a thing of this kind would have. After they had examined the manner in which it was to be conducted and the guards for virtue which his regulations proposed, they declared it foretold nothing fatal to public decency or morality. Mr. L. likewise being a foreigner, and almost a stranger to the *stern morality* of New England citizens; coming too from Europe, where these things are often indulged, and where nothing ruinous or dreadful results from them, did not anticipate that they would induce different consequences in this country, and especially under the restrictions he had prepared.—However, as his proposition appears to be offensive to the public he will cheerfully abandon it," &c.

January 2, 1810.

"THE subscriber regrets extremely that this amusement, which was advertised to take place at Concert Hall, should have excited the attention of the government of the town, or have been in any way a subject of public conversation. When Mr. Labottierre applied to him for permission to give a masqued ball, at Concert Hall, he was induced to believe that it would be patronized by some of the most respectable and virtuous inhabitants of the town, who he was assured by Mr. Labottierre, had promised to put their names upon the subscription list. He was entirely ignorant that such amusements were prohibited by the laws of the state or of the town. He flatters himself that those who know him, will never suspect him of an intention to introduce amusements whose tendency would be to impair the morals of the community.

T. WHITCOMB.

WE shall commence our observations by remarking, that with *us*, it was no question of *law* whether masquerades might be introduced or

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not.—Law may *check*, but it cannot *prevent* immorality, nor at all times *punish* it.—If men and women agree to be vicious, no laws can oppose an adequate obstruction. But it is the duty of all governments to discountenance those evils which they cannot legally prevent, and it is the duty of a good citizen to support the *recommendations* of a *good* government, in what it may not have a delegated power to enforce.

Were the selectmen of Boston a community to whom our praise could add a mite of credit, it should be laid at their feet with the warmest gratitude and respect on this occasion. Many a parent may have cause to bless them for their interference, although *that* cause may not be sensible to them; for the prevention from, is seldom noticed with the same warmth as the relief *in* danger.

We have no doubt that Mr. Labottiere would have taken every pains by his regulations to secure, so far as was in his power, decency and decorum.—Mr. Whitcomb's character also, and the respectability of his establishment would have been a security against any improper conduct *he* could have prevented.—But still there would have been—a masquerade. And even admitting that *this* masquerade could have been conducted without a violation of "public decency and morality," would it not have produced another, and another, and another? and who was to be answerable for the consequences? Who shall say to the gossamer, that is once given to the wind—plant your seed only *here* and *there*, and then return to the soil in which your original plant was rooted.—Every one who has seen or knows any thing of the world must acknowledge that vice was never adopted at *once* by the human heart: the heart must first become the prey of seductive and secret allurements; it must first be taught to believe certain introductory amusements *harmless*; it must then be led to contemplate with unblenched eye the more dazzling embellishments of folly, till at last it is brought to *blush* only at the sight of vice.

It is true that masquerades are indulged in Europe, but justice compels us to say that in Europe a very wide distinction is made between *private* and *public* masquerades; and the extreme *caution* that is adopted in private masquerades is of itself a sufficient proof of the immoral tendency of public ones. The morality of the New England citizens is not so *stern* as it is honest, benevolent, and as we trust, also *providential*. But to say that nothing ruinous or dreadful results, or has resulted, from masquerades in Europe, must argue but a trifling knowledge of them and their effects. It is not that any immediate harm results from a fashionable *ball*; such institutions are necessary and honourable, and perhaps their consequences may yet be palliated rather than censured

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by a liberal mind.—But we cannot be blind to the degeneracy of habits, or to the deviations of inferior ranks from that decorum which is practised in a polished assembly.—The lower classes of people will ape the manners and customs of their superiors; whatever is *once* made fashionable is the bait that will immediately catch them.—Such was the result of the introduction of public masquerades in the metropolis of England, as to produce inferior and infernal associations too shocking to be described, but of which the records of the lowest court in that city will afford ample testimony.

We shall simply add that every thing we have said on this subject has been dictated only by a sense of our public duty as editors, and we most sincerely hope that Mr. Labottierre will obtain, what he will deserve, a more liberal support from the change of his exhibition.

After sending the above observations to the press, we were much pleased by reading, what may almost be considered as their parallels, in the Centinel. We insert it to shew that we were aware of the feelings of the community, on our first notice.

"It is highly gratifying to observe the general and decided disapprobation, with which the proposal for a masquerade in this place has been received. The sentiments expressed by the fathers of the town on this subject are the sentiments of the community; and it is confidently hoped, that a regard to public feeling and opinion will induce a relinquishment of the design.—This amusement has every where been reprobated by the friends of good morals. The buffoonery, the low humour, the trifling habits of mind, and the waste of money, to which it leads, are among its least evils. One of its worst effects is, that it affords facilities and encouragements to the most corrupting intercourse. It tends to bring together a number of persons, who ought never to meet, and who could not be collected under any other circumstances. No one can suppose, that a woman of true delicacy will visit a place, where she can have no pledge that she will not be associated with the most abandoned of both sexes; and where she will be liable to be addressed by strangers, in language for which they will feel no responsibility. We can hardly suppose that a considerate man, who values the reputation of steadiness and regularity, will consent to mingle with the disguised crowd, which such an amusement will assemble. Who then does not perceive, what kind of society and what kind of intercourse may be expected from a masquerade. Here none will feel, that their reputations are at stake. The fear of shame, and the restraints of decency, which operate so powerfully where people are known, will here lose their power. Any characters may be assumed and represented; and any

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manners and sentiments will be tolerated, which agree with these characters. None of the company will be considered as speaking in their own persons: some will be able to conceal themselves effectually from all their associates; under such circumstances, what may not be said; what may not be done? An amusement more destructive of propriety and delicacy of manners, more suited to the views and wishes of the unprincipled, more favourable to licentious intercourse, more fatal to youthful modesty, cannot easily be conceived. Perhaps all these evil effects may not be produced and discovered at a single masquerade; but they flow naturally and directly from an amusement, which brings together people in disguise. The friends of order and morality, and escially the friends of the young, are invited and intreated to give their full and open support to our civil fathers, in resisting an innovation, from which such corruption of manners may be justly apprehended."

PROLOGUE, TO THE "CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

A NATIVE plant invites a native sun,
It *claims* an honest warmth, or asks for none.
No hotbed flattery now will aught avail,
It lives or dies, as *Nature's* breaths prevail.
No eastern breeze bears on its wings its praise;
The *West* produc'd it, and the *West* will raise;
From other climes its *pictur'd* scenes are shewn;
But, may the *pictures* only be our own!
For 'tis our author's chief design to shew
Those dangers—innocence might never know:
To trace the vicious error to its source,
To mark the origin of deep remorse,
The little flatteries, that by art prevail
O'er virtuous minds, where proffer'd *vice* would fail.
The fault call'd trifling, which to others leads,
The following lie, which drives to foul misdeeds:
The sequent dread and horror which unbind,
The strings of harmony that tie mankind;
And last, the irreligious path, which trod,
Makes man a wretched exile from his God.
This his design, he ventures now before ye,
To tell a simple, plain, domestic story,
By honest means content his cause to try
For merit's triumph, is morality.
Fearless of losing what may prove his due,
He trusts his fame to virtue, and to you.

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EPILOGUE TO THE "CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

Written by R. T. Paine, jun. Esq.

GAY, as the belle, who lightens down the ball,
While half who gaze, can *scarcely move at all;*
Pert, as the elf, who, at a tonsor's shop,
Pops *in* a PHANTOM, and pops *out* a FOP;
As vain as beauty, and as fashion witty,
A tooth-pick Epilogue should lounge the city;—
And prattle, *comme il faut*,— with naught to say,—
A WORLD OF WORDS—the *newest kind of way!*
Such *was* dame Epilogue, when blithe and young,
Of every *belle* she was herself the *tongue*;—
Then, a whole peerage would a play engage,
If *she* but simpered, "*All the world's a stage.*"
But *now*, in vain she sports her ancient airs,
For all the "*men and women*" have turn'd "*players.*"
Such is the strife among the motley rout,
They strip the actors, while they turn them out.
From Shakespeare's wardrobe each a fragment snatches,
And bustles through his part—in "*shreds and patches!*"
All loud alike, none perfect but in scraps,
They all *gesticulate*, but no one *claps.*—
Puns by *descent*, are wit by *common law*;
And every *foundling* bon mot knows *papa!*
No *prompter* checks the jargon universal,
For Life's a *Spouting Club*,—without *rehearsal.*
The smart FRIZEUR, who deals in tropes and strops,
Exclaims—"*a frost, a killing frost*,"—in crops!
And vents, at fashion's cue, *all cues to doff*,
"*A deep damnation on their* TAKING OFF!!"
The FOP demurs—"*to be or not to be;*"
"*Off with his head!*" roars *Bobadil*, and clips—a *flea!*
"*We fly by night!*"—while boasts the swindling spark,
TIPSTAFF "*peeps through the blanket of the dark!*"
"*My bond,—I'll have my bond*,"—old Foreclose cries;
"*Who steals my purse steals trash*,"—the bard replies;
"*Out, damned* SPOT!" snarls old Miss PIMPLE FRET;
"*There's rue for you*,"—whispers her arch soubrette.
The love-sick cook-maid lisps—"*hist, Romeo, hist!*"
"And SNIP,—the tailor,—rants, "*List, list, oh! list!*"

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While thus the stage is fill'd with masquerade,
And bankrupt Thespis mourns his plunder'd trade,
What, if in turn,—'tis justice fairly due,—
The actor's eye-glass takes a squint at you!

Sir Fopling Classick is a wight, I ween,
Who reads to quote, and dresses to be seen;
The *prince* of *folly*, and the *fool* of *wit*,
He *plots* a *dinner*, to *campaign* a *hit!*
With well drest wisdom, *tout à fait* he looks,
The *sage* of *fashion*, and *bon-ton* of *books*.
In *scenick unities* so strict is he,
Time, place, and *action*,—touch and take *rappee!*
Anon, heigho! his critick *sneeze* emphatick,
Proclaims the raptures of *effect dramatick*.
In life's great play—no Stagyrite to shine—
His *plot* is *woman*, and his *moral wine*,
Thus, with a muse, a mistress, and a bottle,
Gay *Skeffington* surmounts grave *Aristotle*.
His own *reverse*, and yet *himself* the time,
A *bard* in *powder*, and a *beau* in *rhyme*;—
A *man* of *coral*,—such are fashion's powers!
A *plant* of *stone*,—that *vegetates and flowers*;—
A *fragrant exhalation*,—*rais'd* to *fade*,—
From *roseate rhetorick*, and *rose pomade*;—
A *sweet confection*, fit for *love* or—*tea*,
A *letter'd lozenge*,—stuff'd—*poeticé*;—
Sir Fopling *dashes*, while his *goblet pours*,
And who can doubt, an *empty* glass *encores!*
His *tropes* and *figures*, into *ferment* whipt,
See, in the froth of words, his tube is dipt!
The bubble floats,—from *classick* suds refin'd,—
It shines—it *bursts*—and leaves no *foam* behind!
Choice spirits all—his *scavoir vivre* club
Have *tickled trouts*, and sure may *hook* a *chub!*
Who delves to be a wit, must own a mine,—
In wealth must glitter, ere in taste he shine;—
Gold buys him genius, and no churl will rail,
When *feasts* are brilliant, that a *pun* is stale.
Tip *wit* with *gold*;—each *shaft* with *sheuts* is flown;—
He drinks *Champaign*, and must not *laugh alone*.
The *grape* has *point*, altho' the *joke* be *flat*,
Pop! goes the *cork!*—there's *epigram in that!*

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The *spouting bottle* is the brisk *jet d' eau*,
Which shows how *high* its *fountain head* can throw!
See! while the foaming mist ascends the room,
Sir Fopling rises in the *vif perfume!*
But ah! the *classick knight* at length perceives
His *laurels* drop with *fortune's falling leaves.*
He vapours cracks, and clinches as before,
But *other tables* have not *learnt* to roar.
At last, in *fashion* bankrupt, as in *pence*,
He first discovers undiscover'd sense;—
And finds,—without one *jest* in all his *bags*,—
A *wit* in *ruffles* is a *fool* in *rags!*
Lorn thro' the lobby see the POET steal,
Forgetting life, while *he* can *live* to *feel*;—
To blank oblivion yielding private woe,
While publick virtue gives one tear to flow;
And, charm'd with fiction, that her sorrows bless,
His fancy riots in the lov'd distress.
But ah!—*illusion sweet of tears and smiles*,
Where virtue revels, while romance beguiles,
What cheerless hours doth destiny delay,
Till *recollected* LIFE returns with *day*;—
When *he*, who wanders with a *poet's* name,
Must *live* on *friendship*, while he *starves* on *fame!*
Blest be the bard, whose tender tale inspires
The passion'd scene, with virtue's holiest fires;
Who draws from brightest eyes the moisten'd soul,
And bids their tributes glitter as they roll!
To *moral truth* when *loveliest grace* is given,
The *smile* of *Beauty* is a *ray* from *heaven*;—
Soft as the *fairy web*, *Arachne* weaves
To ward the night-dew from the lily's leaves;—
Chaste as the pity of Aurora's tears,
When the *web trembles* with the *pearl it bears.*
Yon *dapper Dash*—who screens the lobby fire—
Is *doughty* PETER PARAGRAPH, *Esquire*,—
Forever *knowing*—and forever *known*,—
The gay *Court Calender*—of *all the town.*—
His brilliant fancy wings such rapid flights,
That his pen flashes,—like the *northern lights!*
On *fashion's* face he marks each *patch* and *pimple*,—
Notes all the *Belle Assemblee*—to a *dimple*;—

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Keeps dates of *wrinkles*,—sets each *freckle* down,—
And knows the *age* of each *old maid* in town!
—*Puff*, and *Post Obit*,—naught is *he* perplex'd on,—
And, *Death* OR *Marriage*,—HE is *Clerk* and *Sexton!*
Whate'er the theme,—HIS is the quill to grace it,—
From "*consumatum est*"—to grave—"*hic jacet!*"
Wherever *folly* lies—in *wipe perdue*,—
Quick as heat-lightning—and as *harmless too*,
He *splinters words*, as *gamesters rattle dice*,
And sparkles like a man, *who chops on ice*.
In daily lounge, Cornhill *pavé* he passes,
To study *signs*, and ogle *looking-glasses!*
His spleen—at *vulgar gutters*—never rankles;
He thanks their *mud*—for every *pair of ankles!*
Nor thinks,—while feasting on caprice and whim,—
One *Grace* too *naked*, or one *fop* too *slim!*
Belles, *beaux*, and *blankets*,—*tiffanies* and *teas*,—
He *borrows* all he *knows*, from all he *sees*.
Then *home* for *fame*,—to *scribble* to be sure,—
For every *traveller* must write a *tour*;—
He gives the *world* the *gleanings* of his ramble,
As *nuts* are thrown to *monkies*,—for a *scramble!*
Once, on a truth,—it is his *only* boast,—
He made a lucky blunder to his cost;—
The *need* of *genius* is the *crime* of *wit*,
THEY *spurn* it *most*, who *have most want* of it!
Eh!—I've a full length CRITICK in my eye!
Shall I or *not?*—H'ell catch me, or I'd try!
Egad, I'm in for't!—see, *he's at me too!*
Pray, Sir, *turn round*,—I'll take a *profile* view.
Nay!—*nouns* and *pronouns* save such *want* of *grace!*
A POET look a CRITICK in the *face!*
Such *courage ne'er* was known 'mong *rhyming* elves,
Since *they* who're CRITICKS *now*, wrote *tags* THEMSELVES.
Streams, when *neglected*, sink to *common sewers*,
And *disappointed Authors* turn—*Reviewers!*[*]
Like stagnant pools, they breathe putrescent air,
From the green film, their fetid bosoms bear.
Fie!—*frown* not,—WE, who catch the *trick of faces*,
Must *rouse* the *passions*, to *excite* the *graces*:
Now,—in what Act, Sir, was our—EPITASIS?

[*] *These two lines are altered from the* "Children of Thespis."

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The *busy, bustling action* of our play!
"*The scenes with Abigail*"—ha! *there* you say!—
"The eyes of beauty beam'd with *lightning there*,"
"When *hopeless virtue* proudly *spurn'd despair*."
Caught by a twinkle from "the eye of beauty!"
A *Critick* too!—most *Stoick* Sir,—my duty.—
Nature WILL *break*,—*encase her how you will*,—
A *Cat in pattens* is *Grimalkin still*.
But soft, he speaks—"An *Epilogue* may *sport*
"With a *broad patent*,—like a *fool at court*;
"But while YOU *laugh* by *text*, and *rail* by *rote*,
"Your author's fable has our warmest vote."—
I thank you, Sir,—*I'll have* THAT *down by* NOTE.
"His *hero* needs no *advocate* at bar;—
"We see *his* virtue in its *native spar!*
Now,—what of *Sindal?*—How did *he* appear?—
"*Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear!*"—
"In crime accomplish'd, and in wit refin'd,
"His very *genius* blur'd the *grace of mind*."
But what of *Gripe?*—"Such knaves elude the law,
"And *live*, like *leeches*, on the *blood* they draw.
"When Gripe the balance with his conscience made,
"He kept his *vices*, as his *stock in trade*.—
"Spawn'd in the alley, by its logick rear'd,
"He *shaves* a *note*, as *Smallpeace* shaves a *beard*;
"And *both* so well their office understand,
"They *trim you smooth*,—and yet CONCEAL *the hand!*"
Smallpeace and razors are at your command—
Oh! what is man, who, thus debas'd by pelf,
All *human nature* sinks in *human self*;—
Who basely pilfers, with unfeeling joy,
A *mother's picture* from an *artless boy!*
When man's *deserting soul* forsakes his *breast*,
To pine a *death-watch* in a *miser's chest*,
The starving hypocrite allegiance swears
To gold and grace, to poverty and prayers;—
And, not one joy his flickering lamp to cheer,
Lives without love, and dies without a tear!
Such are the "Gripes," the meanest of their tribe,
Who cheat *themselves*, and chuckle at the bribe;—
Who bury nature, ere her mortal doom,
And drag existence in a *living tomb*.—

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In life's dark cell, pale burns their glimmering soul;—
A rush-light warms the winter of the pole.
To chill and cheerless solitude confin'd,
No spring of virtue thaws the ice of mind.
They *creep* in *blood*, as *frosty streamlets* flow,
And *freeze* with *life*,—as *dormice sleep in snow*.
Like *snails*, they bear their *dungeons* on their *backs*,
And *shut* out *light*,—to *save a window tax!*
Not so gay CŒLEBS lives,—nor *wife*, nor *child*,
E'er bless'd his arms, or on his bounty smil'd;—
Yet, touch'd by *nature*, his *affections* glow,
And claim their kindred to the *man of woe*.
Mid *wine* and *mirth* while *rolls* his *daily round*,—
The *secret want*, the *meek distress* is found;—
Silent as *light*,—and like its *source*, *serene*,—
His *bounty* gives *unknown*, and *warms unseen*.
He *feels*,—while *tears* the sacred joy confess,—
MAN LIKENS GOD,—when he has POWER TO BLESS.
Criticks there are, who boast a noble race;
Who twine with genius every letter'd grace;—
Candid to censure,—generous to commend,—
The polish'd scholar, and the faithful friend,—
Lov'd by the Muse, they *feel* the poet's fire,
And *soothe* the *minstrel*, while they *tune* his *lyre*;
On *private merit*, *publick fame* they raise,
For every *Nation* shares its *Author's* praise.

SCRAP.

MR. BERNARD, of the theatre, having been lately summoned to a rehearsal—an Irish girl knocked at the door of his room, crying at the same time—Master, master! here's a boy come to call you to resurrection.

IF we did not believe that our classic readers would be more pleased with the Epilogue, (as it was first intended to be, but which the fertility of the author's genius has exalted to a general satire) than with any thing we could have placed in its stead, we would apologize to our readers for the omission of our usual trifles.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 9.] *Boston, Saturday, January* 13, 1810. [Vol. I

TO THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Unless you can make your correspondence more amusing to our readers, we must decline publishing them. We will give you another week for consideration, and we hope, that a little reflection will enable you to shine with a brighter ray in our next number, than you did in our last. Yours, N. N.

RELIGION.—No. III.

THE TRINITY.

As it is evident that in the Scriptures the word God is frequently used to express only authority or the agent of authority, so it is presumable that in other religious writings it may be *similarly* adopted.

Let us be permitted to try if such a construction of the word God, as has been proposed in our former number, may not remove some existing difficulties.

"There is God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit."

"And yet there are not three Gods, but one God."

There is the *authority* of the Father, the *authority* of the Son, and the *authority* of the Holy Spirit.

And yet there are not three Supremes, but one Supreme.

We have ever been fond, when attempting to illustrate abstract positions, of introducing *familiar* instances that are analogous; and never could see any indelicacy in elucidating the most serious subjects, by allusions to objects of inferior importance; for, it is by the admission and *contemplation* of *familiar* truths that the conceptions of our minds by degrees expand to the comprehension of the most sublime.

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We will, therefore, take collateral aid, in this instance, from the Bonapartean dynasty, and observe, There is King Napoleon, there is King Louis, and King Jerome.

And yet there are not three kings, but one king; the one supreme, the others agents only of his authority.

"O, holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity! three persons in one God!" The translation of the word "personæ" into the English word "persons," or the retaining of the word persons to this day, has been the cause of many a serious evil; the word "personæ" means CHARACTERS; so it originally meant, and in *that* sense it is, though a Latin word, familiarly adopted to the present hour. Witness our common play books—do we not see Dramatis *Personæ*, that is the characters (not the persons) of the Drama impressed on all of them? We should consequently read the last quotation, thus,

"O, holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three characters in one God. Three characters! Have we not experienced the Supreme in the character of an Almighty Being, in the *creation* of the world? have we not experienced him in the character of a benevolent and merciful Being, in the forgiveness and redemption of it, through the agency of his ever blessed Son? and do we not, at this very moment, experience him in the character of a Comforter and Protector in the infusion of his holy spirit, directing us *to* our duties, and fortifying us in the performance of them?

And shall we believe that this Trinity cannot exist in unity; that these divine attributes cannot be concentrated in *one Omnipotent?* That the Creator of the world cannot be at the same time its Redeemer, and subsequent Protector? What religious feeling should forbid us?

ESAU AND JACOB.

We seek no controversy; but we shrink not from it—our object is to smooth religion's path, and not to strew it with the thorns of oppugnation. We wish to reconcile apparent difficulties to common minds, to induce a more *sincere* regard for what we really believe to be the best book that was ever written; and upon these principles, we shall occasionally dare to give our observations on passages in the Bible.

Young persons are generally taught to believe that Esau sold his birthright to Jacob for a mess of pottage, but who will venture to prove it?—Does Moses tell us so? we think not.

We are aware of St. Paul's quotation—But it is in his Epistle to the *Hebrews*.

Let us examine all the history we have of Esau and Jacob from their birth to this occurrence; it is short. We are first told that "Esau was a

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cunning hunter," (in our present language a *skilful* or *scientific* hunter) "a man of the field," that is, a man who roved about in search of his prey, eat where he could, and slept where he could; "and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents, or at home—a peaceable, industrious husbandman."

The characters given of these two, by the author of Dives and Pauper, is,

"Jacob was a good man, Esau a shrew." Isaac loved Esau, because he did eat of his venison, that is, because Esau provided the substantial food for the family, and Rebekah loved Jacob, because he provided the vegetables; but by the word "loved" we are to understand nothing more than a *particular attention* to agents in their respective departments.

"And Jacob sod pottage: and Esau came from the field and he was faint.

"And Esau said to Jacob, feed me I pray thee with that same red pottage, for I am faint."

Let us here observe, that it is not because we are told only in the *last* verse of the chapter, that Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage, that we should therefore imagine that Jacob withheld food from his brother till he had forced him to sell his birthright; nor is it to be supposed that Moses related, or intended to relate, all that passed between the brothers during the interview, for Esau is made only to utter thirty words, and Jacob only ten; we must therefore conclude that something more than is related took place, and in this necessary and natural conclusion may we not include the terms of the bargain, for we are only told by Moses that Esau *sold* his birthright, but not for what, (Jacob placed before him bread and pottage, and Esau did eat and drink, but) must we not stretch the bounds of probability very far before we can suppose on the one hand that Jacob would keep his fainting brother without food, for the purpose of forcing him to sell his birthright, and on the other hand, that Esau would deliver it in return for one mess of pottage. Men were men in those days as well as now. But Jacob was exempted from the *necessity* of using artifice to persuade Esau to part with his birthright, for Esau says, "behold I am at the point to die; and what profit shall this birthright do to me?" And Jacob said, swear to me this day; and he sware unto him, and he sold his birthright unto Jacob."—Thus we are only told he sold his birthright, but we are not told for *what* he sold it. It is true that Jacob gave him bread and pottage of lentiles, but we presume the same mess would have been prepared for, and given to Esau, had there been no question whatever about the birthright.

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We have hitherto regarded this passage only in a literal sense; we will now indulge in a paraphrase, or rather in such an interpretation as we think its metaphorical sense will permit.

Esau, having been a long time engaged in the labours and the dangers of the chace, visits the tents of Jacob, disgusted with his employments and wearied with their fatigues, he says to Jacob, let me, I pray, enjoy with you your wholesome food, your quiet and retirement.

Jacob may be supposed to reply, accept from me what comforts my habitation or a portion of my land and flocks can give you, and let me take in exchange your birthright. Suppose the bargain made. Has Esau then sold his birthright for a mess of pottage? Certainly not; but he has given up his birthright with his wild method of living, for that which a mess of pottage represents as opposed to a savoury dish of venison—for an innocent, peaceful, economical, and retired life. Accordingly we hear no more of him for forty-five years, excepting that soon after this circumstance he married, probably on finding himself comfortably settled and restored to health.

LOT'S WIFE.

We shall next take into consideration the punishment of Lot's wife; It is observed in the 19th Chapter of Genesis—"But his (Lot's) wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."

On this subject so much has been said, so many wild hypotheses have been created; so many fabulous accounts erected, that we shall select none; indeed, according to the limits we have assigned to ourselves, we have nothing to do with the opinions of others, we only offer our own.

Our translation tells us, that Lot's wife, for her disobedience, was turned into a pillar of salt. We think that Moses tells us, that she was punished with perpetual barrenness. We will endeavour to support this opinion; and first, we shall observe, that barrenness among the Hebrews was supposed to be the greatest punishment and disgrace that could be inflicted on females—and next, that salt, from the infertility of land adjacent to the sea, from its incapability of self-reproduction, like the seeds of the land, and from the effects then generally observed from its application, was considered as the promoter and symbol of sterility. In proof of the justice of this position we appeal to the conduct of Abimelech in Shechem.

"And Abimelech fought against the city all that day; and he took the city and slew all the people that were therein, and beat down the city, and sowed it with salt." We consider, therefore, that when Moses used this expression, "a pillar of salt," he used it metaphorically, and meant

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to infer that she became a heap of matter incapable of prolification, or in common language, that she was made barren.

This we contend is all that Moses meant; as for those who believed that she was materially converted to a pillar, of course it was necessary for them to *find* the pillar; accordingly Josephus, St. Jerom, Burchard, and others declared that in their time the statue was still to be seen. What statue? Eugenius indeed who examined a stone, said to be the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned, says, it appears like a large stone of five or six feet in circumference and about five feet high.

HELL.

"How the community could have been led to acquire, and why they are still suffered to retain their extravagant notions respecting this word, is an inquiry that comes not within our province. Our duty is only to interpret it. The word is Anglo-Saxon, so that we cannot derive its etymology from the learned languages. But we may be allowed to apply to them for *their* word so translated into our testament; we find it in the Latin, *Gehenna*, in the Greek the *same*—of course a proper name of some person, place or thing; the Greek will tell us it signifies a place (of something) eternal rewards or punishments;—let us pursue it to the Hebrew—"Ge" signifies a valley, and "Hen," rest—here then we find some light. Pursue it farther—Where was this valley of rest—this Gehenna?—In the valley of Hinnom—what is the meaning of Hinnom? *There they are.*—Now what can we understand from the word Gehenna as used in the Latin and Greek testaments, but a burying place?

This word is translated into our language Hell, and very properly; but what does the word Hell in our language mean? simply and only a place *covered up*, a sepulchre, a vault, a grave. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word Helan, to cover up, and as most of our substantives so derived are only past participles of the verb, we readily make the word Hell.

In proof of what we advance we will bring forward a few extracts from the original translation of the testament into old English—but as the old English may not be intelligible to all, we will put the passages in modern English, excepting where the word now in question is used.

Mat. 6. 31. Therefore take no thought, saying what shall we eat or what shall we drink, or wherewithal we shall be Hilid, (or clothed or covered.)

Mat. 8. 24. The little ship was *hilid* with waves.

Mat. 25. 36. Naked and ye hiliden me. Clothed me.

Again, in Romans—Who shall descend into the deep to bring up Christ again from the dead? is in the old English translation, who shall

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go down into deepness, or Helle, that is, for again clepe crist fro the dede spirits.

Philippians 2. 10. That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.

The latter part of this sentence stands thus in the old English.

"Of heavenly things, and earthly Hellis"—that is, earthly things covered up.

If then the word Hell has so essentially suffered a change in its meaning since the original translation of the New Testament, is it not necessary that the word itself, should be changed, or that such an interpretation should be given of it as in our modern language would correspond with the meaning of our Saviour?—why should not our Redeemer appear as mild, as amiable, as benevolent and as perfect to the English, as to the Latin or Greek reader. Why should he say in the original, in the soft language of remonstrance, "if thy hand offend thee, (or is corrupted) cut it off, it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into your grave,"

That is, as we conceive it, if you have a corrupted limb, cut it off at once, for it is better for you to pursue the duties of this life, with the loss of that one limb, than by persevering too strenuously in retaining it to risk the corruption of the whole body, which will lead you to the grave.

Now, by adopting our present interpretation of the word "Hell" instead of grave, we injure the figure intended by our Saviour; which was accordingly to his common practice to make sensible objects the vehicle of intellectual conceptions; we destroy the metaphor by introducing one half of the things *signified*, into the sentence which describes, and thereby occasion an oppugnance of sentiment, elicited from a confusion of ideas.

Theatre, Monday, Jan. 8th, 1810.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

By William C. White, Esq.

THIS tragedy has now been presented four times successively to the Boston audience, and has been every time received with such tokens of applause and encouragement, as prove that they are *inclined* to encourage native merit. We originally recommended this play to the public, as a production deserving encouragement, and we have the satisfaction of believing that the public have not been deceived by us. The unusual attendance on the first night, and the flattering audience on the third, (the author's) are convincing proofs that the community of Boston will do every thing in their power to foster talent, when candidly and generously submitted to them.

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A perfect tragedy was not to be expected, nor was a perfect tragedy promised; it had its faults. We before declared that, if the performers did their duty the play would succeed; the play has succeeded; and we may venture to assert, that no new play was ever presented to the public to which more attention had been paid by the managers and actors, than to this. The managers and actors deserve individually and generally the thanks of the author.

"None but an author knows an author's cares,
"Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears."

Consequently we are willing to make allowances for such remarks as burst occasionally from the bosom of a doating parent.

The play is withdrawn for the present, for revision. It has been the subject of much conversation, and we hope that the most valuable remarks will reach the author's ears; and having reached them, that he will not suffer such remarks to be scattered on a rock where they can take no root; but that he will introduce them to a good soil, whence they may produce their fifty or their hundred fold.

MR. MORSE.

ALTHOUGH we have for obvious reasons been generally silent on theatrical subjects, in our last and present number, we feel ourselves called upon by industry and merit, to notice the recitation, by Mr. Morse, of "The Paint King," on Friday last. The poem is a production of a resident of this town, and a native of the United States, and its being admitted in the Anthology renders, on our part, any general praise of it, at least, unnecessary.——We here break off to insert the following communication, with which we have been favoured, and which corresponds, so generally with our own ideas, that we omit what we had further prepared, to make room for it.

COMMUNICATION.

WE were very happy to read the name of this gentleman in the bill of Mr. White's benefit; because we were formerly much gratified with his energetic display of native talent. But our surprise was as consummate as our pleasure, when we heard him recite the admirable burlesque ballad of "*The Paint King.*"—It is very evident, that Mr. Morse, in the interval of his recess from the stage, has made a scientific study of the art of elocution. His conception was always correct, and his action and expression powerful; but in grace, attitude, gesticulation, inflexion, intonation, and conveyance, he exhibited, on this occasion, an improvement of rhetorical manner, which, while it charmed us with a delight

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we had not anticipated, at the same time convinced us, that we beheld *an oratorical scholar on the boards.*—Every one was deeply impressed by the force of his talents, and he retired amid the applauses of the *whole theatre.*

MAJOR RUSSELL'S ORATION,

The delivery of which excited so much applause, is now issued from the press. Every one may now read in print, what every one then admired in recitation. It is classic, appropriate, and polished. It combines the graces of letters with the vigour of judgment. *He* may be content with the honour, which he has gained for himself, but his *association* shares it with him; for wherever talents, learning, and mind, are displayed, they shed a lustre over the society in which they live.

FASHIONABLE COLDS.

We know not how far we ought to venture on this delicate topic, or how much we may interfere with the interest of the faculty, by noticing the very great pains some of our fashionable ladies take to have a cough always at command.—It is true that a hem, a sneeze, and sometimes a continued cough will afford a temporary relief, less or more lasting, as occasion may require to the efforts of the understanding, but we cannot help thinking that a greater degree of common sense would be exhibited by taking the necessary precautions to avoid them.

ROUGE OR PAINT.

Although we seriously believe that the young ladies of Boston, are at present the least *deviatory* from strict and steady principles of any in the United States, we cannot but observe with regret, a practice which if not already fashionable, threatens to become so, that of giving unnatural colours to natural cheeks.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF BOSTON,

Or such of them as it may concern.

YOUNG LADIES,

You apply to your looking-glasses, and say, we must put on some rouge—Ask yourselves first why you require it, why the *native* tint has faded—reflect then on the manner in which you have dressed yourselves for the parties in which you have been engaged; on the hours which you have allotted to repose—and if such reflections, (as undoubtedly they will,) present themselves as to attribute an abuse of physical ability, recover it by physical restoration—take air and exercise.—You do not deceive men by putting rouge upon your cheeks, but you de-

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ceive yourselves; every man of sense discovers harlotry of sentiment in the attempt of a female to appear what she is not. Artificial decorations of this nature must indicate a deceptive disposition; and what man, who is not a deceiver himself, would take to his bosom a woman who has attempted to deceive him.

It is in vain to suppose that the artifice is not discovered; there is not a young lady in town, who paints her face, and is not known to do so; and the common reply to an admiration of such charms is—yes, she *looks* pretty, but she paints.

What confidence can a man place on the mind of a female who is always marked for deception?

Your Friend, N. N.

THEATRE.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A NEW tragedy was brought out on Monday night, January 1st.—The acknowledged author of this tragedy is Wm. C. White, Esq.—The public avowal of the author's name was candid, was honest.—He cannot now repent of his ingenuousness, since the destiny of his piece is ascertained; for who would blush at the parentage of a play, which the literature of his country has proudly fostered with so much fondness and favor?

The general outline of the fable is confessedly taken from the first part of Mc Kenzie's admirable novel, "*The Man of the World*;" and in the whole range of fiction, a more excellent subject could not have been selected for the purpose of moral and pathetic impression, thro' the medium of dramatic effect.

The play opens with an interesting scene of domestic affection, in the house of the Rev. Mr. Annesley, whose son and daughter, (Theodore and Emmeline) fill up the void in his bosom, which was once occupied by their departed mother.

The venerable pastor has given them a polite, classical and moral education; and they lived in unenvied seclusion, in a village near London, until the fascinating beauty of Emmeline attracts the eye of Lord Sindall. The character of this nobleman is drawn, not *vitâ major*, but with a truth of feature and vividness of colouring, which indeed surprize us, in a cis-atlantic production. The ingenuity of the fable begins to develope itself in the very first act.—Lord Sindall meets Emmeline by accident near his country seat, seizes the moment to display his graces in the presentment of a nosegay, and then makes his *premier pas* to the affections of the pious family by a sum of money inclosed in an anonymous letter to Theodore, in which the private donation is glossed by

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morality, and the secresy of the donor is most artfully exposed to discovery. Mr. Annesley calls on Lord Sindall to express the gratitude of his family for his Lordship's generosity, while he, with well conducted simulation, neither affirms nor denies the gift, and under the promise of preferment very easily obtains permission to take Theodore with him to London.

In the metropolis, Theodore is introduced to his lordship's gay companions at a gaming house, and by the aid of Melville, a necessitous gentleman, is plundered at cards of all the little fortune his lordship had presented him. The bacchanalian scene, which precedes that of the gaming table, is one of the best drawn in the whole play. His virtue is now to be attacked by another and most commonly, more successful artifice.—He is, by a seeming accident introduced at midnight into a brothel, where he providentially meets with Adelaide Howland, who had been placed there for the purpose of seduction, by a perfidious lover, with whom she had eloped from her father's house, to be married clandestinely. Her warning voice becomes at once the oracle of Theodore; and he generously promises to restore her to her father, and to act the mediator between them. But having lost all his money, he once more resorts to the gaming house, to raise a sufficient sum for the rescue of Adelaide, on the pawn of his watch, ring, &c. The sum offered by Gripe is too small for his necessity; and thus he is again compelled to commit himself to the hazard of the dice. He is again unfortunate; and by the persuasion of Melville, to whom he had communicated the story of Adelaide, he parts with his mother's picture, loses that too, and in a state of distraction, rushes from the house. Melville, who is a reluctant dependent on his lordship, is now informed by Grant the landlord, that Col. Howland was in the house, and had come to London in pursuit of an eloped daughter. Melville,—"whose poverty, but not whose will, consents," to become the instrument of his lordship's villanies, immediately informs the distressed father of the perilous situation of his daughter.—In the mean time Theodore is attacked in the street by a foot pad, from whom he wrests his pistol; and in the phrenzy of his mind while he stands pausing on the brink of suicide, the door of the gaming house opens, and the voice of Gripe is heard, scoffing and laughing at the green rustick, whom he had stripped of every thing, "even to his mother's picture."—Theodore rushes upon him with furious indignation, seizes with violence the purse of the old miser, and escapes. An inquiry is instantly set on foot in the gaming house for the detection of the robber, whose face, being screened by the darkness of the night, was not recognized by Gripe. Of his voice, however, he has a strong suspicion. Lord Sindall, in the mean time, encounters Theo-

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dore in the street; learns the criminal secret from his unsuspecting *elevè*; and hastens to the gaming house to concert a new plot for the destruction of Emmeline. Theodore now arrives at the brothel, and by his menaces and denunciations, frightens the old Abigail to surrender her "sorrowing captive." As Adelaide and Theodore are departing, Col. Howland abruptly enters, and challenges Theodore with the dishonor of his daughter. An interesting explanation then takes place; the father again receives his daughter to his bosom, and the third act terminates with an impressive ejaculation to an adorable "providence."

The fourth act developes the busiest action of the plot.—Emmeline is secretly informed by Sindall of Theodore's crime, and is requested from reasons of delicacy and affection to conceal it from her father. She sets out for London immediately, and arrives at the gaming house at the moment when his lordship had contrived to have Theodore arrested on a fictitious warrant at the complaint of Gripe. The still unsuspecting Theodore is then ostentatiously released by Sindall, in the presence of his sister, Gripe is severely reproved for his unjust accusation, and the snare of gratitude is spread for the innocent heart of Emmeline. Theodore then restores the purse to Gripe, without, however, divulging the secret of the robbery. His monitory address to the miser is one of the most forceful and comprehensive lessons of morality which the stage can boast of. Emmeline is sent home under the protection of Melville, who, according to a preconcerted plot of his lordship, loses his way; and in a tempest at midnight drives to a forest, where his lordship's hirelings, in the disguise of a banditti, stop the carriage, and force Emmeline from it. Melville is overpowered, when at the critical moment, the heroick Sindall appears, and most valiantly beats off the assailants.—Emmeline faints with alarm, and is carried by his lordship into an adjoining and convenient cottage; where Norcross, one of his lordship's tools, administers a "Circean draught" under the pretence of a restoring cordial. But here we shudder while we draw a veil, as the author has delicately done, over this dark scene of iniquity. Immediately on the entrance of Emmeline into the cottage, Col. Howland appears, led by the cry of distress; and tho' benighted on his way homeward, in the horrors of the storm, pursues the ravishers; and on the re-entrance of Norcross, overhearing him confess the compunction of his conscience at the crime he had committed, suddenly arrests him, and carries him to the next village for examination.

In the fifth act, while Sindall, having accomplished his purpose, is planning a *marriage of honor* between Melville and the deserted Emmeline, Howland discloses to Theodore the secret of his sister's disgrace, and of his patron's infamy. Norcross had revealed the plot, and is re-

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tained to confront the seducer. Sindall is watched to the gaming house, which he enters; Theodore follows him with a drawn sword; and when the injured brother and the polished villain meet face to face, we are presented with one of the finest scenes in any modern tragedy. A severe recrimination then occurs between Sindall and Norcross, which ends in a sudden conflict between them, and the "par nobile fratrum" die by each others weapons, before Theodore can effect his meditated vengeance.

While this catastrophe is taking place in London, Melville has conducted Emmeline to the cottage in the forest, under the pretext of a private marriage with Lord Sindall; who, for family reasons, could not publicly lead her to the altar. Here Melville presents a letter from Sindall, in which he requests her to think of him no more, and advises her to accept the hand of *Melville*, whom he had "provided" to marry her.—She falls at once heart-struck, in the agony of despair. Melville offers to re-conduct her to her father's; but hearing the voice of Theodore on the stairs, he retires overwhelmed with remorse and contrition. Theodore has scarcely announced the death of Sindall, when her venerable father appears. The distress of the scene is now very highly wrought; and the sweet wanderings of Emmeline's mind give new tenderness to the sensibilities of affection. The lovely Emmeline at length dies of a *broken heart*; and when the curtain fell, there were few, who could not exclaim "*if you have tears, prepare to shed them now.*"

Some remarks on the play, and on the performance, are postponed until our next.

Theatre, Wednesday, Jan. 10th, 1810.

THE HONEY MOON, AND THE PILGRIMS, OR *The Landing of our Forefathers at Plymouth Rock.*

We think that our forefathers would not have succeeded so well in their design, if they had not brought with them more genius than the author of the Pilgrims has advanced in commemoration of the event.

It is the endurance of such productions that brings our literary character into disrepute. They are foisted upon the public under popular titles, (mousetraps,) and the better part of it have patience to submit, or have not energy to resent. If we ever intend to rank with other cities of literary taste, we must be as impressive in condemnation, as in encouragement. What intelligent citizen of Boston would wish that the Pilgrims should be published as a criterion of native genius?—We know not the author; he has, with more wisdom than he exhibited in the compilation, concealed himself, at least, from our inquiries. But

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we think the managers commit their judgments, or their duty to the public, in producing such performances.

With nothing to recommend it but its title, which, like toasted cheese in a trap, seemed placed there for the purposes of enthralment, it is in every critical consideration objectionable. Neither could history, incident, or probability justify occurrences, language, or allusions; nor could we perceive any thing (not borrowed) that should have excited a partial approbation.

We have only to regret that the talents of the ladies and gentlemen engaged in the performance were so misapplied.

NATIVE GENIUS.

In spite of all that European philosophers have urged to the contrary, we will maintain, that neither physical strength nor human intellect is "belittled in America." If the latter does not shine so generally or strikingly, it is not because it is not in the mine, but because we want artificers to dig it out and polish it. A flint in Europe will not elicit a spark till the steel strikes it, and what more can be expected here? modesty is ever the attendant of genius, while ignorance is boisterous and presuming. Many a beautiful native plant in this country has been doomed,

"To waste its fragrance on the desart air,"

While the fopperies of presuming ignorance have been sent to Europe as the criterion of the genius of America.

We have now genius and abilities, male and female, in the town of Boston, fully equal to a rescue from any attack that can be made on us; but our militia of wit and learning must be called out, we must have a literary parade, and the public voice should encourage it, and bring it forward.

BOSTON GAZETTE.

To the editors of the Boston Gazette high praise is due for the encouragement they appear at all times to give to native productions. We shall ever be willing to be superseded in our intended remarks by the *daily* publications; but, if we are not mistaken, we may observe with safety that America has no more right to claim the poem of the Paint King, as the offspring of her own genius, than England had, to the honour of producing Mr. West.

Before we knew any thing of Knickerbocker's history of New York, we observed that New York had her Irwins, and Boston will not remain quiet without her visible balance in the scale of literature. We have it within us, it is in the quarry, and we hope that it will not be long before it is withdrawn and polished.

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NAVAL OFFICERS.

THERE can be no person more attached to naval or military honour than ourselves. We love valour from our souls; but we cannot perceive any in a cocked hat and large sword worn in a theatre. Nor can we see any other motive for their introduction there, than vanity and a demand of admiration.

When officers come to a place of public amusement, (excepting when on duty,) in uniform or regimentals, the supposition must necessarily be, that they are so dressed to conquer—women.

An officer's merit must originate from his heart, his industry, and science, in tactics; and they who feel they have the souls of officers within them, will never unnecessarily wear the external appearance for the sake of attracting popular admiration.

Our superior officers have already set a noble example, and we hope that the younger gentlemen will follow it. We wish them to shine where they ought, and where we trust they will shine if occasion requires, on deck or in the field; but at the theatre and other public amusements, we think they would appear more *like* officers in an undress.

Far be it from us to damp one atom of true American spirit, however infused; our observations are dictated by our esteem and respect for all who advocate their country's cause. But we have already had too much of words and shew, and for the honour of the national character, we could wish, a less general display of dress, till we are called upon to make a general display of valour; and then, may every American *shew* himself an officer.

BOSTON POLICE.

ENQUIRIES have been made to us, whether or not there exists *any* authority by which the disgraceful disturbances, to which the good natured citizens so patiently submit, during their lawful amusements, can be quelled. We are sorry that we have no reason to answer in the affirmative. We, therefore, recommend an application to the Selectmen, from whom, perhaps, a more favourable answer may be obtained. We only presume, that if a constable will not, or dare not do his duty, there must exist *somewhere* a power of enforcing justice. When democracy rebels, the arms of despotism are open.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

Authentic Anecdote. *Rio Janeiro.*

SIR SIDNEY SMITH, a few days after the arrival of the Diana, went on board. The officers, as usual, went on deck to receive him. Neither the captain nor admiral Decourcy was on board to introduce them. Sir Sidney perceiving their embarrassment, readily entered into conversa-

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tion with them on diverse subjects. Perceiving that one of the company, lieutenant Barclay, had lost his arm, he addressed himself to him thus: "Pray, sir, allow me to ask you where you met with this accident?" Mr. Barclay told him that it was in an engagement on the coast of Franco. Sir Sidney then asked if the lieutenant found any difference in the effects of climates. He was answered, that the pain was not so great there (Rio Janeiro) as in England, excepting in rainy weather. "I have often," replied the gallant admiral, "heard that observation made by gentlemen who have had the same *honour*."

NEW CHURCH, PARK STREET.

On Wednesday was dedicated to the service of Almighty God the new and beautiful House recently erected at the head of the Mall, on the corner of Tremont and Park streets.

If we are rightly informed, to the exertions of about forty individuals we are indebted for this ornament to our town. The erection of such a building, does honour to the metropolis of New England. For simple elegance in the arrangement of this edifice, we know of no parallel in this country.

It is not our intention to controvert the tenets as professed by the speaker, our remarks must necessarily be brief.

We have witnessed many ceremonies of this nature, and with pleasure we confess, none with more satisfaction than the dedication of this church. To the orator of the day, Dr. Griffin, and we appeal to the silence that pervaded through the House for the correctness of our opinion, much praise is due for his ingenious and sublime discourse; and we trust they who heard it, who differ with him in their religious points, will never hereafter accuse him of not being explicit in making known the doctrines to be contended for by him and the church.

The musick was excellent, and a very crowded audience witnessed with pleasure the ceremonies of the day.

SCRAPS.

From our last number we were under the neeessity of excluding much temporary matter, and some valuable communications, which we wished and intended to have inserted.

We must again observe, that we shall look with a jealous eye on *all* communications, that we may not be ourselves entrapped; we have received some of so doubtful a character as to make this observation necessary.

TO MENTOR.

The communication signed Mentor, and recommended with some flattery by "a Subscriber," we cannot admit. This is no time for

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jokes on governmental authority; we should all be serious on that topic; we deal not in politics, but it requires very little human prescience to discern that the Selectmen of Boston are about to compose an important weight in the balance of the salvation of their country.

To them and to our State government every assurance should be given that honesty and real patriotism can offer.

We think that if Telemachus had not been favoured with a better "Mentor," than our correspondent, he would not have escaped from the island of Calypso, and it may not be improper to add, that we believe that our correspondent's feelings partook rather of the infatuation of the son of Ulysses than of the wisdom of Minerva, when he was induced to send us such a communication.

It will cost ingenuity some pains to get to the windward of us. Solid principle is not easily undermined. We think that we did our duty on the subject to which he alludes; and we shall consequently fear no "Mentors" in *masquerade*.

Mentor will, however, perceive that his *serious* object, if he had any, is not neglected; but we will also add for his consideration, that when the Athenians adopted the owl as the crest of the shield of Pallas, it was not with the intention of presenting that bird to them as the symbol of wisdom, but to caution them against taking the appearance for the *reality*. If "Mentor" intends further communications, we hope he will at least adopt a more suitable signature.

COMMUNICATION.

THE man who'd risk his peace for fame,
And give up virtue for a name,
Shall feel black care's envenom'd dart
Pierce deep within his guilty heart;
On him content shall never smile,
Nor joy his weary hours beguile;
But still a slave to wild desire,
Shall burn with ever raging fire.
What though he reach the giddy height
To which he aims his daring flight;
E'en there his mind no peace shall know,
For his own conscience is his foe.

QUINTUS.

TO THE ANONYMOUS CRITIC IN THE PALLADIUM.

"'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill,
"Be found in writing, or in judging ill."

We have not room to say more at present. In our next, we may enter the lists with him.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 10.] *Boston, Saturday, January* 20, 1810. [Vol. I.

CRITICISM.

Criticism is a system of principles more immediately applicable to the fine arts. These principles are drawn from nature, and have their foundation in the philosophy of the human mind. They therefore constitute one of the most exalted, and, at the same time, one of the most enticing studies that can be presented to the view of the intellect. The cultivation of this study, produces consequences, of all others, most favourable to the mind. It not only enlarges the capacity of the understanding, but it also softens the sensibilities of the heart. It gives us a more lively perception of the beauties and deformities of works of genius. A quick apprehension of these beauties and deformities, and a lively sensibility to the pleasures and pains proceeding from them, we call *taste*. Taste, therefore, signifies *feeling* corrected, and at the same time heightened by that portion of philosophy which embraces the laws of criticism. If the preceding observations be correct, it follows irresistibly, that a critic requires extraordinary qualifications: he must possess taste; nature must have imparted to him a soul divinely sensitive, and this soul must be disciplined and refined by the precepts of philosophy. A being so constituted by nature, and so cultivated by study, must, we should imagine, be incapable of those little arts of falsehood and malice, which are peculiar characteristics of little minds. He is so. It is only the *importers* of criticism who make a prodigal display of the vilest passions of the human heart; who having picked up here and there a few rules of the critical art, which they do not understand, apply them as a juggler plays his tricks, to the mean purposes of vulgar deception.

Nor does the ambition of such men aspire beyond the miserable triumph of a juggler. They look for no higher applause than a stare from ignorance or a laugh from stupidity.

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REVIEW OF A REVIEW.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

THE extracts are taken from the Palladium of Friday, Jan. 12, 1810.

"A new play has been introduced to the public under this title with strong solicitations for their candour and encouragement, as it was the production of an American."

Thus begins the review.

We first as we believe, recommended to the public this tragedy. When it was originally, produced to *us*, we were estranged from its author in convivial friendship, opinions, and political sentiments; but we could not debase ourselves so far as to suffer private opinions of any nature to veil the eradiations of genius, or the probably successful efforts of industry; we read, we approved and recommended it to the public as a work of merit deserving encouragement—it has been encouraged, and it has succeeded. We know of no solicitations made for the candour of the public, and to the *audience* of Boston none could have been necessary; the candour certain of *individuals* might have been solicited for in vain.

"Great pains were taken by the performers to afford their whole strength." This is true, and if the reviewer had added "the managers also" he would but have done them justice.

"Four audiences have given it a fair opportunity of representation, with their best wishes for its success."

Presuming that we comprehend the reviewer's meaning—we say—agreed—and four audiences highly applauded it.

"It has had every advantage which the author could expect, or the public could bestow."—Agreed.

"They, in their turn, must claim their right of judging its merits" Agreed.—But—was not this right with the public in the first instance? did they *not* judge, and did they not approve—an individual also has *his* right to judge, we deny it not to the reviewer, but we will maintain our own, in his defiance.

"Our countrymen ought to be proud of cherishing dramatic genius, but they must be punctilious in establishing their taste."

Punctilious in establishing their taste! what is taste, but a just sense of pleasure or pain derived from the beauties or deformities of art or nature—and on what is taste founded?—general approbation or dislike: not on individual opinion.—Has our admiration of Homer, Virgil, Milton, &c. depended on the opinion of any one man?—Oh no! and the cold heart that cannot, or will not feel beauties though emanating from a literary opponent, deserves not the title of a literary critic.

"It is much easier to make upon spectators a tragic than a comic impression." Indeed! we have always thought that the *mind* partook

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of sensibilities, but that risibility might be perfectly independent of its impressions.—We think, and it is proved every night at the theatre, that one hundred will laugh at nonsense, where ten will weep from sympathetic sorrows.

A good farce, with Mr. Bernard and Mr. Dickenson to support it, will excite comic impressions on a thousand, after the best tragedy with the best tragic actors has failed to draw the tears of sensibility from a hundred.

"Critics are more fastidious in relishing humour, than in sympathizing in grief."

Critics! critics fastidious! a fastidious critic must be a *lusus naturæ*—a monster—it is true that there are some *pretended* critics (Pseudo-critics we believe to be the technical term) who feel a repugnance in admiring any thing better than what they could produce themselves, and who when their own genius can aspire only, with much previous labour, to the accomplishment of a *pun* will condemn every species of wit that exceeds their efforts.

"A bad tragedy may *go off* when a tolerable comedy would be *condemned*."

The sublimity, and consequently, the truth of the above sentence is beyond our comprehension. But we will insert its concluding member.

"The one may be supported by scenery and action, the other must depend on its dialogue."

If we did not believe that the greater part of our readers were acquainted with Shakespeare we would offer a refutation of this absurd hypothesis.

The subsequent observations on the Curfew and Adelgitha are unworthy of our notice.

"The story of the Clergyman's Daughther is taken from Mc Kenzie's "Man of the World" the subject may please in a novel, but it has too much simplicity for a tragedy."

What in the name of literature does this *classical* reviewer mean by too much simplicity? has he forgot or did he never read Aristotle?—has he studied as common school boys study, or did he *never* study the "simplex et unus" of Horace? O fie! O fie!

"The author of this play deserves much credit for his knowledge of dramatic unity; the time, place, and action, are skilfully conducted;" admirable critic! friendly approbator!

What! because he is acquainted with what any school boy could be taught in five minutes, "a knowledge of dramatic unity," is he to give the author of a successful tragedy credit *only* for that? And then add, "We wish we could say more in his favour!" We never would have recommended the performance to the public, had we not possessed a

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safer foundation for *our* assertions; on the reviewer's principle every tragedy or comedy of Shakespeare would be condemned, as well as those of at least fifty other authors.

Such observations prove the reviewer indeed to be *fastidious*, but they do not prove him to be a critic.

"There is no originality in the plot, no surprise in the incidents, and no perplexity in the catastrophe."

We will ask here, if this excellent connoisseur had his rule and compasses in his pocket at the time when he ventured these observations? And again, for our own information, request him to make us acquainted with any tragedy produced within two hundred years, or thereabout, including Shakespeare's, that can pretend to originality of plot?

We do not acknowledge that there is in Mr. White's tragedy no surprise in the incidents; we have ourselves felt that there was; but admitting that there had been none—that circumstance could not have subjected it to condemnation, for many of ourbest plays succeed without it.

"No perplexity in the catastrophe!"

This appears to us as a strange collocation of words for a public reviewer—we shall therefore only observe that had he exhibited less perplexity as a critic, we should have experienced less trouble in our analysis.

"There is neither the grandeur of thought, nor the loftiness of language which belong to tragedy. The sentiments have too great tameness, and the expressions too little pungency."

These are the mere assertions of an individual; as assertions we cannot deny them ourselves, but we will see anon if the classical reviewer does not contradict himself.

"The words appeared to move with a measured pace, as if marching to the tune of *Roslin Castle*, but without uniform or discipline."

We are at a loss to discover whether the claims of right in the reviewer appeal to criticism or to wit for his reward for this paragraph; we shall only say, that we hope if such an observation should be issued from our pen, that "Something" may come to nothing.

"The character of the Rev. Mr. Annesley, has too much sternness for a father, too much ceremony for a friend, and too much revenge for a clergyman."

This is also an assertion—a mere assertion, but even our politeness cannot pass it by without a negative on our part. The keener eyes of the reviewer may perhaps perceive sternness in the anxious solicitude of a parent, and when he shall have found a friend for him (which the

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author has not done) he may accuse him of too much ceremony to that friend; when also the reviewer can prove *any* revengeful principle existing in the character of Mr. Annesley, he shall have our, and we venture to say, the author's sanction to his observation, that Mr. Annesley has "too much revenge for a clergyman."

"Lord Sindal displays not the bustle of a man of the world, nor the address of a libertine."

We know not in what sense the reviewer designed to use the expression, "A man of the world;" but if he intended to allude to the *really* fashionable and polished part of society, and if he had been accustomed to such company himself, he would have known that among them, there is no bustle, all is ease and elegant decorum. As to the "address of the libertine" we cannot discover how the reviewer can reconcile his own observations, that the lord has not the *address* of a libertine, with those which he afterwards makes concerning the feeble resistance of the seduced.

"His praises of vice have nothing converting; his sarcasms upon virtue have nothing piquant." The former part of this sentence, had it issued from the breast of sincerity, we should have regarded as a high encomium on the ingenuity of the author, and to honest minds we hope that sarcasms on virtue will never be "piquant."

"He disgusts you with his practice without reconciling you to his theory."

Here, in an apparent leap at ingenuity of condemnation, the reviewer is accidentally caught in the arms of common sense. What higher praise can a moral writer expect than to have it said *seriously* of him that he drew the character of a libertine so as "to disgust you with his practice, without reconciling you to his theory?

"His crimes were not gilded with any ingenuity."

We say so much the better—let us expose crimes in their natural colours.

"Plait sins with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

"They appear to proceed more from an ignorance of what is right, than a consciousness of what is wrong."

This passage puzzles us—we cannot comprehend its *bout*—we write ourselves thoughtlessly sometimes.

"You rather despise him as a booby than execrate him as a villain."

We are not perhaps so intimately acquainted with the term "booby" as the reviewer, but so far as we can ascertain its definition, we think that if our critic enters the list with lord Sindal in competition for the title,

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the public will at least admit *his superior* claim—lord Sindal *succeeded* in his attempt to ruin—the critic has not.

"The author seems to have been puzzled how he should dispatch his hero, he chose if not a *natural* an appropriate mode, by sticking him in the neck, of giving him a sheep-like death."

"Sic vos non vobis vellificatis oves"

Could any one but a "butcher" have produced such sharp observations?

"The innocence of Emmeline Annesley is finely pourtrayed."

Damning with faint praise!

"It is suited to that simplicity of thought and language in which the author excels."

Does the reviewer then admit that the author *excels* in simplicity of thought and language, and contend at the same time that he cannot rise to tragedy—to the sublime? Let us ask him what were the words that a heathen critic quoted from the sacred writings as the most remarkable instance of the true sublime? a few simple words, (fewer in the original) but as they stand in the translation; "Let there be light, and there was light." Is there not simplicity of thought and language in this?

"She is, *however*, kept too much in the *back scene* to excite that interest in her welfare which is intended."

This is an harmless "however."—"In the *development*" (technical word, signifying the unfolding of the plot) "her honour appears too frail in making so short and feeble resistance to her seducer." Honour appear frail! Honour we presume to be an insulated characteristic; it exists, or ceases to be; like life, it is, or is not; there can be no more frailty in honour, than there can be death in life.

Not wishing to deprive the reviewer of the character of a "booby," but borrowing it for a moment for Lord Sindal, we might admit that Emmeline made too feeble a resistence to her seducer; but we hope and trust that the Clergyman's Daughter will not fall so easy a prey to the reviewer.

"In the last scene, her transition from reason to insanity, and from insanity to death, is too sudden; the effect would have been more natural, had our author administered to his heroine a little poison." We shall only remark here, that the reviewer must be better acquainted with mad-houses than ourselves to ascertain *this* point; and, for the administration of poison, we shall simply observe, that *merchants* are apt to recommend those articles in which they deal.

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"Theodore Annesley exhibits too disjointed a character for the stage; his morals are corrupted by too weak a stratagem; he becomes criminal without sufficient inducement; we feel an indifference for *him* who suffers his virtue to fall so easy a prey."

But it will appear, that *we* have not felt that indifference for the reviewer, however easily his virtue may have surrendered itself.

We do not exactly, perhaps, comprehend the meaning of the reviewer, in calling Theodore a too *disjointed* character for the stage.—— But we shall here break off, at least for the present. We find that other pens have undertaken a similar task, and we discontinue ours for the present, lest too much should be offered to the public on one subject.

THE PAINT-KING.

To the author of the following poem, who has so politely and delicately requested from us an explanation of a passage concerning it in our last, we beg leave to apologize for the erroneous expression; and we do consequently offer to the public and himself our apology with freedom and sincerity. We would as freely give the *explanation* requested were it in our power; but our manuscripts of last week having been committed to the flames, we cannot refer to them for assistance in developing the cause of the contradiction. We can therefore only presume that it originated from a misconception on our part of information given in answer to our inquiries. The observation, "If we are not mistaken, we may observe with safety that America has no more right to claim the poem of The Paint King as the offspring of her own genius, than England had to the honour of producing Mr. West," was made solely from impressions that the author was a foreigner. We have since been informed that he is a native of the United States. We congratulate his country on the accession of such a poet to her *files* of genius, and with pleasure we accede to the request of his friends for its insertion.

FAIR Ellen was once the delight of the young;
No damsel could with her compare;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
And bards without number in extacies sung
The beauty of Ellen the fair.

But Ellen, though lovers in regiments threw
The darts of their eyes at her heart,
From sorrow no pitying sympathy knew;
For, cold as an icicle-shower, they drew
Not a drop from that petrified part.

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Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
A something that could not be found;
Like a sailor it seem'd on a desolate shore,
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound, but the roar
Of breakers high dashing around.

From object to object, still, still would she stray,
Yet nothing, alas! could she find;
Through Novelty's mazes she rambled all day,
And even at midnight, so restless they say,
In sleep would run after the wind.

Nay, rather than sit like a statue so still,
When the rain made her mansion a pound,
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a wood-pecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement reclin'd,
Pass'd a youth with a frame in his hand.
The casement she clos'd; not the eye of her mind;
For do all she could, no, she could not be blind;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"And what can he do," said the maid with a sigh,
"Ah! what with that frame can he do?
I wish I could know it:" When suddenly by
The youth pass'd again; and again did her eye
The frame, and a sweet picture view.

"Oh! sweet, lovely picture!" the fair Ellen sigh'd,
"I must see thee again or I die;"
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth, and the picture she hied,
Till the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he, (and he chuckled the while,)
"This picture, I see, you admire;
Then take it, I beg you, perhaps 'twill beguile
Some moments of sorrow: (pray pardon my smile)
Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift, with delight and surprise,
From the cunning young stripling receiv'd.
But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes,
When beaming with rapture, they gaz'd on her prize:
Yet thus was fair Ellen deceiv'd!

'Twas a youth, o'er the form of a statue inclin'd;
And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone;
Yet he languish'd, as though for its beauty he pin'd,
And gaz'd, as the eyes of the statue so blind
Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor, Pygmalion of old;
Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd,
"Ah! could'st thou but lift from that marble so cold,
Thine eyes so enchanting, thy arms should enfold,
And press me this day as thy bride."

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She said: when behold, from the canvass arose
The youth....and he stepp'd from the frame;
With a furious joy, his arms did enclose
The love-plighted Ellen; and, clasping, he froze
The blood of the maid with his flame!

She turn'd, and beheld on each shoulder a wing.
"Oh! heaven!" cried she, "who art thou!"
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
When frowning, he thunder'd, "I am the Paint-King!
And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
The loud-screaming maid, like a blast;
And he sped through the air, like a meteor swift,
While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift
To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now, suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
With an eddying whirl he descends;
The air all below him becomes black as night,
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with affright,
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the fiend, and he thundering knock'd
At the gates of a mountainous cave:
The gates opened wide, as by magic unlock'd,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rock'd,
Like an island of ice on the wave.

"Oh! mercy!" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his arms,
But the Paint-King, he scoff'd at her pain;
"Prithee, love," said the monster, "what mean these alarms!"
She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms
That wake her to horror again.

She opens her lids; but no longer her eyes
Behold the fair youth she would woo:
Now appears the Paint-King in his natural guise;
His face, like a palette of villainous dies,
Black and white, red and yellow, and blue.

On a bright polish'd throne, of *prismatical spar,
Sat the mosaick fiend like a clod;
While he rear'd in his mouth a gigantick cigar
Twice as big as the light-house, though seen from afar,
On the coast of the stormy Cape-Cod.

And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were seen,
In horrid festoons on the wall,
Legs and arms, heads and bodies, emerging between;
Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney Beane,
By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.

* *This being a* free country, *I have taken the liberty, for the sake of the metre, to alter the word prismatic, as above.*

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"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet,
"Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"
"Oh, no!" said the fiend, while he sprung from his seat,
"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;
Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,
An oil-jug he plung'd her within.
Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair
Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,
All cover'd with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth on a huge sable stone,
Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;
With a rock for his muller, he crush'd every bone;
But though ground to jelly, still, still did she groan;
For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care,
Each tint on its surface he spread;
The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
The pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,
And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

Then stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
"Now I brave, cruel Fairy thy scorn!"
When lo! from a chasm unfathom'd there came
A small tiny chariot of rose-colour'd flame,
By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthron'd in the midst on an emerald bright,
Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
Her robe was the gleam of the first blush of light,
And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In a voice that stole on the still charmed air,
Like the first gentle accent of Eve,
Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair:
"I come at thy call.....but, oh Paint-King! beware,
Beware if again you deceive."

"'Tis true," said the monster, "thou queen of my heart!
Thy portrait I oft have essay'd;
Yet ne'er to the canvas could I with my art
The least of thy wonderful beauties impart:
And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear, by the light of the Comet-King's tail!"
And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,
"If again with these magical colours I fail,
The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

"But if I succeed, then, oh! fair Geraldine!
Thy promise with rapture, I claim,
And thou, queen of Fairies, shalt ever be mine,
The bride of my bed; and thy portrait divine
Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

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He spake; when, behold the fair Geraldine's form
On the canvass enchantingly glow'd;
His touches, they flew like the leaves in a storm;
And the pure, pearly white, and the carnation warm,
Contending in harmony, flow'd.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem
To the figure of Geraldine fair:
With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
Each musole, each feature; in short, not a gleam
Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'Twas the Fairy herself; but, alas! her blue eyes
Still a purple did ruefully lack;
And who shall describe the terrifick surprise
That seiz'd the Paint-King, when, behold, he descries
Not a speck on his palette of black!

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
When, casting his eyes to the ground,
He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he fell like a stone:
Then rising the Fairy in ire,
With a touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,
(While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan!)
And she swell'd to a column of fire.

Her spear now a thunder-bolt flash'd in the air,
And sulphur the vault fill'd around:
She smote the grim monster; and now by the hair
High lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless despair
Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then waving, with smiles, o'er the picture her spear,
"Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
When, behold, from the canvass fair Ellen appear!
In feature, in person more lovely than e'er,
With grace more than ever divine!

MIDSHIPMEN.

With pain we have perceived that some remarks in our last have given uneasiness to several young gentlemen in the navy.

We will pass as gently as possible over subsequent occurrences.

We are neither changed in sentiment, feeling, or *determination*; we struck at the root of what we thought a growing evil, of a practice which we *know* has produced *fatal* consequences in other states, of a conduct calculated only to alienate the heart of the citizen from the officer. We consequently think that we have said nothing but what our duty, as editors, (for editors have their duties) will sanction.—We intend not, we wish not to irritate, but we will keep our ground.

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We declined acceeding to the demands of the young gentlemen, for three reasons; firstly, because they *were* demands; secondly, because we had given them no offence, for it is not because one *takes* offence, that offence is intended, and for our justification in this assertion, we appeal to the public and their superior officers; and thirdly, because neither the place, style, or publicity of their application could warrant a condescension on our part, had we been inclined to condescension.

But, as we have ourselves offspring of the same age, or nearly so, we will take the liberty, with the most friendly intentions, of adding to this answer a word of advice.—When young gentlemen only *suppose* themselves injured by observations intended for their essential advantage, their application for explanation, should be made without *threats*, they should calmly investigate the intention, or enquire politely into the meaning of the author—had *such* application been made to us, the young officers would have left us in friendship, and perhaps in *filial* love —at present we have only to admire the spirit they exhibited, and hope that it will in future be employed only against an *enemy*.

We will most invitingly and cordially take them by the hand at our next interview if they are so inclined—we prefaced our former remarks with a declaration of a love of valour, and if a *voluntary* assurance on our part, that we intended no offence, will appease their minds, we give it with the freedom of a heart that dares do justice, but which shrinks not from a dirk or pistol.

TO OFFENDED LADIES.

To certain ladies, who, as we are told, attended the theatre on Wednesday evening, the 10th, and who, as we have also been informed, were offended with some remarks in our last, by considering those remarks directed to themselves—We beg leave to intimate the impossibility of any personal allusion on that occasion, from the remarks complained of, having been printed before the opening of the theatre, of which the gentlemen who have advocated their cause may be assured by application to our printers.

A. G.

The communication subscribed as above, we presume was not intended by the author for publication; had he hinted a wish to that effect we would have inserted it with pleasure.

We shall proceed therefore in our answer on general principles, for general comprehension. We declare that our motives are universal good, we will therefore not only "*permit*," but we will thank *such* corres-

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pondents, to point out our deficiencies or errors. The question, however, respecting the subject of Esau and Jacob—we had hoped would have been at least unnecessary. Had we published that paragraph without "*thinking* it useful," we must have been hypocrites or impostors. We write not to exhibit our own talents; most readily will we give place to better; we will always admit any communication against ourselves in preference to any in our favour. In answer to the question, (and we presume the letter is from a clergyman,) "Are there not many passages in the scriptures, as we have them translated, upon which his pen might be more advantageously employed?" We will readily answer that we think there are. But "non omnia possumus omnes." Our intention, we should rather say our wish, is, to remove every difficulty Spinoza, Paine, and others have raised; but although on a former occasion, we entered professedly into the lists against the latter, the nature of our present publication precludes any thing more than occasional remarks. But while making these remarks, should any of them be thought erroneous, we should be sorry indeed if our publication could be ever proved closed against more solid information.

We think that we had better decline at present the answer to the question respecting the epistle to the Hebrews.—If the author should deem it proper to send us a question on that subject for *publication*, we will attend to it with readiness and regard. By the writer's observing that this is his *first* communication, we are induced to hope for others—he adds that he will defer further communications, until he sees "how this is received." It is received with respect, gratitude, and thanks.

N. N.

EDITORS.

It appears to us, that all persons engaged in laudable and honourable occupations, have certain assigned, and so far unalienable rights, as to justify themselves in supporting them with firmness.

We think, as Editors, we have ourselves some rights; if we are asked whence they are derived, we will answer "from the source of *all* rights, the public."

If the public did not feel that we were pursuing an honourable occupation, they would not support us—they *do* support us, and thence springs our essential duty, of watching over those feelings which law would pass by unnoticed, however injured, and which the essayist only can protect.

In the pursuance of our duty, hitherto, we think that we have never been personal, in the censure of habits, practices, or vices; in our reviews of written or oratorical performances, we have generally excluded

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the man; when reprobating the introduction of indecorous fashions, amusements, or presumed adornments, we have directed our pen against them only, and not the persons who introduced, or were about to introduce them.

"Humanum est errare."

"To err is human."

But if we generally pursue a correct system, we have, among others, a right to rely, at least on public *opinion*, for support. We trust to it.

Theatre, Friday, Jan. 12th, 1810.

PIZARRO, AND HUNT THE SLIPPER.

An accident which injured Mr. Warrell by the falling of part of the scaffolding, occasioned an embarrassment in the last scene of the play.

Theatre, Monday, Jan. 15th, 1810.

The play of Adelgitha was advertised for this evening. Mr. Fennell had undertaken to perform the part of Guiscard; on the morning he informed the managers that it had not been in his power to commit the part to memory. The blame rests thus: Mr. Fennell on Friday consented to undertake the exhibition of the part on Monday; we believe that in the interim he endeavoured to perform what he had undertaken, but his abilities proved unequal to his task. He wished not to appear prematurely in that character, and the play was consequently changed for Macbeth.

The managers are in every respect exculpated from any imputation that may attach to them for the imposed change in their premeditated arrangements.

MR. OGILVIE.

Tuesday, Jan. 16th, 1810.

ORATION ON THE ATHENÆUM.

With great pleasure we listened a second time to this oration, although the orator had thought it necessary to alter the exordium, and expunge several admirable passages, which we had before attended to with delight. We presume that the locality of their allusion was his only inducement to the omission. As a regular oration, perhaps, it may be deemed more perfect; we thought it so ourselves, while we regretted the absence of observations we had heard before, and which, we think, should not have been omitted from local objections.

When a public character stands forward to effect a public good, he should shrink from nothing which that public good requires; it is not

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because this fashionable lady, or that rich man, may feel him or herself offended that he should desert his general duty.

The only question that would occur to us, would be this: Are we sincerely advocates for public good?—If we could answer to ourselves yes, then would we say,

"Be just, and fear not."

We were almost enraptured with the recitation of Queen Mab.

TOWN OF BOSTON.

We enter not into the sentiments of others, but we think that the town of Boston, taken generally as a society, have virtue and courage enough patiently to hear and receive truths; it may be deemed presumption in individuals to advance so forward in the lists of moral virtue, but let it be observed that we combat only encroaching vice, and consequently that the virtuous cannot be offended by our usurped boldness.

SCRAPS.

We are fearful that our paper this week, will exhibit an odd appearance. We have had so much on hand, so many *com*munications, and so many intended *ex*communications, that, we have been obliged to bustle through our business, as well as we could. Oddities, however, sometimes prove amusing, where evenness of conduct might be tiresome, and as this number will have at least in its principal parts an extraordinary contour, we have only to hope that the *particular* features may not prove unpleasant.

MUSEUM.

While we are endeavouring to the utmost of our influence, to discourage the introduction of every amusement, person, or thing, that may tend to demoralize society, we should be deficient in our duty, were we not to offer to the public our wishes and endeavours for the encouragement of public institutions, dedicated to science and the useful arts. The Museum in this town, appears to want encouragement. A Museum is one of the criterions by which the taste and literary character of a town is judged. Patriotick characters, (we mean characters proved to be patriotick by effecting general good) have in many instances immortalized themselves as the patrons of establishments in this town, and others in its vicinity. Is not (we mean no flattery) the name of Boylston grateful to every scientific ear? We wish a general enlargement of sentiment, of national, and really patriotick feeling—else shall

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we build houses, to become barracks for our own or invading armies; and vessels, which, when fired, will serve only as torches to light us to our own disgrace.

Why do not our rich men encourage more generally these useful institutions? Are they willing to confess that they have no taste for the polite arts? Are they willing that every stranger inquiring for proofs of civilization in Boston, should be answered, that our rich men deal only in brick and stone, and that while they will buy and build churches for profit, they would grudge a dollar for the education or improvement of their children? Are we by these means to rise in the scale of states and nations? To Mr. Peale the legislature of Pennsylvania allotted the state-house for his museum. Why do the students from every state resort to Philadelphia for improvement, but because *there* the arts and sciences are cultivated and protected? We have medical abilities in this town (*reported* for we pretend not to judge) equal to any in the United States—What infatuation prevents our giving currency to our abilities?

Fame we know will blow the trumpet, while modest merit, will breathe through the soothing lute—but merit must be sought for, it advances not with bold imperious step *demanding* patronage, it is generally contented with *deserving* it.

We have wandered from our theme—but no matter—if without offence to the proprietors of the Museum, we may venture to make the remark, we will conclude by observing that the town of Boston, should have a better Museum, and that the promoters of it should for the credit of the metropolis of New England, have better support.

MAXIM.

If you have providence to foresee a danger, let your prudence rather prevent it than fear it; the fear of future evils, brings oftentimes a present mischief; whilst you seek to prevent it, practise to bear it; he is a wise man that can avoid an evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.

CORRESPONDENTS.

If gentlemen or ladies who favour us with communications of consequence, would entrust us with their names, under the seal of secrecy on our part, we should be much less perplexed.

We have several which we know not how to answer.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 11.] *Boston, Saturday, January 27, 1810.* [Vol. I.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

We have so often in conformity to custom put off communications or answers to them to the last, that *at* last we have been obliged to omit them altogether, and we consequently fear that many of our obliging correspondents have thought that we have frequently been neglectful or deficient in attention to their favours.

We shall therefore pay our *first* attention to them in this paper.

MR. NOBODY,

You creature you, what a heap of horrid stuff you put together in your Something! MYRTILLA.

MISS MYRTILLA, *Answer.*

We shall be obliged by further communications, from you, that our paper may be improved in taste, diction, and amusement. N. N.

MR. NEMO,

My complaint is personal; it is of *U.* I am at all times, and on all occasions so closely pursued by *U*, that I am thought to be only of secondary consequence. Can *you* in a single instance, relieve me from this pursuit, that I may be enabled to exhibit my individual worth, and that hereafter *U* may have *no* further complaint from Q.

We publish the above as a communication; to us it is an enigma—perhaps some of our readers may understand it, and if so, favour us with a solution. In our younger days, we heard something about Q in a corner; but this Q has placed himself in so very obscure a situation, that all the ingenuities our brains have been able to send out, have not been able to catch the *wit.*

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NANTUCKET SHEEP.

The author who favoured us with a communication under this head, is respectfully informed, that all the errors of the human mind or heart, that we shall think ourselves justified in noticing, are those which come under our own observation. We deem ourselves answerable for every thing published in this paper. We *dare* not therefore (for we have our fears as well as courage,) insert any thing that tends to criminate a community with which we are unacquainted. We should derive satisfaction from contributing to the happiness of a fly, were it in our power to promote it; but we have not the boldness to attempt what on the first blush, would appear an innovation on customs, which we should presume to be the imperious result of contingent circumstances.

It is our object in this paper to answer all letters, communications, &c. we have on hand; the insertion of some pieces directed "for Something," may not perhaps be pleasing to our friends; but it will serve to shew them, how difficult is sometimes the task of an editor, and how often by *declining* the admission of pieces that would disgust a literary taste, he exposes himself to the malice of the ignorant.

The public, we trust, will admit that in our censures we have never been personal—we publish our correspondence consequently without the real signatures where they have been subscribed.

We are aware of the strange medley that we are about to produce, but we hope that it will at least amuse.

MR. NOBODY,

Sir—I cannot see that you can claim any right to object to the young ladies using rouge, until the young gentlemen have been taught to conduct themselves in such a manner, as to obviate the necessity of females exposing their sensations by a *natural* blush. AMANDA.

We think that we have before received a communication from the same hand; the brevity of our former answer has, perhaps, displeased; the present can only be extended by the observation, that gentlemen who suspect an artificial rose are less cautious of the rebuking thorn, and consequently less delicate in touching it than they would be of the natural flower.

BOSTON MIRROR.

If we can be of any service to the editors of the Boston Mirror, or to their correspondents, by furnishing them with play things to enliven them, they are heartily welcome to light their squibs at our fire.

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We do not recollect having boasted of originality of thought, or accuracy of judgment, even in "as many as two or three instances;" but had we so boasted, it would only have proved that we sought not the *reflections* of the mirror.

"Dear me, what a dust we make."

When our subscribers tell us that we make too much dust, we will call upon the correspondents of the Mirror for a portion of their cold water to allay it.

SCRAPS,

"ANTICIPATED for the two next numbers of Something."

WE thank the author for his obliging intention, but we think that he has already enjoyed all the pleasure he has a claim to—in anticipation.—We remember that somebody *anticipated* "Sylva" in the Anthology—but the wood bows not to the sickle.

We can have no objection to the author's enjoying the first honours of the title he has invented, and so far as our influence will go, we will recommend *him* as "a deputy scavenger, or steward of the kennell."—He has already proved his ability in *collecting* filth, and we doubt not that with a little discipline he may be rendered equally capable of *removing* it.

"WE."

It is difficult to imagine what offence could be taken by the correspondents of the Mirror, at our use of this plural pronoun, unless it can be from sympathy derived from its similarity to the complainings of a squeaking pig.

We now leave the author in the quiet enjoyment of every praise his succeeding witticisms can obtain for him: For we have not a very large stock of hard words on hand; and besides, we do not wish to open our lower tier till we meet with enemies worthy of a serious conflict.

OBSERVAVION.

WE—yes *we* think that when any public writer submits his opinions or works to the world, that he has no right to be offended with the liberal remarks of any one who may differ from him in opinion; he should at the same time prepare his mind for the cool reception of the effusions of wit, and, even of sarcasm—for he sends his writings into the world; and if he is at all equal to his undertaking, he must know of what characters the world is composed.—We are as willing ourselves to take as to give.—We could wish that in controversies in general there might be a more regular adherence to facts, because we cannot think that a devia-

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tion from them, or a distortion of them, can in any degree add dignity to the author, or validity to his arguments. On this principle we will meet any and all our opponents. But as we wear no disguise, we think that our anonymous antagonists should be a little more cautious in their personal allusions, and something less dogmatic in expressions, which might easily be proved erroneous. They may find us at all times, when we may seek for them in vain.

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

Note to Z.—(First Part.)

"To this 'Something Nothing' may be applied the more appropriate appellation of the '*Tertium Quid.*'

"Such labour'd NOTHINGS in so strange a style,
"Amaze the unlearned, and make the learned smile."

WE beg leave to assure our subscribers that *we* intend no imputation on their taste or learning, by the insertion of the above extract; we simply admit it for the sake of comment; we confess ourselves frequently in want of occasional texts, and shall always be happy in being furnished with such as direct our pen to important considerations.

With pain we have observed among some citizens of Boston, an endeavour to depreciate native talents; this endeavour is evident. Let us examine its cause.

Does it arise from the sensations of those who have attempted to write successfully themselves and who having failed

"Sit ever watchful with their heavy wings
"To cuff down new fledg'd virtues that would rise
"To nobler heights and make the grove harmonious?"

Or does it proceed from a prejudice, in favour of transatlantic effusions, or that judges are afraid of giving a favourable opinion, till the critics of England or France have pinned their opinions on the American sleeve?

Or is it from an idea that the advances to success are not progressive, but that American genius must start at once into perfection?

Some such extraordinary causes must operate in producing the virulent condemnations of every thing that dares aspire to native merit. Is it not with talents as with physical strength? must not the boy increase before he can become a man? and did not the critic in the Palladium toil and labour himself, before he arrived at the capability of mixing the ingredients of three languages so nicely as to neutralize the whole? We care not for the remarks allusive to ourselves—we are not native of America, and if musquetoes should buzz about *us*, we shall content ourselves with brushing them away. But we are attached to our adopt-

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ed country, by every tie that ought to influence a protected citizen, and we will endeavour to the utmost of our abilities to foster its rising talents. We have done it in the instance in question, Mr. White's play, and we feel not ashamed of what we have done; for we have at least the consolation of not having contributed to the depression of merit.

We have been present in the office, when boys have supposed themselves witty by enquiring for "Something Nothing;" we should have "thought that an author who could make so many quotations, might have distinguished a title from a quotation.

Note, 2d Part.

"The sympathy which Nemo Nobody discovers for the author whom he supports, is natural—their writings have a like reputation, and are doomed to a similar fate."

Oil and water! Some stronger alkali than the subsequent Latin quotation was necessary to make such observations miscible.

We can imagine the intention of the author, and trust that his intention is only imaginary. We are yet to be informed how Nemo Nobody supports the author of the Clergyman's Daughter. He feels indeed a sympathy for every species of merit struggling against the efforts of malevolence; he has (in his own paper only) endeavoured to *repel* some observations, which he thought unjustifiable; but he wields not the ægis of Minerva; and the weapon of a boy may pierce an Achilles—in the heel.

ADDRESS TO RESPONDENTS.

Had the article under this head in the Palladium of Tuesday last, been addressed *solely* to us, we should have known how to have replied to it; but having sins enough of our own, and not being willing to answer for the imputed crimes of our brother writers, we shall select only such passages as the "Brutum fulmen" of the author appears to have directed particularly, if not exclusively to us; at the same time, we shall be silent with respect to such assertions of facts which have, at least, not come within our knowledge. To such we shall only, in the plain Yankee phrase, (for it will be as well understood as a Latin or French quotation) reply—We don't know that it *was so*, and we don't know that it *was not*.

When the critic doctor talked of *blistering* us, we confess that we prepared for smarting; but when the critic lawyer immediately afterwards informed us that we had involved our client in a suit without hope of success, with the prospect only of our own fee, we found that the sympathies were awakened, and that consequently we had no more to fear.

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The "*impotent imbecility of defence*" we take entirely to ourselves, and frankly admit that either our impotence was imbecile, or that our imbecility was impotent—at the critic's option.

"For these uncharitable acts, I shall not inflict upon you the punishment you deserve. I pity you in your undertaking, and you shall have my mercy."

Merciful Sir, if you spare the rod you will spoil the *child*.

"It was played to *lean* houses."

If the managers had *two lean* houses they did not like Pharaoh's lean kine devour the two fat ones. *We* wish not to satiate the public with quadrupled reviews.

READING AND SPEAKING.

"To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow; or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, *and ridiculous excess.*"

In pursuance of the doctrine exhibited in the foregoing quotation, we shall deviate from the practised custom of essayists, by offering no exordium of eulogy on the accomplishments we have selected for our subject. The arts, and we trust that we shall prove them deserving of the title of sciences, of reading and speaking are too much cultivated, and when possessed in excellence too much admired and respected to render a panegyrick on their merits, any thing other than

"A wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Our general object in these dissertations, which will treat of reading and speaking, will be to facilitate those acquirements to the younger part of our auditory, not by the simple adoption of dogmatic rules, which serve too generally to weary the memory without interesting the feelings, but by impressing on their minds the stamp of those spontaneous effusions of nature exhibited by the human intellect when operated upon by sudden and external causes.

It is on these *essential*, general, and *natural* exhibitions of the human intellect, that, cautiously avoiding individual distinctions and occasional peculiarities, we must establish the fundamental theory of reading and speaking.

Here perhaps it may be objected that,

"In this the antic, and well noted face
Of plain old form, is much disfigured,

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And like a shifted wind into a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected
For putting on so *new* a fashion'd robe."

But let it not be supposed that it is our wish to banish the application of art; on the contrary, we mean to use it as an assistant in erecting and embellishing the superstructure, although we think it cannot be too much excluded from the base. So long as memory alone is resorted to as the vehicle of artificial rules, however numerous and correct those rules may be, however retentively possessed, the orator timid or doubtful of their proper *application*, will always be fearful of committing faults, and in this hesitating fear will render the execution of his design incomplete, and, perhaps, even inferior to what he might have effected had he, *without rules*, obeyed only the influence of his own feelings. But after he shall have acquired an essential knowledge of nature in her expressive operations, after he shall have completely familiarized himself with her characteristic features; correct rules, *then* presented with clearness to his mind, will, by the adoption of the mind, quit "memory the warder of the brain," and transform themselves at once, as it were, into *original ideas*, mingle with his feelings, and consequently *with* them, when called upon to exhibit themselves with promptitude and facility; for the mind will then find in the possession of her own energies what she would otherwise have to search for in the vibrations of the brain.

Nature, using the word in its general sense, inspires feeling, dictates tones, and directs action, traces with her own hand the varying features of expression, and delineates from her own designs the curved lines of expressive motion. Long ere the infant can return an artificial sound to its fond mother's lips, its eloquence is irresistible; his hand, his eye, and every feature of his face speak for his want of language, and exemplify by artless gesture his wishes, his aversion, his pleasure, and his grief.

These original indications of our minds accompany us through the periods of youth, having struggled on the one side against the negligence of personal accomplishment and intellectual improvement, and on the other side resisted the effects of the artificial graces of fashion and the dancing master.

They remain with us, for they are natural, and cannot be eradicated. They remain with us indeed in some degree disfigured. The polish of fashion has given to some of them too high a colouring, and therein

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contrasted the rust they have on the other hand contracted in the unswept mansion of neglect; but that they remain with us, the general expression of countenance, tone, and gesture, among all ranks of people, in all quarters of the world, impelled from minds similarly affected, sufficiently evince: and that such expressions, tones, and gestures *do* exist as general indications of similar affections, proves that they *are natural*; for language, the offspring of art, *varies* in every climate, while expression of feature, tone, and gesture, the language of nature, is with slight variations universally the same.

As we shall dwell upon this principle, that indications conveyed by our features, our tones, and our gestures, are the original and natural exhibitions of the impressions made upon our intellectual faculties, we shall begin the comprehensive task of familiarizing it to the younger part of our readers, by drawing a general contour of such parts of the manners, customs, and practices of different nations, as most immediately relate to our subject. We shall endeavour to prove that the natural expression by feature, tone, and gesture, are with some little modifications universally the same, among all countries, ages, and ranks of people; but that on the other hand, the *artificial* indications of sentiment, are not only essentially different in most countries, but in some completely reversed.

In pursuance of this plan, we shall think no apology necessary for deficiency of method, or irregularity of proceeding; but shall, as if walking in a highly cultivated garden with a party for amusement, step aside at all times and in all directions when and where we can gather a flower that may please them: or like a botanist leading his pupils on a ramble through the woods, stop occasionally to expatiate on the virtue of a single plant whence morality or instruction may result.

We will begin by the introduction of the most general and familiar occurrences of life, and first, by what we observe in passing through the streets to be the common indication of recollection, civility, or respect—the touch or removal of the hat.

The ladies, will doubtless, excuse us for making man and his customs the first object of observation, when we assure them that it does not proceed from any idea of his being the superior object of these dissertations; on the contrary, they will principally be directed to the general entertainment, and, as we hope, to the improvement of the *female* part of our readers, whose more frequent avocation from study, and, if we may judge from the quick step and loaded hand of servants in the streets, whose strong attachment to readings of a lighter nature, preclude them from the opportunity of admiring the beauties of literature

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in their native soil, and which it therefore becomes more especially our province to transplant and collect for the ornament of the garden of their minds.

ON ELOQUENCE.

O Eloquence, may thy blest charms remain,
For e'er devoted to the moral strain?
Prompt to obey thy parent *nature's* laws,
To plead the orphan's and the widow's cause;
Shew vice its image, virtue's features true,
And changing time its various pressures due;
Till, (whence thy origin,) in realms above,
Thou join'st the chorus of celestial love.

But while on earth, t'ensure a virtuous sway,
May'st thou shine only with unsullied ray;
Be genuine worth and innocence thy pride;
Firm faith thy banner, and stern truth thy guide;
Thy robe be decent, but transparent too,
That all, the beauties it but veils, may view;
Check fancy's flight by mild corrective taste;
Be firm thy maxims, but thy language chaste;
Not deck'd in gorgeous pomp of mystic maze,
Nor puff'd with embryos of exotic phrase,
But let thy energies be all thy own,
And be the effect produc'd, thy corner stone.
No pompous phrase produc'd creation's birth,
Or call'd from nothing this prolific earth;
When chaos heard the one omnific word,
Silenced it cease to be, the proud deep heard,
Nor darkness paus'd to ask extinction's cause;
But when th' Almighty said "Light be," light was.

There are, who towering with ambitious height,
Task mind, and eye to trace their daring flight;
But when attentive hope expects the blaze,
They shroud in darkness and elude our gaze:
Straight by our side, return'd to earth, they're seen
Displaying visions of this motley scene;
Then like th' archangel with impatient bound
They leap at once into the dark profound.
In vain we seek them there by chaos tost;
Our minds revolt, at expectation crost,

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And cry, O Reason, come to our defence,
And give us common sounds with common sense.
The poet's eye in wildering phrenzy rolls;
True eloquence the madd'ning fire controls,
Controls its madness, but its genius clears,
Till sense approve the judgment of the ears.
Yes, Eloquence, tis thine to plead the cause
Of thy great Parent, and respect her laws.
Though art may dress thee in a robe of silk,
Thou canst be nourish'd but by nature's milk;
From her alone derive the chaste control,
That beams her radiance o'er th' enraptur'd soul;
Sway as she sways, as she inspires, inspire;
Sooth as she sooths, and as she kindles, fire.
When Shakespear softens, or when Shakespear soars,
The woodlark warbles, or the tempest roars;
Assum'd each passion's sway her laws command,
He stamps her impress with unerring hand,
Copied her frowns, her milder graces won,
You still admire the mother in the son.
When plead Demosthenes, the freeman's right,
Eruptive burst the instant flash of light;
'Twas nature's blaze that from the frowning cloud
Illumes the wanderer, but appals the proud;
When Cicero's hand the potent sceptre sways,
Still nature reigns, though eloquence displays:
'Tis the divergence of the solar fire,
That gives the natural colours we admire;
Each ray converges quick at his control,
And one clear sunbeam vivifies the whole.

INVASION.

An unexpected and very powerful invasion has lately attacked the feelings as well as the property of the citizens of the New-England States; its devastations we are however happy to observe have been confined chiefly to crockery and glass, and its personal attacks to fingers, noses, and toes. It was introduced by Winter's Lieutenant-General Frost; it is reported however, that the attack would not have been felt so severely, had it not been encouraged and supported by internal traitors, of whom Inattention and Carelessness are reported to be the principals. It is true, that during *this* invasion, our thermometers sunk

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several degrees below 0; we have endeavoured to ascertain the cause of this unprovoked attack, but without success. Our wisest politicians however attribute it as usual to the influence of British gold, and assert that the General was paid by them for breaking the crockery and glass, that British manufactures might obtain an easier admission. Others say that the Canadians sent him to procure an admission for cloths and flannels. We cannot pretend to determine the point in controversy, we can only presume to say, that we believe the effects produced to have been —natural consequences.

JOURNAL DES DAMES, ou LES SOUVENIRS D'UN VIEILLARD.

LADIES' JOURNAL, Wednesday, Jan. 24th, 1810.

A work under this title has been placed this evening in our hands, edited by an elderly gentleman, styling himself the Hermit of Pasaic. It is written in the French language, and published in New York.

We think that we shall serve a worthy cause, by translating the prospectus, address, and part of the advertisement for our readers.

Youth, surrounded with illusions, must sometimes pay a tribute to self-love; but the old man, enlightened by experience, is at the same time without presumption and without the flattery of hope. The Editor of this journal can, therefore, never be suspected of aspiring to literary reputation—retired from bustle, retired from the world itself, his only ambition is still to do some good before the journey of his life shall be completed.

The old man, visited a few months ago, in New-York, a school established principally for the education of the children of unfortunate exiles from their country; and the desire of contributing as much as might be in his power to the support of an useful establishment, suggested to him the idea of this work. Will not his motive be thought entitled to some indulgence?

The Hermit promises not a rich harvest, but he thinks that he may advantageously glean something from the extensive field of polite literature. Literature was always the charm of his leisure hours, and frequently the consolation of his tedious moments.

THE HERMIT OF THE PASAIC TO THE LADIES.

"Jeunesse et grace ont partout l'avantage."

Youth and grace have every where the advantage.

One of our poets has said so, and we must admit that there is some truth in the remark. But why shall not old age claim its rights also?

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Why shall the Hermit of the Passic be accused of presumption for having dared to request the benevolent assistance of the ladies?

A paper which is dedicated to them, should doubtless be a perfect work; and the poor Hermit in imploring their indulgent protection, proves his modesty, but at the same time acknowledges his own insufficiency. This observation has a solid foundation, and the old man will not endeavour to refute it. Now gentlemen critics, spare him, I beseech you; let him at least appear before his judges, for, perhaps by them he may not be treated with so much severity. Yes, ladies, I shall dare to say to you, what Pelisson soliciting for his friend, said to Louis the Great—"Be not *too* just." Voltaire has observed, that "what is *only just*, is severe;"—in fact, indulgence is the highest pleasure of liberal minds; and it is for you, ladies, that the happiness of conferring it is especially reserved.

Will you then declare yourselves at once my protectors? I do not aspire to the fugitive enjoyments of self love; my only design is to be useful to infancy, my only wish is to deserve and to excite your patronage.

O woman! woman! inexhaustible source of domestic sweets and general benevolence. What must be that man, who is so unjust, so ungrateful, as not to admit that you are our tutelary deities?

Who gave him being? from whom did he receive his first attentions, his first caresses? Ah! such a man could never have been happy, or unfortunate; for to females we owe exclusively our happiness, and they alone can console us in our miseries.

Such a man, excluded from divine influences, stalks through life without acquaintance with its virtues: Such a man, whom we can only pity, contents himself with *vegetating* on that earth where others *live*.

Ah, ladies, it is particularly his duty, who has experienced the bitterness of misfortune, whom fortune and man have equally contributed to persecute, and who owed his salvation to your sex, to declare, that the superiority of claim to the sublimer virtues was at all times, and especially in our own days, merited by that sex created by nature weaker, but rendered the more liberal, the more energetic by the impulse of generous feeling.

We can only add a short extract from the advertisement.

TO THE READER.

The old man has long since declined attending to the idle bustle of the world—His paper consequently will have no concern in politics, and he trusts that it therefore, will not be less acceptable to the ladies.

The revolutions of empires, battles, the secrets or the intrigues of courts, may excite a lively interest in men, but so much agitation and confusion can only trouble and alarm a sex, destined for the exercise of the softer virtues, for peace and harmony.

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TO A FRIEND.

I SATE by the fire, for the weather was cold;
My children were gather'd around;
And we laugh'd and we smil'd—till a death bell was knoll'd,
I felt that a truth to my friend had been told—
I trembled and shrunk from the sound.

And a tear forced its way, and it fell with a sigh
On an infant who play'd on my knee;
She look'd, at the tear, and she look'd in my eye,
And, alarm'd at its moisture, implored, is this sigh,
Is this tear, my dear father, for me?

Ah no, 'tis for one who has lost—what you have—
A *life* to your parents most dear.
It was gratitude's dew drop that fell on the grave
Of whom innocence, beauty, and wealth could not save,
Or the prayers of religion sincere.

The weather is cold—and my earnings are spent,
But my children are round me—though wealth
Has fled from my house, and their garments are rent,
Yet my children are round me, and smile in content;
Yes—my children are round me—in health.

I raise to my maker my eye, and exclaim,
While gratitude swells in my breast—
O God! give me poverty—all ills—but shame,
Preserve but these infants to hallow thy name,
And take them in age to thy rest.

To *thee*, whose distress has warm sympathy wrought
From a soul—not unused to feel;
Whose charity, aid to the widow has brought,
Whose bounty, to smile *other* infants has taught,
Accept what that soul must reveal.

An off'ring, not deck'd in a pompous parade
Of diction or flattery's snare;
But the feelings of nature, so simply array'd,
They can ne'er by the language of pomp be display'd,
For their off'ring is only—a prayer,

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That the great God of mercy in whom we believe
May bestow consolation and trust;
From your sorrows yourself and your partner relieve,
To his bosom your innocent off'spring receive,
And afford her the bliss of the just.

(COMMUNICATION.)

SONNET.

To a young Lady, struggling with a secret attachment, who appeared greatly affected when singing a pathetic love song of R. Burns.

THY song stills each rude noise, my fair;
The charmed echoes mute forbear
Thy sad, soft warblings to repeat,
Untaught to mimic tones so sweet,

That thrill the breast with gentle pain—
Bid it a pleasing anguish prove,
As, pour'd from thy full heart, the strain
Divinely tender breathes of love.

But, ah! too feeling chantress, cease,
And airs of sprightlier cadence find;
Those plaintive accents but increase
The soft distemper of thy mind.

Sing not the pangs, and griefs of fond desire,
Nor fan with borrowed sighs thy secret fire.

A. G.

WE have been favoured with another communication from A. G. We thank him for informing us that objections have been made to the tendency of our religious treatises, because we shall be always willing to engage such objections when *particularly* pointed out. The *general* charge which the author says is brought against us, "that many of the numbers on Religion were intended only to bring the present translation of the Scriptures into disrepute, without *substituting* or pointing out a better," is, in the first member of the sentence, incorrect; we never intended to bring the present translation into disrepute; our only wish was to reconcile apparent difficulties in it, by proving that such pas-

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sages as might be repelled from common understandings by being contemplated in a literal sense, could be accepted by them, from an explanation of their metaphorical allusions. It is not in our power to substitute or point out a better. Mr. Thompson's translation is only from the Septuagint; our commonly used translation is from the Hebrew, as well as the Septuagint; it consequently, as far as was practicable at the time, embraced the solid contents of both. Our reflection will not furnish us with an instance in which we have objected to the translation, as a translation, two hundred years ago. We have only said, and admitting the translation to have been perfect at that time, that the meanings of words have been so altered since that time, that the passages assume not only a different exhibition from that which Moses intended, but also from that intended by the translators. We are ready to enter further into this subject.

"The allusion to the epistle to the Hebrews, was, to say the least, very injudicious, as it might raise doubts and suspicions in many minds, which otherwise might never have existed." And why injudicious? What doubts, what suspicions could it raise? surely the gentleman who made these observations was, "to say the least" as well acquainted with the new Testament as we are, and if better, he might easily have allayed those doubts and suspicions. The molehill from which this mountain has been produced was caused by this simple fact—a gentleman before the number was printed, observed on hearing it, "that we had not recollected St. Paul's quotation;" We replied, that we had recollected it; but that St. Paul had quoted, or rather alluded to the passage in his letter to the Hebrews.

All that we meant to infer in either case was that St. Paul, being an accomplished gentleman, for such he was though an apostle, in writing a letter to the Hebrews, could not with propriety have deviated from a *literal* quotatition of their records, and that consequently St. Paul's literal quotation could not invalidate our explanation of the metaphor.

We heartily thank A. G. for his communication, but we must observe that if letters are sent to us without the privilege of inserting them, we are exposed to some difficulty in answering them.—We write for the public, not for individuals, and every thing we insert should be generally understood.—When we offer any thing contradictory to public morals or opinions, or any thing of an evil tendency, let it be pointed out to us with freedom; if wrong we will confess our errors, if right we will maintain our cause.

We accept with pleasure and gratitude the sincere good wishes of A. G. and having thanked him for his services, we have only to regret that his correspondence promises to be of so short a continuance.

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Theatre, Monday, Jan. 22d, 1810.

THE SCHOOL OF REFORM.

THIS estimable play was performed this evening to the general satisfaction and admiration of the audience; Mr. Mills in the character of Tyke, obtained what he deserved by his exertions, extraordinary approbations.

Theatre, Wednesday, Jan. 24, 1810.

THE tragedy of King Lear had been advertised for performance this evening, but the indisposition of Mr. Morse occasioned its postponement. The Foundling of the Forest was substituted in its stead.

VENICE PRESERVED.

THE tragedy of Venice Preserved having been lately represented, it may not be deemed improper to notice the point of a very strong allusion therein several times conveyed; it is the marriage of the Doge to the Adriatic.

The Doge of Venice, accompanied by the Senators, and in the whole pomp of magnificence, was accustomed every year to submit to the performance of the ceremony of marriage with the Adriatic Gulf, or Sea.

They who are unacquainted with the wisdom of the former Venetian laws, and only judge of institutions by their external appearance, may be led to think this ceremony an indecent and extravagant vanity. They may imagine that the Venetians only solemnized this fête because they believed themselves masters of the sea.

The marriage of the Doge with the Sea was performed with the most noble intentions. The Sea was the symbol of the republic; he married the one without the power of possessing it, he was at the head of the other, without having a right to the sovereign power.

He was the first magistrate, but he was not the first master, nor did they wish that he should become so; and they placed, among other barriers to his domination, a custom which reminded him that he had no more authority over the republic that he governed with the senate, than he had over the sea, notwithstanding the marriage which he was obliged to celebrate with her.

The Doge commits no indecency in following a law which shews him the limits of his power, and the nature of his obligations.

LATE CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM M we cannot condescend to ask excuse for not inserting his communication. If such things are seriously intended for insertion, we can only lament the depravity of ideas in the commentator.

We cannot and will not insert any thing of political allusion, unless when accidentally we fall into the snare ourselves; but then if we should happen to be caught only by one leg, we will endeavour to free ourselves with the other.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 12.] *Boston, Saturday, February* 3, 1810. [Vol. I.

FROM LETTER R.

MR. NEMO,

Sir—In your last it appears that Q made some personal complaints of U or you; to which of the two he alluded, appeared an enigma to myself, as well as to Nemo Nobody. My object in applying to you, is to request that you would be so kind as to recommend to young ladies and gentlemen not to adopt me in the stead of W, at the end of such words as bow, arrow, sorrow, &c. &c. I wish also to retain my situation in those words to which I am initial. You must remember that Demosthenes applied the letter L in my stead, till the Athenians hissed him heartily for it; upon which he applied to an actor, who taught him how to estimate my powers; after which, among others, he defended my rights. But, Mr. Nemo, I had lately an occasion of witnessing a hearty laugh against a young gentleman, who had not paid so much attention to me as I deserved; it was in a dispute on the alimentary efficacy of puddings. The gentleman was from one of the Carolinas. While each in company was advocating the pudding he liked best—"for my part," said he, intending to advocate the produce of his own country, but substituting the initial L instead of me, "I prefer puddings made of R-ice."

Your sapience will undoubtedly discover the necessity of my being maintained in my authority. R.

FROM LETTER S.

SIR,

I feel injured that foreigners who perhaps, however, are not thoroughly acquainted with the extent of my capacity, should complain that I appear too frequently in your language. They say that I give it too

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hissing a sound. I wish you so far to defend me from these aspersions as to declare to them that although I appear frequently in *propriâ personâ*, I do not always appear in propriâ voce; but sometimes, and not seldom, with an inflexion of tone that the most fastidious could not censure. I borrow frequently from my friend Z his sounds, in final syllables especially, and he has consented that my figure should be substituted for his, from an assured conviction that the curved lines of which I am composed are more conciliatory to our ideas of beauty, than the acute angles which make up his figure. Yours, S.

SOMETHING.

"'Tis something—Nothing."

The *first*, our title; the *second*, our motto. Having been unwilling to deceive the public through a motto which might have excited the expectations of any one beyond our ability to satisfy them, we forbore to *enlist* into our service a more significant one, lest we should incur the imputation of *recruiting* under the alluring garb of a gay regimental. We therefore adopted one, which if not pertinent, we think is not deceptive, that our *volunteers*, of which we have already very many, (and we confess we are not a little flattered with that every way respectable appearance of our *file*,) might have no cause, on our part, to petition for a discharge during the *regular* term of their enlistment.

We do now therefore signify to all and every one, that the title of our paper is simply "*Something*"—and not *Something—Nothing*, as designated by many. And we do furthermore signify, in compliance with a request of our publishers, that all ladies and gentlemen who send, and all *bashful* beaux, as well as *modest* servants who call after it, may unblushingly and boldly ask for "Something," and they will be perfectly understood.

N. N.

READING AND SPEAKING.—No. II.

The touch, the removal of the hat, or the total uncovering of the head must be acknowledged to be an *artificial* indication of sentiment, for although we have been told of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads grew beneath their shoulders, yet no traveller has ever ventured to assert the existence of a nation whose infants came into the world with hats or bonnets on their heads. The hat, consequently is an *artificial* appendage; and no gesture that makes the motion of the hat its object, can be a natural one. It is, therefore, to be presumed, upon our former proposition, that as an *artificial* indication of sentiment, this practice of covering and uncovering the head must vary; accordingly, we find, that the

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inhabitants of Europe and America (with some respectable exceptions, and which exceptions are highly in favour of our position) as a sign of their esteem and respect, uncover their heads, while the inhabitants of the eastern nations keep theirs covered.

The uncovering of the head not being a natural indication of any defined sentiment, we must trace it as a partial custom to some origin. Is it not simply an allusion to some ancient and arbitrary practice? In this view of it, we should be inclined to suppose it originated from a regulation we find among the Romans, whose slaves were not permitted to wear hats or bonnets; thereby making the uncovered head a symbol of obedience and respect. It became their privilege to wear them after they were affranchised, when that obedience to their old masters ceased. This may account for the cap being, even in our days, the symbol of liberty.

The Talmud assigns another origin to this practice. It declares that the custom christians have of uncovering their heads, is derived from the founder of their religion, who announced his intention of abolishing the ceremonies attendant on the Jewish worship, by entering the synagogue with his head uncovered!

EXTERNAL INDICATIONS OF INTERNAL FEELINGS.

CONTINUING as we began, with the most common occurrences of life, we will now take into consideration some of the *natural* external indications of internal feelings, and introduce our readers to the alphabet of nature, a language to be respected not only as the origin and still the assistant of all others, but as it has existed in a state of uniformity, undestroyed, unvaried, unsophisticated, even by the influence of education, from the creation to this day, and as it will exist from this day till humanity shall be no more—a language we are endowed with at our birth, and which never quits us but with our last sigh; as comprehensive as our feelings; as powerful as our affections; as delicate as our nicest sensibilities, and as sincere and undeceptive as its author; for, as Cicero observes in his third book on oratory, "Every motion of the mind has from nature its respective feature, its respective tone, and its respective gesture."

GESTURE.

WHILE on subjects dictated by the most familiar occurrences in life we shall confine ourselves to the subject of gesture, and begin with the *natural* signs of respect, welcome, and affection, as we see them exhibited in our common intercourse with society.

In treating on this subject we would banish if possible from all, the recollection of those practices of hypocrisy, deceit, and even of what is

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called good breeding, wherein the natural indications of the mind are made subservient to the refinements of fashion and politeness, and regard them only as the sincere and unadulterated reflections or indices of the mind. It were devoutly to be wished, if in our intercourse with what is called polished society, we are compelled by its despotic rules to make some sacrifices of sincerity, that those sacrifices might be made only from the *artificial* indications—by the uncovering of the head, by the motion of the hat, by language or any acquired mode of expression, for by this we should abuse only our own ordinations and introductions; but let us not prove traitors to nature; let not the body bend in prostituted emblem of respect, while the mind stands erect in conscious superiority; let not the eye beam falsely with delight, while the soul shrinks from the object it regards; let not the mouth smile while the heart threatens; or the hand press with the welcome of reception, what the will rejects; but above all, let not that powerful *natural* expression of the content and rapture of all and every the intellectual faculties, that symbol of protection, the embrace, be offered while the least jarring sentiment of disaffection be felt within our breasts; for by so doing we war with nature, compromit our independence, disgrace the dignity of our existence, furnish our consciences with accusing stings, and sacrifice our integrity and self approbation, the very soul of our happiness.

The natural language or indication of respect, is the lessening the height of the body; this being natural, is of course, if our original position be right, universal. Art and refinement have added to it their shades and modifications; and politesse on the one hand, and enthusiasm on the other, have, perhaps in some instances, carried it to excess; still are the original dictates of nature universally visible, through the veils that custom and innovations have thrown over them. The characteristic qualities of nations bred up under different climates, will, of course, occasion essential variations; this is not only perceptible in the *habits* of men, but in men themselves, and all the branches of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms.

But to return to our observation, that the natural language or indication of respect, is the shortening or lessening the height of the body.

This will require but few elucidations. The *bow*, or the bending the superior parts of the body, is universally acknowledged and adopted as the symbol of common respect in man, towards his fellow creatures; the bending of the knee is the second, and expressive of the superior degree of respect; the prostration of the body, or, if we may so express ourselves, the total annihilation of its height, is the third, and superla-

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tive. The latter, is generally in use only in a small part of Europe, in Asia, and Africa; it imports the most complete acknowledgement of inferiority, and a temporary relinquishment of all claim to self-importance, a relinquishment of claim too great to be made to any being but our God.

Fashion, different temperaments, and diversity of situation, have added many shades to the natural expression of respect; some satisfy themselves with a *slight inclination* of the head, some gently bend the superior part of the body, while others bow their head almost to the ground; the same deviation from a general practice is observable in females. Time was, not many years ago, when the necessary introduction to a drawing or a ball room, was the diminution of one half their height; but since the rights of women have become so great a question, since their persons have been released from the tyrannical imprisonment of stays, the knee has yielded its pliancy to the superior part of the frame, and the *bow* ceases to be the exclusive privilege of man.

Why the world should have imposed upon the female sex, the observance of the second and more marked token of respect, the bending of the knee, while on similar occasions a slight inclination of the head or body is expected only from the male, is a question concerning which we may hereafter indulge ourselves in some remarks. The superiority usurped by the male branches of creation, physically considered, stands at least upon a doubtful base.

Have we a right to it, because we are more powerful in nerve, more dreadful in anger, more bold in attempt, more prompt in execution?

We recoil from, we shudder at the lightning's flash that rends the forest; we are appalled at the succeeding thunder's burst; we hurry from the rage of the contending elements, we tremble at the ocean's swell, we curse the blast whose roaring and destructive voice overawes the slowly whispering breath of spring; yet are *these* the powerful in nerve, the dreadful in anger, the bold in attempt, the prompt in execution of Nature's agents; but are they therefore the superior in our estimation? the grand claimants of our respect? the objects of our adoration?

Do we not with rapture welcome the returning calm, the cheering influence of the reviving sun, the moonshine playing on the bosom of reposing ocean, the gentle zephyrs kissing every fragrant flower they pass, and pregnant with their sweets refreshing tired nature? do we not welcome as our dearest friends the genial rain, the soft descending dew that nourishes the embryos of vegetation?—These are the milder agents of omnipotence; but because they are the milder, they are not consequently the inferior.

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But the variations arising from time, fashion, and locality, have not effaced the *natural* expression of respect; under all forms and practices, the diminution of the height of the person, the characteristic feature, remains the same.

ART ASSISTING NATURE.

It may not be improper to remark, how art in its various acquirements, obeys, perhaps insensibly, the dictates of nature, that diminution should be a symbol of respect. The sound of our voice, our accustomed loquacity, the usual character of our hand writing, are all diminished in token of respect; this latter indication of respect is so highly valued by the Chinese, that instead of a complimentary speech, in addressing a superior, they deliver the compliment in writing; the smallness of the letters being proportioned to the degree of respect; and the *highest* compliment is to make the letters so small as not to be legible. For compliment this practice may answer; but we presume that in solicitations for favours it is dispensed with.

Fashion too, that goddess of the arts, though in general no friend to nature, is caught occasionally in her net. A fashionable lady would reject an invitation even to a dance, if sent on a large sheet of foolscap paper, and a visiting card would announce vulgarity, if its dimensions should exceed the accustomed limits.

SOMETHING LIKE INGRATITUDE.

There is a species of impropriety which almost ranks under the genus of ingratitude, though perhaps not so intended, and which appears prevalent in all countries. It is the privilege assumed of treating an old friend with an authority which ought to be exercised only over dependents; for instance—A lady having a new acquaintance with her, will say, "Oh, here's Mr.——, he is an old friend; *he* will go and call the coach." Another, after having been engaged to dance with a respectable and respectful partner, if asked to dance with him by a smarter genius, will say, "Yes, sir, but I was engaged; however, he's an old acquaintance, and won't mind it." In private houses, how often are the best friends to the family called upon to make temporary sacrifices of convenience to accidental acquaintance! In taverns and boarding-houses, the system is almost universal: "He has been so long with us, he is such a friend to the family, that he won't mind being turned out of his room or his bed for our accommodation." But is there not another side on which these subjects are to be considered. Mr. A. would willingly call the coach for Mrs. B.; but not for the new acquaintance of Mrs. B.

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to whom he has not been introduced. Mr. C. would gratify the wishes of Miss D. if properly applied to on such an occasion. And the inmate of a private family would voluntarily make an offer of such accommodations as would suit their convenience. But a man who has regularly boarded with certain conveniences at a public or private boarding-house, cannot observe those conveniences removed, because he is a friend to the house, without some sensibilities of an unpleasant nature.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR—In your address to the Members of the General Court, about to be assembled, in No. 6, I observed several cases of incurred difficulty supposed; an intention of extending them was intimated, but as that intention has not yet been executed, I trouble you with my own case.

About ten months ago, I became unfortunate in business, I called together my creditors, submitted my situation to them; my accounts appeared to them clear; and nothing but misfortune was attributed to me, excepting perhaps some imprudence in venturing risks, which, had I succeeded, might have been approved. The creditors, in general, agreed to accept what I had left, and allow me three and five years for the remainder; but two refused to sign the agreement. It was therefore not carried into effect. Since that time I have been incapable of entering into business of any kind. I have frequently attempted it, but without success. Writs, attachments, &c. have checked every attempt at industry, and with a large family I am now brought to the borders of starvation, at a period, when, with only the indulgence of freedom of action, I might by my industry have paid one half of my debts.

Trusting that you will have the kindness to insert the above, I am, sir, your obedt. servt. B. L.

THE SIGH, THE BLUSH, AND THE TEAR.

WHILE Maria sat pensively musing alone,
Burst "ah me!" from her bosom its way.
'Twas the impulse of Nature, while on his proud throne
Stern Reason was boasting all feelings his own,
Or submissive, at least, to his sway.

Maria rose up, and unconsciously blush'd;
"Is my reason then," cried she, "so weak?"
As she spake, from her bright eye a jealous tear rush'd,
As if wishing to share with the crimson that flush'd,
The honour of decking her cheek.

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"Can I sigh," cried the maid, "that my fortune is lost?
Can I blush that my parents are poor?
Can I weep that like others in robes of high cost,
I must not on the billows of fashion be tost,
Or that falsehood no more crowds our door?

"That no longer I join the gay party or ball?
That no longer I melt o'er the scene?
Oh no! with delight would I banish them all,
Could my parents but think, their affectionate call.
Met the smile of content in my mien!

"With my sisters I'd join every tenderer task,
To direct them at once to their ease;
While each wish I'd anticipate, give ere they'd ask,
Nor would action or feeling solicit a mask;
For they'd spring from a wish for *their* peace."

Again burst a sigh, and again fell a tear;
"O God!" cries Maria, "what's this?
And are *not* to my parents my feelings sincere,
Are they *not* to my bosom most tenderly dear,
Is one thought, word, or action amiss?"

"O no! such intentions our God must approve;
For to us they by him were assign'd,
While benevolence struggled with mercy, to prove
The superior blessings of filial love,
By making them pleasures of *mind*.

"But still they're distress'd"—her fond heart throbb'd again,
And again its warm missives appear:
"Alas!" cries Maria, "all reason is vain,
Thou, Nature, alone can the myst'ry explain
Of the sigh, and the blush, and the tear."

REFLECTIONS ON A STORMY EVENING.

The darkness of the evening, the storm that beats against the windows lead the mind to serious reflections, they lead it by an easy transition from the natural objects that surround us to that being who restrains

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the violence of the tempest, who governs and directs all things, whose ways to us are unsearchable, but who we ought to believe is possessed of every attribute that can render him superior to man, in his justice and mercy; then in him do I trust my hopes of future happiness, believing as I do, that the being who has implanted in our bosoms the passions that govern our conduct, suffers us sometimes to deviate from the paths of strict rectitude, that by the consequences of such deviations we may learn wisdom, and practise its precepts.

MISFORTUNE.

Alas! exclaims the unfortunate man, what business shall I pursue to place myself and family, once more, in a respectable situation? in an evil hour I have been stript of the hard earnings of many years. Turn speculator, says avarice. What, without money? no matter for money; if your speculation proves a bad one, you are but turned adrift again upon the world with the same compass you set out with; if it proves a good one you are then a clever fellow, and entitled (no doubt) to all the attention which your money will give you. O money, money, thou best of friends—*what charms are stampt on the face of a guinea!* Do you see that tattered wretch who measures his weary steps yonder, who seems to avoid the face of man? he once was respectable, was basking in the sunshine of fortune; was caressed by numbers who called him friend; who rose to welcome the auspicious morn that found him in the posession of plenty and happiness; but mark the direful change; now dejected, emaciated, forlorn, and pennyless, he walks the streets unnoticed and unknown. But why this total neglect, this want of common humanity? has the man been guilty of any crime? has he offended against the laws of his country? no, this is not pretended. Then "what evil has he done?" None. He has been unfortunate; he listened to the deceitful words of a pretended friend; he lent him his name; his property fell a sacrifice to his humanity, and was swept away in an hour. The desertion of his former associates drove him into bad habits; neglect of family and business followed, and he is now what you see him. That the man has been imprudent there is no doubt; but is imprudence a sin past forgiveness? if so, few will find acceptance at the day when all must give an account to him who gave them existence, and who will judge them with impartiality, may we not ask the question whether the world is not more to blame than he? Had his former associates held out to him the most distant hopes of assistance would it not have enlivened his spirits? but had they

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realized those hopes, would it not have reanimated one who is now lost to society?

"What then is friendship but a name?
"A charm that lulls to sleep,
"A shade that follows wealth and fame,
"But leaves the wretch to weep."

PERSECUTION.

Whatever are my faults, exclaims the persecuted man, (and I do not pretend to be free from them,) I hope, never to have added to the number the sin of a persecuting disposition; and I cannot conceive that any person who possesses a good heart can persecute a fellow being. There are many people who seem to have adopted a principle (which with due deference to their opinion I think a very dangerous one) that the end justifies the means, or that no means are too bad, if by making use of them they can accomplish their purpose. This doctrine opens a door to all kinds of wickedness; it sets afloat "on the tempestuous sea of liberty" the worst passions of mankind, and makes use of agents and means to accomplish its purpose, which an honorable man ought to despise. To forgive and forget injuries is the most noble attribute of man.

HOPE.

Fortunately for man there is a certain something which he is always looking forward to attain, a something which he hopes to enjoy. This prevents his sinking into that state of despondency which he otherwise would; it serves to sustain his spirits, and brighten his prospects; it whispers in his ears, it is possible you may yet be fortunate and happy; at all events it is your duty to bear with resignation and fortitude the evils that may befal you, remembering that no situation in life is exempt from them, and that the all wise disposer of events has so mixed the ingredients in the cup of life, that we cannot enjoy the sweets without sometimes tasting its bitter.

HAPPINESS.

When we look around us and see the variety of pursuits that engage the attention of mankind, we are led to ask the question in what does true happiness consist? the answer readily presents itself to every reflecting mind; it consists in a mind void of guilt, or free from intentional errors, with a disposition to enjoy the good things of life, and to

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bear with fortitude the evils inseparable from it. Show me the man that possesses this disposition, and you show me a happy man, whether he is possessed of thousands, or earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. The Almighty has so regulated the system of our existence, that no one is exempt by his riches from the evils attendant on it, and no one is prevented by his poverty from partaking of its pleasures.

MR. NEMO,

SIR,—I labour under a difficulty with which I am unwilling to trouble you, but believing it would give you pleasure to add to the happiness of any one, and hoping that you may be able and disposed to relieve my perplexity, I ask leave to state my case and to solicit your advice.

The evil I suffer is that of living in a borrowing neighbourhood. I wish to premise that I am no enemy to the practice of borrowing *occasionally* what we cannot conveniently possess; this is not only allowable, but may be mutually beneficial. What I complain of is the habit of borrowing those small articles and utensils with which every housekeeper should be furnished. For instance, Mr. B. every time it snows wishes the loan of my snow shovel, and that too, before I have half done with it; and as I have always supplied him, the evil seems likely to continue, for there is no evidence of his intending to buy one. Another neighbour, and, excepting the practice I here regret, in all respects a good one, sends almost every day for my hammer; a third depends on me for the use of my flat-irons, and a fourth frequently sends to borrow a small quantity of butter, or of some vegetable.

What adds to my embarrassment is, that, at least half the time, these things are not returned till necessity obliges me to send after them. This conduct is the more absurd, because these people all possess a competent property.

Now sir, if you will have the goodness to inform me whether the laws of society make it incumbent on me to continue to lend under these circumstances, or whether I had better refuse at the risk of being considered an ill natured and disobliging man, or instruct what better course I can take, you will sincerely oblige your obedient servant, T.

ANSWER (to T.)

NEMO NOBODY respectfully submits to the author of the above, the policy of adopting a plan similar to that of the celebrated Hobson of Cambridge (England) viz. to arrange all the articles he has to lend in order, and to loan each article only in regular succession—for instance —let him place his loanable articles thus:

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1st. Snow Shovel—2d. Hammer—3d. Flat Irons—4th. Butter—5th. Cabbage—6th. Potatoes, &c. and so on—and determine that each borrower should have Hobson's choice.* So that if a neighbour in the next first instance sends to borrow potatoes, offer him a snow shovel—if the next asks for a cabbage, send him a hammer; if a third asks the loan of some butter, send him a flat iron. We know no better remedy for the evil complained of, or would with pleasure communicate it. We recommend this conduct to our correspondent; but if our present prescription, if adopted, should not prove successful—we will, on his submitting to become *our* patient, cure him completely.

AN OCCURRENCE.

I was sitting in my office, when a gentle tap at the door excited my attention. A girl, apparently about thirteen, entered and requested charity—her dress was ragged, her countenance was pallid; an eye that seemed capable of glistening with delight for the happiness of others, was veiled with the "dim suffusion" of modesty or shame—I knew not which. "My child," said I, "why do you make such applications?" "For the support, the sustenance of my parents and their offspring."—Surprised at such a reply, I enquired who were her parents—she bowed, and was about retiring.—"Stop," I exclaimed, "what is your object?" "I have a mother perishing in want."—I paused—she supported herself on the latch of the door and drooped her head.—"Where is your mother?" "I dare not tell."—"What, dare not tell! Are you not attempting to impose upon me?" She raised her head for a moment, as if to call Heaven to witness for her integrity; then, as she reclined it on her bosom, two tears fell on the floor, for she had not wherewith to wipe them from her eyes. At that moment, I would have given any thing to have been able to recal my observation—my soul rebuked my reason. "Tell me," said I, "*if* I can assist you; give me the essential means; can I not see your mother?" She replied only with a sigh.—"And why not?" "Because, sir," she replied, with an energy that astonished me; "she has *feelings*—she is poor, and has seen better days." "I too," said I, "have been the pupil of misfortune; and in her school have learnt lessons of

* *Hobson kept a livery stable at the University of Cambridge (Eng.) and in order to prevent his best horses from being too much ridden, he established a regulation that every one should be taken in turn—his never deviating from this rule gave rise to the expression, "Hobson's choice, this or none."*

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delicacy, which prouder men disdain.—Suffer me to see her." She hesitated—at last she exclaimed: "Yes, for once, for my brothers and sisters' sake, I will venture even to displease my mother."

I took my hat and followed her. We had arrived at about the centre of a long alley, when she paused; she looked at an age-worn staircase, then at me—I thought I understood her meaning, and requested her to ascend—I followed. After ascending three pair of stairs, she turned round, and intreates me to wait one moment, till she should have informed her mother of the proposed visit. She entered the room, and in less than one minute I was admitted.

Hovering round the embers of a few chips collected from the streets, I beheld a woman of middle age, and five children. The mother rose on my entrance—a blush suffused her cheek. I pass over the immediately subsequent occurrences. The mother began her tale of sorrow. My guide called to her eldest brother, whispered in his ear, and put something into his hand—he ran out, and in a few minutes returned with several small loaves; he gave one to each of the infants, and the eagerness with which they were received, induced me to believe that appetite had been keenly sharpened.

The mother's tale was long, but interesting. The sum of it was this: Her husband had been in lucrative business—had been unfortunate—had failed—the merciless persecution of some of his creditors had prevented his efforts for restoration—he could undertake nothing, though willing and desirous of doing every thing for their sake. He was reduced to the necessity of engaging as a labourer, for the support of his family.—His will, but not his physical means, were equal to it—his health sunk under exertions to which he had been unused—he became sick—his property wasted during his sickness—he incurred some small debts; for one of which he was sued, and finally put in jail, where he was still confined. I left the family; hastened to the creditor, who was willing to release the husband on his paying the costs; I called on the lawyer—the costs were three times the amount of the debt. I had not the present means of obtaining the unfortunate man's liberation; and I heartily rejoiced afterwards that I had them not; for further enquiry gave me the information, that for a debt of three dollars he had been already confined three weeks and five days in jail; and that after having been punished with three days more imprisonment for this enormous crime, he would be liberated by the laws of Massachusetts.

Charity then whispered in my ear, give what you can afford to his wife and family; and Justice declared boldly, if a man cannot pay a debt *once*, it is in vain to expect that he should pay it *four* times.

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Having replenished my purse, I returned to the family.—They received me with smiles, but they parted with me in tears—*of* Gratitude. Perhaps I have saved one female from —— To the rich man would I say, "Go and do thou likewise." B.

THE foregoing occurrence brings forcibly to our recollection, the benevolent conduct of one of our respectable deputy sheriffs; which we have had reported to us on various occasions. We know that real merit seeks not popular applause; and that the best reward of virtue is the consciousness of being virtuous.—But whem the firm outstretched arm of justice bends to embrace the widow and the fatherless—if it receive not its recompense on this side Heaven, *there* will it surely find it. Where the rich man's arm has been raised to oppress the widow, the poor man's virtue has protected her. Which has the greater claim to future recompense? *This* world may be made for Cesar; but if there's a power above us, (and that there is, all nature cries aloud through all her works) he must delight in VIRTUE.

TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

WITH pleasure we have observed that the elegant translation by Hoole of this strictly regular epic poem by Tasso, has been proposed for republication. The union of the general forces of christendom for the recovery of Jerusalem from the infidels, form the base of this beautiful work; and the contrast which such an occasion enabled the author to draw, not only between the Christians and the Saracens, but also between the natives of the different countries engaged in the conflict, has not been neglected by him. The undertaking was worthy of Tasso's genius, and Tasso has proved himself equal to his undertaking.

Tasso has been accused of labouring too much at witticisms, or rather at what the French call "pointes," perhaps in our language better translated, low conceits; but let us recollect that such accusations originated with the critics of France, who, authors themselves, might perhaps feel some emotions of jealousy. While we cannot exempt the author of the Henriade from our remarks from the benevolent Fenelon we would remove all imputation of envy. The censures of the French critics were too easily admitted as justifiable by the English, without perhaps reflecting that Voltaire abused some of the finest passages in Shakespeare, when it was evident that he did not understand them.

We shall subjoin a few observations from Dr. Blair on this poem.

"Rich invention is a capital quality in Tasso. He is full of events, finely diversified. He never fatigues his reader by mere war and fighting. He frequently shifts the scene; and from camp and battles trans-

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ports us to more pleasing objects. Sometimes the solemnities of religion, sometimes the intrigues of love, at other times the adventures of a journey, or the incidents of pastoral life, relieve and entertain the reader. The work at the same time is artfully connected; and in the midst of variety, there is perfect unity of plan.

"Many characters enliven the poem; and these distinctly marked and well supported. Godfrey, the leader of the enterprize, is prudent, moderate, and brave; Tancred amorous, generous, and gallant; Rinaldo, who is properly the hero of the poem, is passionate and resentful; but full of zeal, honour, and heroism. Solyman is high minded; Erminia tender; Armidia artful and violent, and Clorinda masculine. In drawing characters, Tasso is superior to Virgil, and yields to no poet but Homer."

It comes not within our sphere to advertise works intended for publication; but wherever we hear of any thing that promises to raise the literary character of our country, we will with pleasure lend our feeble hand for its support.

SCRAPS.

BEAUTY.

Our ideas of beauty differ essentially, scarcely have any two persons congenial sentiments on this subject. When Aristotle was asked why people were so fond of beauty, he replied, "it was a blind man's question."

BUTCHERS.

The business of a butcher was unknown in Greece; every person killed what animals he required at his own house, and men, the most distinguished for their situation or talents, did not think it derogatory to their dignity, to cut up carcases, and prepare the meal themselves.

MASSACHUSETTS.

SPRINGFIELD, JAN. 16.

A very singular appearance was exhibited in this town on Friday last. The thermometer standing at 0, and two degrees above, with the wind very high at North-West; the river furnished an appearance of a heavy fog passing rapidly down it. On an appearance so extraordinary examination was made; and it was found that the wind took the small particles of water and carried them up into the atmosphere, where they immediately congealed into fine snow; they arose some as much as 40 feet above the surface of the water. Its commencement was about meridian, and continued through the day; but most conspicuous at 2 P. M. Several very aged people living in this vicinity, do not remember ever seeing the like appearance.

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CRITICS' SOLILOQUY.

A PARODY.

To scrawl or not to scrawl—that is the question,
Whether 'tis better for the mind to suffer
The fancied ills of being *thought* a dunce,
Or to take pen against th' assays of merit,
And by opposing—*prove* so. To scrawl—to write.—
To write ! perchance to fail ! ay there's the rub
For from that failing what curst ills may come
When we have shuffled off our stock of wit
Must give us pause.—There's the respect
That *expectation* makes of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and stings of truth,
The scourge of moralists, disdain of virtue,
The pangs of vanity despised—delay
Superiority of genius, or
The stripes unworthy must from worthy take—
Could he but stifle virtue with a dash
Of his ink'd pen ?—or who, pent up in guilt
Would whine and wince beneath an author's lash,
But that the dread of something after scrawls,
That unknown public estimate from which
No writer can return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather think the ills we bear
Are better than the jests we might *provoke*.
Thus consciousness make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of vain pretence
Is rendered pale, being physick'd well with thought;
And efforts that would pluck down merit thus,
Are forced to turn their muddy streams awry
And lose their darling object.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. M. shall, if possible, be inserted in our next.

Tacitus appears to partake too much of the disposition of his original: we censure not the conciseness of his style, but the harshness of his sentiments; he must therefore pardon us for the omission of his communication—for

"We trust that still the world contains some virtue."

To those who favour us with communications, and who have enquired where we would wish them left, we reply, at the publishers', or at the post-office.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 13.] *Boston, Saturday, February* 10, 1810. [Vol. I.

TO DISTANT INTENDED PATRONS.

"There is no general rule without an exception," is a frequent remark when circumstances invite occasional departures from established customs: and when an inroad is once made, it is difficult to repel the further incursions of invaders.

To our own rules we wish as far as practicable at all times to adhere; and as our publishers inform us that applications are occasionally made to them by letter for information of the terms on which we receive subscriptions for our paper, to save them and our friendly applicants all the expense and trouble in our power, we observe, that for a standing rule we have fixed the price of "Something" at four dollars per annum. Of our subscribers in and about Boston, we require one half in advance, from those at a distance we expect the whole.

All distant orders received inclosing the necessary advance, shall be gratefully and punctually attended to.

But although we are told that we abound in singularities, we shall endeavour to introduce one more by making the above a general rule *without* an exception.

COMMUNICATION.

(Verbatim et Literatim.)

TO NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

Sir—I Sand you the following For you In Spection which you may please to Correct and place in your next Number Your

Boston, February 1th, 1810. B. M. L.

We feel ourselves extremely obliged by the privilege allowed to us, by B. M. L. of correcting and inserting his or her "Invocation to Hope,"

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but we are under the necessity of observing that we have not leisure to make such emendations as would render it acceptable to our readers.

TO NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,

THE excellent and probably effectual remedy which in your last number you prescribed for the complaint of your correspondent T, has induced me to trouble you with an application for relief from an evil, perhaps as serious, although of a nature essentially different. Trusting, however, that your ingenuity will suggest something that will prove as efficacious in removing my distress as your proposed remedy if adopted must be to that of T, I venture my statement.

My complaint, sir, is that I have neither snow-shovel, hammer, nor flat-irons in my house; and that with all the industry and ability that I can exercise I find it very difficult to find butter, cabbage, and potatoes for my family, after having supplied them with the more substantial requisites of firewood, clothing, bread, and meat.

Now, sir, if you will inform me how I can procure honestly, as my own, these articles, which I confess I occasionally borrow, that I may intrude no longer on my neighbour T, you shall have as your reward all that I could give to *him* for his occasional kindness, and all that I can give to *you*—my thanks. Yours, &c. B.

Answer.

We suspect from the above, that our correspondent B has like our friend in the Mirror, put on a cap merely because he thought it fitted, but without its being intended for him. It is not often that we know our correspondents, but although T's communication comes to us through the medium of the Post Office, we *think* we are acquainted with its author, and if so, we will venture to assure our correspondent B, that no part of the letter could have alluded to him or any one under the circumstances in which he describes himself to be; for T himself declared, "This conduct is the more absurd, because these people" (the borrowers) "all possess a competent property." Besides, we know something of the feelings of T, and think that he would experience pleasure in accommodating a poor man, though he wishes to be free from the unneccessary incroachments of the rich.

With respect to B's request to us for information how he can procure honestly the articles of which he stands in need, we can only reply shortly, that added to industry and ability, economy will do much.

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON MIRROR.

GENTLEMEN,

I am not conscious that before the late attacks on me in your paper I had published one syllable, that could in the slightest degree be considered as derogatory to your merit or injurious to your interest; had I so done I should have deviated widely from the impulse of inclination.—I have been told that I was attacked in one of your numbers preceding *that* which I noticed. It may be so—I have not seen it. I did not *wish* to see it, because I felt no inclication to waste time in idle controversies about trifles.

It appears to me that the most manly pursuit we could adopt, the most honourable and the most efficacious in the general cause for which we contend, for we each labour in the same vineyard, would be to give and to take mutual assistance.—If any person has cause of complaint against me he can readily find admission for his complaints in my paper; I have never excluded any thing against myself—I have never pretended to correctness of judgment, although I have been accused of it publicly and privately—I endeavour to furnish my readers with sixteen pages of original matter, or nearly so, every week, to which effort I readily confess that I feel frequently incompetent; but for occasional errors which "currente calamo" may be exhibited, I have a right to expect indulgence from the candid.

Distinguishing the correspondent in your last number from the editors, I must in my own defence make some remarks.

NEMO NOBODY.

THE MIRROR'S CORRESPONDENT.

"Give me my armour,
"I'll put it on."

We now resume our plural pronoun—although "this skulking behind the plural pronoun and its concomitants, serves only to prove Nobody a most egregious *Ego*tist."

We have never sought controversy with cotemporary editors or their correspondents, but we will never *shrink from* an attack.

An anonymous correspondent in the Mirror, has thrown down his gauntlet—and shall *we* not take it up? But as brevity is the soul of wit, we will be as brief as such a contest will permit us to be.

With all the quixotism of a maniac fighting windmills, taking them for armies, our ingenious correspondent requests, nay, defies us "to point out either a deviation from truth, a distortion of facts, a personal allusion, or a dogmatic expression." This request, or this defiance (no

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matter which) intimates an assertion, that on our part such accusations had been advanced.—We shall only observe, that when he can point out to us this army of accusations that we have raised, the army shall be ready to defend itself; till then the correspondent (we wish he had furnished himself with some title) must be content to engage imaginary enemies.

In our number 11, after having said all we thought necessary respecting the Mirror's correspondent, we threw to be sure, under the head of "observations" amid the crowd of antagonists a few caps, intending them only for a general scramble; if our correspondent has found one that fits him, he is heartily welcome to wear it.

He begins by observing,

"N. N. Esq. having attempted to smother a few squibs, which were harmless in design, though in effect detrimental to the said *personage*; it has become necessary," &c.

Perhaps *this* observation, may *not* be "a deviation from the truth or a distortion of facts"—if, however, it is not, we must subject ourselves to an imputation of similar criminality, by remarking, that so far from attempting to smother any squibs in the Mirror, we have freely offered the privilege of lighting them at our own fire; we were fully aware of their harmless nature, and had no objection to the innocent amusement of boys.

"Harmless in design, though in effect detrimental to the said personage." We think *this* fact would have been stated with more veracity had the words "harmless" and "detrimental" changed places.—viz. detrimental in design but harmless in effect.

The correspondent then observes, that "it has become necessary to emit something of a more aspiring nature, which while it eludes his grasp and soars beyond his observance, may amuse if not enlighten those of less tenacious dispositions."—To elude our grasp and soar beyond our observance, he emits something of a more aspiring nature—but what is this?—a rocket. We know not how anxious the gentleman may be to elude our *grasp*, but we may venture to declare, that his rockets cannot soar beyond our *observance*, for we have observed such aspiring play-things till they became—no-things.

"The "squibs" it must be confessed were surcharged with wild fire, in some measure borrowed from Nemo's chemical work room, nor can it be denied that many of the combustible ingredients which compose these rockets were manufactured in the same laboratory."

We are at all times ready to furnish from our laboratory wholesome ingredients—but if we do not mix them ourselves, we cannot become answerable for the want of affinity in heterogenous matters.—We know that acids and alkalis meeting produce *effervescence*—but we know also that

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from their union a neutral salt is produced; and such we could wish should be the effect ultimately produced between the correspondent and ourselves.

The correspondent accuses us of a treacherous memory, in consequence of our observing in answer to his former remarks "we do not recollect having boasted of originality of thought, or accuracy of judgment, even in as many as two or three instances;" he then proceeds.

"If recommending a certain municipal regulation which afterwards happens to be adopted, and then asserting that said regulation did actually originate in the said recommendation, be not boasting as above stated—then is N. N. Esq. thoroughly exonerated from the charge."

Admitting for the moment that we were the authors, or causers, or promoters of the municipal regulation alluded to, have we not a right to boast? Do not the triumphs of success in the cause of virtue afford justifiable sensations of rejoicing? Are we not told, and by an author who wrote not to deceive, that virtue is

"The only good
"Man *justly* boasts of or can call his own?"

But we never flattered ourselves with the idea that any thing we had said on the subject of masquerades, had influenced the selectmen—they knew their duty, they were guardians of the morals of the town, they performed their duty, and they would have done so, had "Something" never existed.

We wish not to impose on the correspondent of the Mirror too difficult a task; but we shall be ready to confess our boasting, when he will prove that we *have* asserted "that said regulation did actually originate in the said recommendation."

It is true, that *after* certain regulations had been established, we mentioned, that *as* we believed ourselves the first public opposers of masquerades, we thought ourselves bound to state our reasons for so doing, and we stated the maccordingly.

But our own words will prove our best justification.

"As we believe ourselves to have been the first public opposers of the introduction of this species of amusement, which has since been discountenanced by authority; we think it necessary to say something more on the subject; not, however, in the smallest degree intimating an idea that, had we been silent, the fathers of the town would not have adopted the same highly praiseworthy resolutions." [*Something*, *p.* 118.

"Yet a motive of self preservation, might induce many to exercise spargefaction, merely as a prophylactick!"

The threatened aspiring rocket is here let off—we confess that it eludes our grasp, and soars not only beyond our observance, but beyond

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our conception: and yet this correspondent accuses us of a pompous style!

A word or two by the bye about our style. We attempt no peculiarity in it, we endeavour to express our sentiments in the easiest way; when we had newly emerged from college we thought that the introduction of hard words gave dignity to style—we have since changed our opinion, and now believe that the most intelligible language is the best. However, as the correspondent may be of a different opinion, we will introduce a production, as he may think of the sublimest nature, for it will contain hard words enough, and all Johnsonian.

We cannot pursue his remarks further.

AUTHOR-ITY.

In love with a pedantic jargon,
Our poets now-a-days are far gone;
So that a man can't read their songs,
Unless he has the gift of tongues;
Or else, to make him understand,
Keeps Johnson's Lexicon at hand.
Be warn'd, young poet, and take heed,
That Johnson you with caution read.
Always attentively distinguish
The Greek and Latin words from English:
And never use such, as 'tis wise
Not to attempt to nat'ralize.
Suffice the following specimen,
To make the admonition plain.
Little of *anthropopathy* has he
Who in yon *fulged curricle* reclines
Alone; while I, *depauperated* bard!
The streets *pedestrious* scour. Why with bland voice
Bids he me not his *vectitation* share?
Alas! he fears my *lacerated* coat,
And visage pale with *frigorific* want,
Would bring *dedecoration* on his chaise.
Me miserable! that th' Aonian hill
Is not *auriferous*, nor fit to bear
The *farinaceous* food, support of bards,
Carnivorous but seldom; yet the soil
Which Hippocrene *humectates*, nothing yields
But sterile laurels, and aquatics sour.

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To *dulcify* th' *absinthiated* cup
Of life, receiv'd from thy *novercal* hand,
Shall I have nothing, muse? To *lenify*,
The heart *indurate*, shall poetic woe,
And plaintive *ejulation*, nought avail?
Riches *desiderate* I never did,
Ev'n when in mood most *optative*; a farm,
Small, but *aprique*, was all I ever wish'd.
I when a rustic, would my *blatant* calves
Well pleas'd *ablactate*, and delighted tend
My *gemiliparous* sheep; nor scorn to rear
The *superb* turkey and the *flippant* goose.
Then to *dendrology* my thoughts I'd turn,
A fav'rite care should *horticulture* be;
But most of all would *geoponics* please.
While *ambulation* thoughtless I protract,
The tir'd sun *approprinquates* the sea.
And now my *arid* throat, and *latrant* guts,
Vociferate for supper; but what house
To get it in, gives *dubitation* sad.
Oh! for a *turged* bottle of strong beer
Mature for *imbibition!* and O! for
(Dear object of *biation*) mutton pies!

TEARS.

"O let not women's weapons, water drops,
"Stain my man's cheeks!"

THIS expression during the representation of the tragedy of King Lear, on Monday evening, excited momentary sensations on which we afterwards reflected with some seriousness.

Water drops—tears—women's weapons!—we take this question without interfering in the least with the appropriation of it to the character of Lear, but entirely as an insulated expression.

We shall therefore consider in the first place why tears are called "women's weapons;" and in the next, the right which in latter times the men have assumed in so calling them.

A strange system of what we believe is called philosophy,

"Pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul,
"(I think the Romans call it stoicism,)"

has latterly with such violence thrusted itself upon us, that we are almost denied by it our natural feelings. We are told that we should not

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have sensations of our own, but that we must think as others wish us to think, that we must become the slaves of rule and the minions of infatuated despotism.

For our own part we are willing at once to declare ourselves traitors to all regulations which (excepting when the general benefit of society requires it) restrict the feelings of the father, the brother, or the man.

Let us ask in the first instance, if the lachrymal glands are not equally part of the fabric of the man as of the woman; and, if so, if providence did not design them for the use of the male as well as of the female?—Why then should the effect of the exercise of them be particularly specified as a female's exclusive attribute?—Must we refer to an anterior emotion? Are we willing to admit that females possess that superior sensibility, that more innate delicacy of feeling, which would excite the effusions of the lachrymal glands in their sex sooner than in the other? In general we think that we should accede to such an admission. But after such admission had been acceeded to, we think we should feel ourselves called upon to enquire into the cause of this distinction or difference of feeling. And our first question would naturally be—why does not a man shed tears as readily as a woman? To this, fashion and custom will at once afford this answer: that tears are considered as ornaments to female features and disgraces to those of males.—Here then will we rest; and without considering the beauty they afford to the female countenance, examine only whether or not they are supposed by judges of human nature to disgrace the man.

We are necessarily led in questions of this kind to an examination of the characters of the most celebrated heroes as represented by the poet or historian.—All the poets to whom we shall allude (for it would appear like pedantry to quote their words) have allowed their heroes the privilege of shedding tears, and of course have judged that such an exhibition of feeling was not beneath the dignity of man. Both the heroes of Homer, Achilles and Ulysses, are repeatedly represented in tears—the heroes of Virgil, Tasso, Fenelon, Voltaire (and we would add Milton, could we think Adam his hero) were not intended by their authors to be represented in a disgraceful light, while weeping their respective calamities.

To be men we must partake of all the sympathies of our nature; nor by partaking of them, nor by feeling for the distresses of others can we render ourselves *less* than men: while the heart beats, let the tears flow. The man who dares to exercise his sympathy for others will never fail of courage to protect himself.—Man will sometimes permit his feelings to be cut off, as it were from nature's soil, and having suffered them to be

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exposed to the parching suns of luxury or avarice, will not have left within them one moistening particle wherewith to cool the long parched tongue of poverty, or sickness.

But such characters are to be considered only as exceptions from nature's general rules; however, they still support the ordinations of nature that the lachrymal glands should be exercised; for although penurious or restrictive of their own tears, they amply make up for the deficiency by causing the tears of others abundantly to flow.—We would strongly recommend to such characters, did we not know it to be useless, to let the poor be their proxies in eating and drinking as well as in weeping.

"Take physic pomp,
"Expose *thyself* to feel what wretches feel;
"That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
"And shew the heavens more just."

TO THE EDITOR OF SOMETHING.

Sir—I have been told that your paper has some influence in Boston: I am a stranger in this town myself, having resided here en passant only about six weeks; I am a foreigner, but if I mistake not, of the same country which gave you birth—I therefore, have a claim on your assistance.—Sir, I have fallen very deeply in love, and I have had occasional reasons for supposing that my attentions were not unacceptable, but ten times as many to make me think myself a fool. The young lady to whom I am attached, when alone with me, is apparently serious and inclined to listen to the plain story I have to tell—but when I meet her in parties, or at a ball, her conduct to me is irritating in the extreme: She then appears perfectly inattentive to me, flirts with her male acquaintances, calls this by his christian, that by his surname, engages with them on topics which I cannot comprehend, and in short drives me almost to distraction, by a total alienation of complacency to me: Now, Sir, my attentions are founded on objects of the most serious and honourable nature, and having as I believe implicitly announced these objects, I think that I have a claim to delicacy of deportment—As I think it dishonourable in any man to trifle with the feelings of a female, I may be allowed to esteem it ungenerous at least in a female to make the affections of a man her sport. As she regularly reads Something, the insertion of this letter may produce some good; at least it will oblige

Your humble servant, L. M.

Before we insert the following letter we should premise that the above to which it alludes was intended for the press last week, and a promise

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given that if possible it should be published in this number; it was in type before the following letter, judging by its date, was written.—To Aspasia, therefore, we can only observe, that we have answered her appeal to our candour, by publishing her cotemporary complaint in the same number. Having only taken the liberty of omitting a few words of course, in the conclusion.

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 7, 1810.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—As it has been hinted to me that a letter has been sent to you, in the subject of which I am personally concerned, I take the liberty of requesting that you would not publish it; for indeed sir, I am not naturally the flirt that, as I am told, I am therein represented to be.—You say in your last number, in your answers to correspondents, that L. M. should, if possible, be inserted in your next; I have reason to fear, sir, that the letter to which these initials are subscribed, is the one containing remarks of an unpleasant nature on my conduct.—If therefore, you really indulge those feelings you profess with respect to our sex, I shall rest quietly till Saturday, under an assurance that knowingly you would not give unnecessary pain—if, however, on the other hand, I find L. M's letter inserted, I shall rely your on candour, and expect to find, equally made public, my justification—which, sir, is plainly and avowedly this.....Mr. L. M. (or the gentleman who writes to you under that signature) was introduced with the strongest recommendations to my father's house, about six weeks since; he soon afterwards became particular, *very* particular in his attentions to me. I have not prudery enough to say that his attentions were altogether unpleasing, nor were they ever so, excepting when they drew on me the eyes, and indelicate remarks of some young men around us: I could almost have wished in their presence he had been less polished in his conduct, less sincere in his attentions, in short, less the gentleman.—He frequently attended me to parties, balls, &c. but where he attended, the sneers of malice, envy, and perhaps jealousy attended also.—He, relying on the superiority of intellect and acquirements, pursued his honourable course; I, *blest* with acquaintances who conveyed every sly whisper to my ear, dreaded his approach to me in public, and to divert or conceal my embarrassment on such occasions, have, as I confess, frequently turned from a man of sense to a silly coxcomb, and playing with the latter as with a fan, or glove, or any other trifle, have subjected myself to the reproaches of one—yes, I will say it—whom I delight to honour.

Yorus'

ASPASIA.

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Boston, Feb. 6, 1819.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,—Believing that you have already done much good, and hoping that you will effect much more, I am desirous of giving you an opportunity of extending your exertions, by entering, with your permission, into a regular correspondence with you.—How the proposal I make is contemplated to aid your intentions will be best known by a short account of myself.

I am, sir, a young man just entering (a common observation) into what is called the world. I am naturally anxious to adopt, on all occasions, the best externals not only of dress but department: at the same time I wish both to be dictated to my adoption, by an internal sense of what is right. I have many relations and many acquaintances in this town; I am consequently often engaged in parties, public and private.—I naturally, being desirous of improving myself, look round and examine the conduct of my elders, that I may collect from them every thing that may tend to my improvement, as a man, and a gentleman.

During my observations, I frequently witness conduct which appears to me as offering an improper example to youth; and at the same time, witness conduct in youth, which I have been instructed to think, should not be sanctioned by age.

I have also observed among the youth of both sexes, a conduct of such a nature as to prove irreconcilable to my ideas of politeness or propriety.

Now, sir, these observations are the stimulus to my corrrespondence with you.—I will, if you permit me, occasionally prefer questions to you, respecting the propriety of *this* action, or *that* observation.—I mingle much with the world, and perhaps may introduce objects to your reflexions, which may prove acceptable by their affording you additional opportunities of doing good.

At present, I shall confine myself to a request, that you will indulge me with an answer to the subjoined question:

What constitutes politeness in society, or what kind of conduct usually practised is inconsistent with it?—By so doing, you will much oblige several friends; and of them, not the least, though the last in the alphabet,

Z.

POLITENESS.

WE believe that the principles on which politeness is founded, are those of giving as much pleasure and as little pain as possible to all around us. The latter member of Z's question, affords us a better opportunity of particularizing incidents. We shall accordingly proceed, by observing on some of that kind of conduct which we think is inconsistent with politeness.

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It is inconsistent with politeness for one man on a cold day, to stand with his back to the fire, and confine another, by holding him by the button of his coat, immediately before him, till he has finished an useless harrangue, on an indifferent subject.

It is inconsistent with politeness, on meeting any ladies on the side walks to take the wall, or chuse the drier paths, and leave them to pick their way through a puddle, with a total unconcern on your part.

It is inconsistent with politeness, to open or shut a door of any box at the theatre, in such a manner as to occasion pain or disturbance to the persons in it.

To sit with your hat on before ladies, or even gentlemen.

To make so much noise by talking or other improprieties as to disturb the attention of those who are desirous of listening to the performance.

It is inconsistent with politeness when you meet a gentleman in the street, who tells you he is in haste, to force him to stop, till he has listened to a long story about yourself.

To crowd, or suffer any lady to be crowded, on entering or departing from any public place.

To ridicule or swerve from any religious or other formalities in families; each family having an undoubted right to adopt such regulations as may seem meet to them, and with which politeness will induce all gentlemen and ladies to concur.

To keep a gentleman or lady standing on the stair case, in the hall, or at the street door, after you have taken formal leave of them, &c. &c.

ANECDOTE.

I was parting the other day with a friend at the corner of a square, when the voice of a female addressing us, begged that we would permit her to pass; I turned round, and beholding a lady aged and infirm, respectfully offered my services in assisting her to cross the street, which was very wet and slippy. Having accepted them, she thanked me; then pausing and looking me steadily in the face—sir, said she, permit me to relate a fact which strongly marks the manners of our town; old and infirm as I am, and bad as the walking is, I have been under the necessity of traversing the streets for several hours; I have frequently been in difficulty from my age and weakness when attempting to cross the roads; and while the young men of Boston have passed me laughing at my distress, the only instance of assistance I had experienced before yours, was from two gentlemen who were negroes.

I was so forcibly struck with the remark that I could not reply; she squeezed my hand which still supported her, and left me almost motion-

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less—yes, she squeezed my hand, and I would not have exchanged the squeeze for that of the prettiest young lady in Boston—for my soul, though not my vanity, was gratified.

REFLEXIONS.

Incidents of this nature, particularly when unexpectedly occurring, excite in a thinking mind emotions and reflexions not easily removed.—This led me to considerations not only of the situation, but of the feelings of the aged and infirm widow, who perhaps has lost an only son, or even all her offspring: Has she not a claim on the delicate attention of all of human shape? Shall it be observed that her dog and her cat are the only animals that still pay her respect and observance? Is she to be neglected by men because she is no longer young, or ridiculed by them because she is no longer beautiful? Humanity forbid! Have we not all had mothers, and do not the one half of the world still prosper under the maternal influence?—What was the natural though ineffectual wish of those who have lost their female parents? Was it not that heaven might have prolonged their existence? and what *is* the natural wish of all who still enjoy their care? Is it not that providence may still preserve them? —And can we wish their lives to be extended, merely that they may be subjected to inattention and neglect? Let us rather hope that such a wish springs from a feeling more worthy of a human being; from a desire of repaying them in their advanced age, for all the tenderness and anxieties of their younger years by the delighting and delightful caresses of filial love and gratitude.

There is no charm that can render a young man more amiable in the eyes of the sensible and good, than that which emanates from his tender affection to an aged parent.—When I see a young man resisting the allurements of pleasure, and devoting his leisure hours to the comfort, while his active hours are directed to the support, of an infirm mother; attentive to without mocking, her "tale of symptoms;" cheering her spirits, anticipating her wants, indulging her infirmities, and in short, pouring the sweet balm of filial love into the bitter cup of her declining temperament; my heart whispers to me, that in this the will of heaven is executed.—Then says my reason, yes, and how gloriously hereafter, will reflexions on such conduct gild those hours of meditation, which, were his youthful ones consumed in worldly pleasures, would bring with them the pains of sickness, and all the horrors of remorse.

COMMUNICATION.

Electrical Machine.—Instead of the common insulating stool, four glass cups may be substituted; these are to be placed under the feet of any con-

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venient chair, table, or stand. These cups simplify the usual apparatus for applying medical electricity, and at the same time render it more portable and less expensive.

These glasses may be readily obtained at the glass-house. Those I have used, and found sufficiently strong, are two inches high, two and a half inches in diameter, and nearly an inch thick at the bottom. Where these glasses cannot be procured, thick fragments of glass, as firm pieces of broken bottles, will answer the purpose, though less perfectly. Four common tumblers may be used instead of these glasses, either in the manner above mentioned, or by placing a board over them, or over bottles, and the chain placed on it.

HORNE TOOKE.

There are many books published of extraordinary but essential merit, the literary characteristic of which is of so high a cast as to soar beyond the comprehension of general intelligence—yet in such works are contained the elementary principles of words, and, we may add of thought. Highest in the rank of such works, for deep investigation of the roots of our words, is one whose title is as inappropriate to its contents, as would be a New Year's Gift to the Iliad of Homer. We allude to what is called the Divertions of Purley, by Horne Tooke. The title invited us to amusement, the contents bound us to instruction. We have been heretofore much indebted to this work, and such parts of it as we may hereafter render acceptable to our readers, by easy introductions, we shall select.

SCRAP.

It is painful to a moralist to reflect, on the littlenesses which the pride of the human heart will sometimes induce a weak man to practise, for the purpose of obtaining notice.

At a late ball, a violent and rude noise on the staircase, and a subsequent opening and shutting of the door, attended with unpolished language, arrested the attention of the greater part of the company; they began to imagine that, as at the theatre, the hack-men were about to force their way in; when, however, the astonishment of the company was supposed to have been sufficiently excited, and every eye turned towards the door—in walked a puny whipster, a trifling coxcomb, who had himself, purposely, raised the disturbance, to serve as an ushering notice to his entrance. A gentleman endeavouring to recover his neighbour from his apparent alarm, archly observed, "there is now nothing but folly to fear," for

Parturiunt mortes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

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MR. NOBODY, *Boston, Feb.* 7, 1810.

SIR—I feel myself very much incommoded every time I visit meeting, in being situated almost opposite to a young gentleman who is continually fixing his eyes upon me. Pray sir, be so kind as to give the young gentleman a hint to change his behaviour, which I think very indelicate in such a place. Yours, PRISCILLA.

ANSWER.

MISS PRISCILLA, *Boston, Feb.* 8, 1810.

IF you will attend more to your devotional duties, and less to the young gentleman, you will not then *perceive* that he is "continually fixing his eyes upon you." Yours in friendship, N. N.

COMMUNICATION.

LINES

Addressed to a young Lady of Boston.

1

MAY heaven propitious to my fervent prayer,
On thee, my love, its choicest gifts bestow;
May my Eliza every blessing share,
That I, imperfect mortal, ne'er can know!

2

On thee has heaven bestow'd a liberal mind,
With sensibility and candour fraught;
By education's genial rays refin'd,
Still brighter shine the virtues of thy heart.

3

The conscious smile that animates thy face
Expresses innocence, a powerful charm;
While gentle manners and attractive grace
Augment the interest of a pleasing form.

4

Should matrimony cloud the happy morn,
Soon may those transitory vapours flee:
My path to thee is strew'd with many a thorn,
Yet may a flower of *hope* still bloom for me.

5

May the blest mortal, whom kind fate ordains
To lead Eliza through the walks of life,
Possess a heart where every virtue reigns,
And make thee, lovely girl, a happy wife!

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NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR—We were informed by a writer in the Mirror last week, that you were an ubiquitary genius—now sir, as I am one of the "hic et ubique" sort, I wonder that we have never met before: But sir, as he and I are intimately connected, with your permission I will apply to him for a formal introduction to you. FOLLY.

WE can only wonder that the subscriber to the above should seek a formal introduction to an old acquaintance with whom he has been heretofore so closely allied.

BON MOT.

AT the French academy, Abbé Reignier, the secretary, one day made a collection in his hat of one pistole from each member to defray the current expenses. The Abbé did not observe, that the president, who was a very avaricious man, had put his pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time—"I have given already," he replied. "I believe it," said the abbé, "but I did not see it." "And I," rejoined Fontenelle, who was at his side, "saw it, but did not believe it."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"North-End" and "South-End," were committed to the flames on reception. The *boys* who send such communications are reminded of Mr. Pope's observation,

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
"For want of decency, *is want of sense.*"

"Euphemia's" favour is received too late to grace this number.

To "School Boy," we would recomend,

"With satchel, and shining morning face,"
To trudge more "willingly to school."

"Honestus"—wears a suspicious appearance.—We like honest men, but we like also honest productions.

"Alonzo" will appear next week.

We have received many favours, of which we generally acknowledge our acceptance.

A letter is just received signed a "Patron," censuring us for inserting certain letters—he may perhaps complain of our having admitted the letter from B. M. L. in this number.—There is an old saying, that when you wish to get rid of monkies, your surest way is to shew them their own features in a looking glass. We shall publish our "Patron's" letter in our next equally verbatim and literatim; after which, if *he* should decline further communications, we may have, as he wishes, the more room for common sense.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis *Something*.....*Nothing*."

No. 14.] *Boston, Saturday, February* 17, 1810. [Vol. I.

HARRIOT'S STRUGGLES.

We believe we are not very much accustomed to make extracts from other authors; but when we have opportunity of making such as the following, we shall prefer them to any thing we could say ourselves on a similar subject. The extract is from "Lieutenant Harriot's Struggles through Life"—a book no parent can more strongly recommend than by saying, that immediately after reading it, he sent it to his own children.

We have another reason for introducing the following extract—It breathes a holy spirit of philanthropic religion; it teaches man to be the friend of man.

"MY DEAR SON,

"You are now embarking on the wide ocean of life, the happiness or miseries of which will much depend on your own management, care, inspection, and fortitude. I have endeavoured to do my duty as a parent, by giving you an education far beyond what my shattered circumstances could prudently afford. Of my affectionate care, from infancy to the present period, I need not remind you, were it not to shew, that in the government of your conduct through life, you may see the obligations you are under to perform acts of reciprocal kindness to others.

"Your first, most constant, and never-ceasing duty is to that *Being* who created and gave us life, certainly for some more especial purpose than merely to eat, drink, sleep, or waste our time in idle gratifications. The various and discordant opinions of mankind respecting the Almighty, their different modes of faith concerning his divinity, and conjectures relative to the present and ultimate designs of his Providence towards mankind, have caused greater animosities, provoked more quar-

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rels, and occasioned a greater effusion of human blood, attended with diabolical cruelties, than any other cause that I know of.—To avoid such evil consequences in this world, is of itself a matter of sufficient concern for a wise man seriously to consider the subject; coolly and carefully examining, reasoning, and determining for himself, upon the nature of his own obligation to that Being; what may rationally be the designs of his Providence, in creating and sending him into this world; the consequent duties that belong to him through life, with the probability of his enjoying a much happier state in another world, according to a faithful discharge of those duties; or, by a wilful neglect of them, and the commission of actions which his conscience, a faithful monitor in the breast of every man, tells him are wrong, to subject himself to a deserved punishment of a more miserable existence, where possibly he may have to work his redemption by a better conduct.

"I am far, my dear son, from asserting that *this*, or any one other of the many religious opinions concerning the future dispensations of Providence, is precisely correct; but, if every man were to make up his own mind, according to the best of his knowledge and information, and then act up to what he thinks is right, without disturbing others for holding a different opinion, he could scarcely err.

"It was about your time of life that I determined to reason, think, and judge for myself, in matters of religion, or my duty towards God, the world, and myself. My opportunities since, for forming a more matured judgment, by observations among so many different nations and various modes of faith, have all tended to confirm me in an opinion, originating in a comparison of the early prejudices I had imbibed, with the many I saw around me, *that the religion of a good man cannot be bad.*

"I conceive it next to impossible, for any rational being to persuade himself into a disbelief of a God, or superintending Providence; who, from the works of his creation all around us, our own perceptions, and reasoning faculties, we must conclude, is *all-powerful, all-wise,* and *beneficent.*

"Thus far he has bestowed upon all mankind the power to read and understand him: concerning these plain, strong, simplified, attributes of the Divinity, there can be no difference in opinion; and I have found all nations and religions, with which I have been acquainted, perfectly to agree in these three grand essentials.

"Finding ourselves here, however, under such Almighty protection, what ought we to consider as our best course to ensure his favour? Most certainly, to fulfil the duties of the different stations and allotments through life, in which his Providence places us, to the best of our

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power and knowledge. Self-preservation is admitted by all as the first law of nature; by which is to be understood a decent care of our worldly pursuits, as well as personal defence, by all such fair means as do not wilfully, wantonly, or maliciously, injure others; and until a man has a family of his own to provide for, his near relations should be considered by him as a part of that self, so far as his abilities will enable him to give aid and assistance towards their preservation. For instance, should it please God to take me from this world before I have done as well by your brothers and sisters as I have by you, it will be your duty to supply my place with regard to them as far as your power admits.

"Another grand duty is the faithful discharge of whatever employ we are in. Yours being a military employ, in which you may possibly rise to the highest honours of the profession, you should consider it not only possible, but probable: let no opportunity, therefore, be omitted to acquire a perfect knowledge of military tactics, and do not merely satisfy yourself with learning a little parade-duty, as too many do, who then think themselves complete soldiers. Be assured, if you neglect to seek occasions of instruction while a young soldier, you will find it awkward, difficult, and disagreeable, not to say disgraceful, to acquire such knowledge afterwards, as is requisite in an old officer. In a young soldier, there is merit in the acknowledgement of ignorance, with a view to gain information; and his superiors will esteem and honour him for such laudable attention to his duty, instead of giving way to idle habits and dissipated company. Get early habits of strict attention to your duty, and it will grow as you advance in rank, making every thing easy and pleasant; but if this be neglected, the reverse will be the case.

"In the course of a long military life, you will have frequent opportunities of proving yourself a good citizen of the world, as well as a good soldier, by doing good and preventing evil. Attend well to this, and steadily discharge the social duties in life; rely firmly on the Providence of God, that every thing is wisely ordered for the best, although we may not perceive it; and recommend yourself to God by good actions that may benefit society, in preference to disputes of faith; act thus, and the thoughts of futurity will not occasion you much anxiety.

"Thus much have I thought it my duty to observe on the score of religion, without wishing you to pin your faith on mine or any other man's sleeve; but I do most earnestly wish you to think and judge for yourself, but with humility; and what your conscience tells you is right, act up to."

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SERMON.

By Edward D. Griffin, D. D.

A Sermon has lately been preached and published, on which, as we think, it is within the sphere of our duty to make some remarks.

It is introduced to the public thus: "At a meeting of the brethren of the Park-Street church, Thursday evening, January 11, 1810,

"*Voted*, That the thanks of this church be presented to the Rev. Dr. Griffin, for his excellent sermon, delivered at the dedication of our new church, on Wednesday, 10th inst. and the clerk be directed to request a copy thereof for the press.

"A true copy of record,

"Attest, WM. THURSTON, *Clerk*."

The text is from 2 Chron. vi. 18. "But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold heaven, and the heaven of heavens, cannot contain thee; how much less this house which I have built."

We venture to presume, that in the adoption of texts from scripture for the exercise of pulpit eloquence, a delicate distinction should be made between those selected for the purpose of explanation, and those in themselves exemplificatory.

In which rank the reverend composer of this sermon intended his text to be considered, his subsequent remarks have rendered doubtful: but as the meaning of it is *not* explained, we conclude that he adopted it only as a flattering *bonne bouche* to his congregation, that they might by expatiation of idea be induced to consider this superb edifice as the second temple of a second Solomon.

This sermon appears to us of so very singular and extraordinary a nature, that we should be at a loss how to review it, but that the two first lines teach us that by a few quotations it will *review* itself; for the Doctor observes,

"Such a *view* of the immensity and omnipresence of God was presented to the *view* of Solomon, as he lifted his eyes to heaven, to offer that memorable prayer at the dedication of the temple."

We congratulate the congregation on such their universal knowledge of the Chronicles, as to render no exordium nor antecedents necessary from their preacher.

"While his" (Solomon's) "eye surveyed the heavens, which God had *spread out as a tent to dwell in*, while his sublimated mind rose to the contemplation of that infinite Being, who suspended from his throne, as a mote, the heavens and the earth; while, from that amazing height, he looked down upon the speck which he had called a temple, he cried aloud, *Will God indeed, &c.*"

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We have frequent cause to regret our deficiency of understanding, for we doubt not that many a beautiful "flower" (of rhetoric) "is born to blush unseen" by us, in consequence of the dimness of our mental vision. We shall therefore be obliged to any of our correspondents who will so explain the meaning of the above quoted passage, as to bring within the embrace of our comprehension the propriety of observing in one sentence: "The heavens which God had spread out to *dwell* in. "Who suspended from his *throne*, as a *mote*, the heavens," (represented a line or two before as his dwelling place) "and the earth." And, "Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens *cannot* contain thee."

We admit our apprehensions to be of a very vulgar nature; they are startled at recommendations of essential impossibilities. If a clergyman tells us that God has spread out the heavens as a tent to dwell in, we can comprehend the meaning of the metaphor, and assent to its allusion; but if he add in the same sentence, and as part of it, that this God, who has spread out the heavens as a tent to dwell in, suspends from his throne *in* those heavens, the heavens themselves, as a *mote*, we hesitate: but when we are told in the latter part of the sentence, that this heaven which the omnipotent has spread out for himself to dwell in cannot contain him, we must think that the collocation of quotations is at least improvidently introduced.

Each metaphor in its proper place, in the old testament, is beautiful, and separately they must be admired; collected metaphors serve only to confuse.

We should also be glad to be informed from what amazing height, Solomon, (for if the sentence has any grammatical construction, Solomon must be the subject,) looked down upon the speck which he had called a temple.

The preacher, to be sure, informs us, in the sublimity of his language, that Solomon was "*elevated* on a brazen scaffold." But this scaffold, placed in the midst of the court, was only five cubits square and three cubits high; a degree of elevation scarcely enabling him to look *down* on a speck called a temple, of the height of one hundred and twenty cubits.

"A sublimated mind" is an expression, at the meaning of which we can only *guess*.

We see no reason why the Almighty should be particularly specified as the God of Jacob, or as the God of any individual, excepting when so quoted from the scriptures. He is the God of our sons, Henry, Edward, and William, as much as he was the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

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"Can we presume to hope that he will dwell in the house which we have built?"

We hope that *all* the benevolent influences of the Creator will dwell in this as in other churches.

We will now proceed to take into consideration what the Doctor says are the three questions which will form the heads of his discourse.

The first question is, "Does he whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, dwell in *any place*?"

Without remarking on the doctor's former quotation, that "God had spread out the heavens as *a tent to dwell in*," we will pursue him in his own answers to his question.

He begins them by this admirably scientific and appropriate reply: "The *essence* of God bears no relation to place, and in respect to his *knowledge* and *agency*, he is omnipresent." Can a public professor of pulpit eloquence evade his own question thus? Can he fly from the ordeal he himself proposed? Where is his answer? Whether the *essence* of God bears or not any relation to place, was not the question. It was, "does he dwell in *any* place?" A strange question we confess, but not stranger than the answer.

"In respect to his knowledge and agency he is omnipresent." Knowledge and agency attributes of the supreme Being! We are, alas, obliged to feel our deficiency of intellect more and more every day; we had hitherto considered knowledge as an acquirement; and agency as the acts of obedience to a superior. When can the meaning of language be acquired?

Is not our God omnipresent (in no *particular*) but in *all* respects?

"Not a dust that is driven by the whirlwind, nor the finest filament of an insect's wing; not an atom floating in the remotest bounds of space, but is constantly inspected by his eye, and upheld and moved by his hand."

We should be obliged to any person who would inform us in what latitude and longitude "the remotest bounds of space" lie; and how any atoms can float within the bounds of space, (if it has any bounds) after the omnipotent has called order from confusion, and established an universe, the planets of which move through their respective annual orbits, uninterrupted by air, and consequently by every thing which air would be necessary to support.

But does Dr. Griffin really think that every particle of dust driven by the whirlwind is constantly inspected by the eye of the Almighty? We are ourselves to be sure *only* human beings; but we think, that if the

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Doctor's position be true, we have great reason to thank the Supreme Being that, in the inspection, upholding, and moving these atoms, none of the dust raised by certain whirlwinds has yet been blown into our eyes.

We do not doubt, but that from a sense of right, Dr. Griffin has promulgated his opinions; from a sense of right, he will permit us to oppose them. We advance forward to oppose them in a fair, open, but decided manner. He thinks them right, we think them wrong. He preaches, and we write, from the dictates of conscience. This will only serve to prove that conscience is not an universal dictator of right or wrong; that conscience is influenced by habit, education, prejudices. We are charitable enough to believe that the opinions of the deist, as well as those of the christian; of the mahometan, as well as the atheist, ("if earth hold such a wretch,") are dictated by conscience; yet can we not refuse our assent to this position, that either a Messiah has appeared, or has not; that Christ or Mahomet was that Messiah, or was not; that there is a God, or is not. Men decide on such occasions accordingly to their consciences; and yet, all cannot be right.

But before we proceed further into the examination of this work, we shall candidly state our reasons for opposing it generally.

We think that the opinions contained in it are calculated to reintroduce that blind infatuation and superstition which formerly checked the advances of the arts and sciences, and condemned every person of superior knowledge to the funeral pile; to obscure the doctrines of christianity, and make men (and women, which is worse) believe that Jesus Christ was not the Saviour of the world; to confuse the writings of the Old Testament, and introduce old-fashioned heresies under a new garb; in short, to make human beings less happy than they have been under a milder system of religion, and consequently to excite feelings inconsistent with the general welfare of humanity.

Upon these principles we shall boldly hereafter proceed in our examinations of Dr. Griffin's discourse.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,—Having seen in your Something the complaints of several gentlemen, who, as well as myself, labour under the disease of Love, I make bold to write my case, asking at the same time your advice.

About three years since, I saw a young lady whom I shall call Belinda; although she was not decked with Venus-like beauty, yet she had enough to attract my attention, and soon after fix my admiration. I was then too young to think of a lasting attachment; yet when two or three

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days passed without seeing her, I felt uneasy, and with the first shades of night, flew to Belinda.—Thus with increasing love passed two years.—On the third I was called hence. During my absence I often rejoiced that then I had an opportunity of putting my attachment to a long test.—I returned; I saw Belinda with more real pleasure, than I had ever before felt.

Now, sir, I come to the present moment. Although I love Belinda above all other women, yet I have never declared my sentiments. In short, I have been her silent admirer, and as far as possible, have endeavoured to treat her as I do other ladies. This may appear singular, but my conduct is founded on what *I* call prudence, and what others term faint-heartedness.

Judge for yourself, sir, I have no other means of maintainance but that which I procure by my exertions; nor have I even the prospect of a rich legacy from a rich uncle. Now, would it not be the height of folly, under these circumstances, to demand, perhaps obtain the heart of one whom I could not marry for a number of years? Read the story of Lorenzo, and say whether we ought not to avoid the misfortunes which have befallen him.

Lorenzo received a mercantile education, and being patronized by his friends, found himself at twenty-three, in possession of a considerable sum of money. Lorenzo saw Lucilia, loved and married her. He commenced business—The first and second year were attended with great success; he met with many losses at sea during the third, and the fourth year closed his mercantile career. Lucilia had borne Lorenzo several children; these in the days of prosperity were the delight of Lorenzo and Lucilia. But now the scene was altered; the cries of the suffering babes were as daggers in the hearts of their parents. All the manly efforts of Lorenzo were blasted by unmerciful creditors. The tender nerves of Lucilia could not bear the shock; six months after the failure of her husband, she died! Lorenzo now barely supports himself and children on the hard earned fruit of manual labour.

Now, sir, frankly give me your opinion on the conduct I ought to pursue, and oblige your humble servant.

Boston, February 1810. J. O.

SIR,

THIS is to ask *you* for what *purpose* you write—"Strange it is"—and "passing strange" that *you* should so soon forget—the "World is—as it is" "Alas!" You'r "Mad"—If you wish the "Something" to "Blossom and bear fruit under the influence of an enlivening Sun"—do not

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impose on your *Patrons*, by the publication of such *Letters*, as have appear'd in the last Number of your Something, from R and S—"The greatest *error* into which *periodical* writers generally fall, is that of thinking themselves *wiser* than their fellow creatures" We* are willing to acknowledge that *your* "*Sapience*" is superiour to ours—but if *you* wish to please your *Patrons*, Give them "Something" that will not *require* the "Sapience" of *yourself* to—comprehend—you have at last made bold to say—that your "Something—Nothing" has become "Something" indeed—"But it is not what we think ourselves, but what the world think of us, that establishes—profit"—So long as your paper is "Something," it shall have (as it has had) my patronage—If you write to please *yourself* continue still to fill your Paper with, that, which, would require a "Solon" to interpret—But if you wish to please the World (your Patrons) and thereby "Establish profit" give them "Something" that will amuse and instruct—something within their own comprehension—and *you* will soon find that there *is* "Spirit enough in the Public to support a work of Sense"—but be assured, they never will "like the monument" stand "firm in disappointment"—If there is "much virtue in a name" let it be retain'd in "Something" that it may not be "green" because it is "read" is the wish of a

6 *Febr'y*—1810. PATRON.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

* *i. e. Myself.*

The foregoing is the letter we promised in our last to insert in *this* number: should we receive any complaints from another "Patron," we trust, that he will not accuse us of imposing on our Patrons, by the publication of such letters, as being non-sense.

N. NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,—The practice which certain ladies of this town adopt in frequenting shops in Cornhill, and taking patterns of goods, without any intention of buying, is attended with great inconvenience to us shopkeepers, and no benefit to any person, not even to the ladies themselves. It prevents us from attending to better customers, and is very injurious to our goods. As we know of no remedy but a direct refusal, which may be succeeded by very unpleasant consequences, we earnestly hope you will in your next number recommend some measures that we may adopt to relieve us from this great and growing evil.

We are, dear sir, yours, &c. A. & B.

Boston, February 12, 1810.

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MESSRS. A. & B. *Answer.*

If you will be kind enough to favour us with your address, we will send you weekly a few numbers of our paper, after which you may tell your troublesome visitors, that it is deemed ungenerous, and even unlawful, for them to leave your shop without buying "Something."

Yours respectfully, N. N.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,—In a late party of females, when, of course, each was advocating the privileges and honours of her own sex, the question arose, whence the expression of "*Falling* in love originated? As we could not decide the question, it was agreed to refer it to you. Your answer will gratify female curiosity, and oblige an old acquaintance. M. G.

Answer.

My dear madam, you tax me too hardly, to prove
Whence arose the expression of "*falling in love;*
For, beside that my learning can never impart
Whether falling in love, is a science or art;
My attempt to explain, must needs prove me an elf,
For, to tell you the truth, I ne'er learnt it myself.
There's one Ovid, I'm told, once wrote something about it,
But of late, it is said, 'tis the fashion to scout it;
And that love's only now to be look'd for in hovels,
Or lock'd up in castles, or let loose in novels;
Where he frolicks and frisks it so strangely about,
That one almost would think he was turn'd inside out.
Now, before we can reason about any cause,
We must bring that cause under some ascertain'd laws;
And I fear, (though to you I dare swear 'twill be treason,)
That love never will be a fair subject of reason:
And 'tis therefore, I think 'twill be only waste time
To say more about love, till the end of the rhyme.
Now, for "falling"—aye, falling's a theme to my mind,
I can trace *that* in genus, in species, and kind,
Well, then, madam, I've search'd through each quarter and nation,
And have trac'd every fall, up as far as creation;
Nay, yet farther I've gone, for I've found that there fell
A great host of bad angels, from Heaven to Hell!
But I cannot say this was a falling *in* love,
'Twas a great falling out with the goodness above.

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Well, the next fall was Adam's, as simple a tool,
That did e'er suffer woman to make him a fool!
For the man, though in Paradise, strongly wall'd in,
Did contrive to fall out, but he fell—into sin.
Then the next fall was Cain's, and resembled the other,
But he fell—upon Abel, and murder'd his brother!
When again he fell out, with a mark on his face,
Then he fell into hate, and eternal disgrace:
And thus even in Nod, when he got him a wife,
He ne'er fell into love, though he fell into strife.
But 'twere endless from Abel to Noah to tell,
Into something or other, the numbers that fell;
'Tis well known from th' event, that the world in a trice,
By the devil's attraction all fell into vice.
But indeed, my dear madam, 'tis too hard to prove,
That in all these sad fallings, one fell *into love*.
And 'twas therefore, perhaps, a just heaven's decree,
They should all fall at once in—a deluge of sea;
But when Noah, then stood as the world's only head,
Just like Adam he fell—but he fell—on his bed.
Silly Ham too, the younger of Noah's saved kind,
Fell like others, but falling, fell—out of his mind.
In short, trace the scripture from 'ginning to end,
We find nothing like falling in love to befriend.
David rose into love, but he fell into crime,
And e'en Solomon too, the great man of the time,
When he fell, as all must, let slip all urbanity,
And fell, strange to tell, not in love, but in vanity.
Thus it seems man must fall, either one way or other,
By the hand of a stranger, or hand of a brother;
Unless like Lot's wife, we can make a stout halt,
And rise all at once—to a pillar of salt!
If a fall of *this* nature, or *that* we *must* prove,
Then, perhaps the best falling, is falling—*in love*.

N. N.

MORE COMPLAINTS.

Mr. Editor,

Sir,—Having noticed in your two last numbers of "Something," the complaints of your correspondents T and B, without waiting to learn from them what good effects may have resulted through your benevolence in giving publicity to their requests, I am constrained from necessity to

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prefer my complaint also, which is not a trifling one, through the same medium, with your leave, hoping thereby, that either the persons concerned may observe it and desist from the like practices in future; or, that your judgment shall point out to me some efficient relief.

I have to inform you, sir, that I too live in a borrowing neighborhood; but wholly unlike the articles borrowed from your correspondent T is the article to which I allude—it is my cash. And far more serious are the evils to which I am subjected, than his, when he complains only of those articles not being returned, *until necessity has compelled him to go after them;* for I cannot even get my money when I *do* go after it, and that repeatedly.

A promise that it shall be returned directly is all I can obtain; and when I am out of sight, the result proves the promise to be out of mind. 'Tis thus I am made continually to suffer many inconveniences in business, beside the waste of a large portion of time in going and returning on these vexatious excursions; to disappoint and offend many of my best customers, in not being able to discharge their bills when presented; and in repeated instances am compelled to suffer an injury in credit by being presented to the board of directors at the bank, a delinquent in the payment of my notes as they become due.

The remedy which you suggested to T, of placing his loanable articles in rotation, will hardly apply to my case: For firstly, when thus arranged, 'twould all be cash; and secondly, when it has passed from my hands once, the rotation seems to have ceased; or if not, it is so long in performing its revolution, that I sometimes almost despair of its ever passing the diameter of its circle.

I both hope and trust I have a corresponding disposition with my neighbours to oblige; for I acknowledge, that in some instances, I have occasion to borrow myself; but those instances would be comparatively few, were I not so constantly made the slave of disappointment, through the (I will not say wilfully) false promises of others, after their having prevailed on my good nature, to lend them my money for a few days. For myself, I could wish to discontinue altogether, a practice which I consider so very detrimental, particularly to young men who are just commencing business, as is that of borrowing and lending money: and to place more reliance on internal resources for any exigencies, by uniting economy of time to economy in finance, and adding thereto, application and industry. I would

"Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
"For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
"And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

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If, sir, you should think these remarks insufficient to produce a reform, be pleased to instruct me in what way I can gain a relief from these perplexities, and you shall command the services of

Your Friend,

13th February. R.

SIR, *Answer to R.*

I am no quack-doctor. I possess not any nostrum that will cure all diseases. Your *pocket* disease appears, like many personal complaints, to originate in your own carelessness; but as lending money is a dis-order that will soon cure itself, I trust that you will have no future occasion to apply, as to a physician, to N. N.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER SIGNED W.

To Nemo Nobody, Esq.

WE regret that the personalities of the very sensible letter from which we make the following extract, prevent our inserting the whole.

"If you are a *stranger* here, permit me to inform you, sir, that this town has, for years back, been infested by bands of *Know-Nothings*, who have had the effrontery to undertake to INFORM and CORRECT the public mind, without possessing a single qualification of real genius, wit, or learning; sets of *quacks*, who boasted of nostrums that would give *life* and *delight* to the "*dead* and *frigid*" Bostonians! By degrees, however, the *tricks* became too stale to *take*; public opinion either consigned them to *exile* or *contempt*: Some were *killed out-right*, and on their several *tombs* is placed this elucidative epitaph—"*Here lies an impostor.*" These *impostors*, sir, have surviving friends; and I doubt not you will experience, both *before* and *behind* you, their "*slang-wanging*" attacks: They will *hiss* at you, like snakes; *bark* at you like dogs; and even try to *devour* you, like wild-cats.—Be not afraid! they can *only* make a noise and shew their teeth! If you are fond of amusement, they will furnish you enough; you may laugh till you grow as fat as FALSTAFF."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

WITH pain we have lately observed a species of cruelty inflicted on unoffending animals, which while it can only afford a momentary and ungenerous sport to a few individuals, gives all the poignancy of distress to the feelings of a really human being. It is a pastime which has lately prevailed among idle or unemployed men, which, if unchecked, may be imitated by our children, and banish, under the influence of fun, the nobler and more liberal sentiments of honour from their breasts.

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We allude to the wanton barbarity of catching a dog in the street, and fastening to him some material of a rattling nature, which drives him in a frenzied fury through the streets to injure or be injured.

Does not the mind of youth suffer from seeing such examples of cruelty practised and permitted? and is it not the duty of fathers to discountenance it? Youth is imitative; it readily accepts any thing offered to its unexamining heart, that looks like frolick. We should therefore discourage bad examples. As man advances in years he *should* advance in reflection, and consider the effects his conduct may have on youth. Many of the amusements of age may be innocent in themselves, as respecting only the partakers of them, which become pernicious when offered to the sight of youth. How much more, therefore, should actions, in themselves essentially enormous, be discountenanced by those to whom authority has given efficient power to correct them.

The author of the following communication has favoured us with a corrected copy, of what we formerly felt ourselves under the necessity of declining the publication. To the *repeated* application, we submit; and if it shall be hereafter proved that by our giving our small portion of publicity to the facts therein contained, the described state of the abused gifts of providence has been ameliorated, we shall feel happy in having contributed to the naturally designed comforts of a lamb.

For Something.

NANTUCKET SHEEP.

On a late visit to this place, the history of these poor animals excited my compassion.

These sheep, from six to ten thousand in number, occupy in common a part of the island appropriated for their use. In this pasture, without so much shelter of any kind as that of Jonah's gourd, they are left to pass the entire year, and indeed the whole of their lives. From a naked and almost barren soil they are to extract their food or to starve. During the most rigorous and inconstant winters they are cruelly abandoned to all the severities of cold and hunger, either to sustain a miserable existence, or to perish, without a single effort to save or relieve them!

It is not uncommon, if I am correctly informed, and my information was received on the spot, for fifties, and even hundreds of these innocent sufferers, driven before a severe snow-storm, chilled to the heart and nearly blinded, to fall from a sandy bank which limits one side of their inclosure, and to be drowned in the waves.

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Hard as this death may seem, I consider it as the most fortunate part of their destiny. The young too, the tender lambs, are left to be wet, chilled, and dwarfed by the cold, or to become food for crows—as the season shall decide. The only *argument* I have heard in favour of this practice is this: If these sheep were made comfortable by the erection of suitable sheds, they would become too tender, and would not go out in bad weather in search of herbage. This plea is worthy of those who can make use of it; how much reason however, policy, or humanity it may contain, I will submit to the judgment of any tribunal, excepting only the proprietors of these unoffending victims.

January 1810. S.

For Something.

TO MISS * * * * * O * * *

BRIGHT Titania have I seen
Lightly trip the dewy green;
Oft I've seen her fairy train
Dance by moonlight on the plain;
But in vain was all their art,
You alone have touched my heart.
When the balmy evening breeze
Murmurs through the spreading trees,
Borne on Zephyr's airy wing
Sweetest music will I sing.—
When the storm around you roars,
When the rain its torrents pours,
Then in peace your eyelids close,
For Ariel watches your repose.

ARIEL.

Writers in profound philosophy and abstruse science can only address readers of learning; and learned readers are of necessity few, compared with the unlearned and the superficial. But works of morality and religion, subjects which equally concern every mortal, ought to be addressed and accommodated to the taste and understanding of all who possess common sense; and the more popular they are, the more meritorious, because the more useful. KNOX.

MR. NEMO,

LAST sabbath evening, I attended the Park-street Church lecture, not for the purpose of "seeing or being seen," but with the expectation of

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being gratified and instructed by the discourse of the celebrated pastor, to join in the solemnities of the evening—when, to my great disappointment, during the whole service, I heard but little, and that little in such unconnected parts as to make it wholly unintelligible; so completely was the preacher's voice drowned in an incessant coughing, and, during the sermon particularly, by a continual slamming of the doors, occasioned by the passing in and out of boys, (for I cannot impute such unbecoming conduct to those who have arrived to years of discretion.) Now I wish you to state whether, according to your ideas of religious duty, it would be inconsistent with the profession of christians, were they to absent themselves from public worship when they must be sensible they are endangering their own lives, and depriving others of the pleasure and advantage of their devotional exercises by their attendance: also, to remind parents of the impropriety of sending their young children to church for the strongest reason why they should be kept away—because they are noisy and troublesome at home.

Before I close I would suggest, whether it would not be a good practice to keep the doors of churches fastened during the sermon. The only objection I ever heard to a regulation of this kind is, that it would be an encroachment upon the privileges of those who are prevented by necessity from an early attendance. In my opinion, although this might be the case were the rule to continue during the whole *service*, yet, as it is impossible, unless the whole of a discourse is heard, that it can be understood, confining the regulation to the *sermon* only, completely obviates that objection. ADORATOR.

February 14th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In the final arrangement of our paper this week, we are compelled to omit many things intended for insertion. The correspondents whose letters are inserted without our answers, may expect the subjects of them to be fully investigated in our next, and if possible to insert all, we will not disappoint any.

The editors of the Mirror are requested to receive our thanks for the exposition of the deception practised on us the last week. Ourselves, acquainted with circumstances, to which the allusions in the piece sent for insertion were appropriate, we thought it original, and the production of an acquaintance. Although we may have, and indeed *have* been deceived, our judgment cannot be called in question with respect to the merits of the piece, after being informed that it was originally inserted in the Boston Mirror.

To Alonzo we apologise.

Euphemia's letter is remitted with some remarks.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis *Something*.....*Nothing*."

No. 15.] *Boston, Saturday, February* 24, 1810. [Vol. I.

DR. GRIFFIN'S SERMON.

Upon the principles on which our former observations were predicated, we proceed in our remarks on this discourse.

"But for the more perfect manifestation of Himself to *creatures*, (we presume that the doctor means human beings) He (God) has consecrated certain places with special marks of his presence."

We dare not, we wish not to deny the Doctor's assertion; but it would have added very essentially to our present stock of knowledge had he informed us where those "certain places" are. The reverend gentleman tells us indeed, that "the most distinguished of these places is the "Heaven of Heavens," which, though it cannot confine His glorious majesty, is often called His dwelling place." But with respect to the locality of the other "certain places," he is silent. Now if the Doctor knows that for the more perfect manifestation of himself the Almighty *has* consecrated certain places with special marks of his presence, it would be but generous in him to inform us where those places are; knowledge of this nature should be diffused for general good, in christian sympathy; for it is not every humble soul that would ap oach him in the most distinguished place—the Heaven of Heavens.

We should be glad to be informed of the meaning of the phrase, "Heaven of Heavens," which, though it cannot confine his glorious majesty, is often called his *dwelling place*.

"In language intended for mortal ears he is represented as seated there (the Heaven of Heavens) on a visible throne, Himself the object of distinct vision, and holding familiar intercourse with his saints."

On this passage we may observe hereafter.

"What exhibition of the invisible God was made in heaven before the ascension of Christ we are not informed."

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We cannot understand how we could have been informed of an *exhibition* of an *invisible* God.

"But now, in the person of Him in whom *dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily*, the inhabitants of that world behold *God manifest in the flesh*."

We shall first take this simply as a sentence without reference to the occasional scriptural words embodied with it. We will however observe, as advocates for the scriptures, that an injury is done to them when a few words are selected from them and pressed into a sentence which has no concordance with their original signification. But as a sentence we will first consider it.

"But now," (Jan. 10, 1810) "in the person of Him in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead *bodily*," &c. (we should be obliged to any one who would interpret this, as an individual's sentence—we'll take up the scripture passage) "the inhabitants of that world" (what world!) "behold God manifest in the flesh."

If any thing is to be clearly understood from this passsage by vulgar comprehensions, it must infer that the Omnipotent has become visible as a man in the person of his son.

Let us now examine the quotations which have lead to the obscurity of the above passage, repeating, that we declare it an injustice done to the sacred scriptures to adopt words without their specific meaning.

"Dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

On this passage, even to a clergyman who has quoted it for his ease in a contrary sense, we will venture to make our remarks. St. Paul writing to the Colossians, as any christian might write with equal propriety at this day to the Bostonians, bids them "beware, lest any man spoil you, through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the *rudiments* of the world, and not after Christ;

"For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

The meaning of which passage we conceive to be this: Beware of vain theorists who may injure you by their foolish opinions, who act only upon the rudiments (the elements or first principles of living) of the world, and not after Christ, (that is, real solid principles of religion and integrity)—For in him (Christ) dwelleth the essential perfection of the Godhead.

We cannot discover any allusion of St. Paul to the bodily frame of a mortal, and cannot consent to the visibility of an omnipotent Being in such a wretched case.

"God manifest in the flesh!"

Another perhaps accidental perversion of scriptural meaning.

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It is true that St. Paul says, in his letter to Timothy, that God (meaning our Saviour) was "manifest in the flesh" while on earth; but will this expression justify Dr. Griffin in quoting it for the support of his opinions? Are we, therefore, because St. Paul declares that the divine authority was manifested to mankind in the form of a man, to believe that the Godhead has assumed a human form, and to become manifest in the flesh.

We regret that so many extravagant doctrines are promulgated to estrange the steps of uninformed individuals from the plain paths which a benevolent Creator and a mediating Saviour have smoothed for them.

"Formerly there was a visible God in the tabernacle and temple; now there is in Heaven."

The reverend Doctor said something before about language intended for mortal ears; we presume that this passage is applicable only to *immortal eyes*.

"Then he dwelt in a luminous cloud; now, in the humanity of Christ. This is the true Shekinah, the glory of a temple not made with hands."

Assertions like these require proofs, or at least some reasoning that would prevent a man of sense from immediately dissenting from the possibility of the facts.

Before we proceed further in our remarks on this sermon, we will pause to observe, that we have always considered it the duty of a clergyman, to be plain and explicit in his exposition of facts, clear and explanatory in his arguments, and decisive in his deductions, that the unlearned may learn and the learned be pleased in recollection. How far the Doctor's ideas of propriety correspond with ours will be shortly seen.

"There on a glorious throne, sits the same body, with the same countenance that was seen in the streets of Jerusalem; arrayed in the splendour which mortal eyes beheld on the mount of transfiguration and in Patmos."

This appears a paradox to us; we have not sophistry enough to reconcile contradictions—we have always believed that, as we are told, before Peter, James, and John, our Saviour was *transfigured* on the mount—that "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light;" how then the preacher can affirm that he sits so arrayed on a glorous throne in heaven, "with the *same* countenance that was seen in the streets of Jerusalem," we leave to wiser heads to determine.

"That body belongs to one in whom the human nature is raised to a *personal union* with the divine."

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Human nature raised to a *personal union* with the divine!

Our feelings will not permit us to enlarge on this subject.

"This person is the *word*, by which God expresses the secrets of his mind, the organ by which he governs the universe, the channel through which all his communications to creatures are made, and the grand medium through which he is seen."

This appears to us as a sentence of a very extraordinary nature. In the first place, we cannot conceive how the Omnipotent can have *any* secrets; in the next, why, if he had them, he could not express them himself; in the third, why, being omnipotent, he should employ an organ in governing the universe, or in communicating with his creatures; and in the last, we cannot discover how this person is the grand medium through which our Creator is seen."

We have, perhaps, a different idea from that of Dr. Griffin, of "The Word" "Ὁ λογος" as mentioned by St. John; we think it has no allusion whatever to our Saviour, and that in all cases, where it is so applied, it is improperly applied. We have in a former number, given our opinion upon this word, and we shall only now add, that whatever we assert, we shall be ready to defend.

IDLE YOUNG MEN.

It is not our province to interfere with the politics of state, or general government; we have assumed only a right of observation on religious and moral principles, and religious and moral conduct; but when extraordinary deviations from either occur, we shall feel it our duty to trace the courses of such evils to their source, spring it where it may; and we will therefore venture to assert, that the present demoralized, disorganized, or at least, generally unsettled state of our youth, originates in the measures lately adopted by our rulers; but reflections on the influence of their conduct on youth, (excepting, perhaps, a single instance,) was beneath their care. Thousands, of enterprising adults are now thrown out of employment; thousands, and ten thousands are searching for it in vain, and hundreds of thousands of the younger race, are deprived by the inability of their parents, of such an education as would enable them, hereafter, to demonstrate a proposition, or define an asserted insult; and consequently are restricted to that state of ignorance, which, should they be hereafter called to duties, legislative, or executive, might plunge their ill-fated country into useless war, or draw her into the abysm of self created ruin.

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In this distracted state of our unfortunate affairs, it becomes essentially the duty of the moralist, to obviate as much as may be in his power, the fatal effects of inactivity in useful pursuits.

Idleness, it is universally allowed, is the root of all evil; as with the body, so with the mind, each becomes invigorated in proportion to its wholesome exercise, and as they are divested of it, each becomes enfeebled and exhausted. The mind and body, enervated by a state of inactivity, will not readily resume their natural tone; determination to perform the duties of an allotted function, may excite a half inspired inclination, but exercises to which we have been long unaccustomed, soon disgust; disgust produces peevishness, peevishness dispute, and dispute separation.

Let us be permitted then, during this awful pause, while the beam of our fate is, as it were, in equilibrio; while we are anxiously doubting on which scale the next European breath will weigh, let us be permitted earnestly to recommend to parents, to keep the minds and bodies of their children actively employed in something beneficial. If the present deranged state of our mercantile and other concerns, will not afford hire to the labourer, let the labourer work in his own vineyard—the vineyard of his mind; let him dig and plant there, that he may reap the fruit hereafter.

Much information is to be gained from books almost without expense, and health may generally be preserved by natural exercises. A small annual subscription to the Athenæum will enable a young man to spend his time pleasantly and profitably, be his future destination what it may, within the walls of that admirable institution. There may he adapt his daily pursuits of literature to the occasional tenor of his mind, and extract information of every nature that may hereafter be serviceable to him. A tender but well directed introduction to science is all that is necessary to make it palatable to the human mind. Science pressed upon the mind as physic, too frequently occasions its revolt—offered to it as an amusement, it will, like other amusements, lead from inferior to superior, till the mind voluntarily endeavours to embrace its most exalted blessings.

We would therefore urgently recommend to all parents and guardians, whose sons are now inactive, to procure for them admission to the Athenæum, where, by preparing themselves with solid information, they may, after the clouds of night shall have passed away, welcome the returning sun of prosperity with hands and hearts prepared for labour, and enjoyment.

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NEMO NOBODY,

TO THE YOUNGER YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF BOSTON.

"Whoso robbeth his father or his mother, and saith it is no transgression, the same is the companion of a destroyer". ..Prov. xxviii. 24.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

I now address myself particularly to you, or rather to that portion of you whose conduct of late has brought them within the sphere of the following observations.

The improprieties daily committed by you, and especially the indecorums practised on the Sabbath in and about the several places of religious worship, call loudly either for censure or instruction; for the present I shall endeavour to dissuade you from a continuance of such behaviour, by the adoption only of the latter experiment.

By a carelessness or wantonness in your conduct you are perhaps not well aware, that you infringe upon the rights of others; you are apt to suppose yourselves responsible only *to* yourselves for the consequences of incorrect demeanour when out of school; a boy, if incidentally reprehended by a stranger for the commission of improprieties in the streets, will too frequently reply, What's that to you? now this is the question, my young friends, I propose answering—by proving to you, that independent of your duty to yourselves, you have no right to behave in such a manner as to hurt the property or feelings of another, and by explaining to you *what* concern every honest man has in the behaviour of the rising generation.

For this purpose I have selected for my motto a passage from the Proverbs of Solomon, by expatiating on which I trust I shall be able to prove to you that you may be found guilty of robbery without having taken from any one a sum of money or an article of value.

But in order to effect this I must wrest the present interpretation of the word "Robbery" from the single contemplation of the law, and its present modified acceptation, and treat it in its original general sense, as embracing *every* means by which the deprivation of another's just rights can be effected.

The laws of all free nations allow their subjects certain unalienable rights—the chief of these are, liberty of person, property, feeling, and opinion; these are also estimated as *natural* rights; the law admitting them as such, of course protects the subject in them, and punishes the offender. If then the law would punish the offender, a stranger, for committing depredations on any of the rights of another, how much more severe should be the punishment of a son who invades any of the rights of his father or mother?—a son whom, independently of the laws of his country,

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one would suppose, on a little reflection, the ties of gratitude would bind to respect them.

Imagine not, my young friends, that I have any reason to suspect but that every sentiment of your souls would revolt at the idea of doing a voluntary and direct injury to your parents. It is not from your positive intentions that I fear injury to them; but the mind of youth is warm, incautious; it seizes innocently yet rapidly the first bait offered; from its blindness to the consequences it thinks no harm, for it means none—all this innocence of action will candidly be allowed you till you are instructed to the contrary. But

"Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not."

Robbery consists not only in the taking from another a sum of gold or any article of value. The real and moral sense of robbery, is taking from another without leave any part of his rights *in any manner* or by *whatever means*.

I have already shewn to you that liberty of person, property, feeling, and opinion are among these rights.

In the liberty of person my subject is not much interested, I shall therefore only briefly observe, that whoever contributes to the waste of another's property, necessarily invalidates his security of personal liberty.

"He also that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster."

On the contemplation of the second right under consideration, I am imperiously called to dwell. Your parents have allotted a considerable portion of their income, for which they either now *toil*, or *have* toiled, for the expenses of your residence with your several instructors: for what purpose? is it not for your education; that you may be improved in morals and in such branches of science as may be useful to you hereafter, and that you may be guarded against those habits of idleness or dissipation which will assuredly be your destruction if they are permitted to accompany you when you are launched into the world? most undoubtedly the affection of your parents has directed their expenses to this end. They have placed in your instructor's hands, and in your own dispositions, a most important trust, the employment of by far the most precious part of your life, a period which is certainly to determine your future success in this world, and perhaps your ETERNAL happiness or misery.

If one man in confidence entrust another with a sum of money for a certain period, and the other when called upon, is found to have misused it, the latter is condemned in sight of God and man as guilty of

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a robbery, although in the eye of the law it would be stigmatized only as a breach of trust.—He has perhaps taken first one dollar with an intention of replacing it—then five; again disappointed, he has taken ten, and so on till at last the whole has been lost. Time is money, and this is what, my young friends, my anxiety for your welfare induces me to fear will be the effect of your carelessness, with respect to the employment of your time, which you ought to consider as the property of your parents, a property proved by the expenses they incur for you, by far more precious to them than money.—A trifling avocation or pursuit employs ten minutes, the warmth of your imagination leads you to some improvement of the pursuit; it takes twenty more, and if you suffer it to gain an ascendancy over your minds, which you cannot deny sometimes obtains, your lessons are unattended to, your studies languish, you long to return to it, with eagerness you engage in it, and I am sorry to add, that in so doing, you suffer yourselves to be seduced to that point which brings you under the denunciation of Solomon.

You rob your father and your mother of that portion of their money which is adequate to the portion of time so uselessly or unprofitably employed.

Let me not be considered as desirous of preventing relaxation; relaxation is necessary that the mind may return to study with vigour; but this relaxation of the mind should be accompanied with exertions of the body; your out of school hours should be employed in invigorating your constitution in such employments as will contribute to your health, and consequently to the unclouded exercise of your intellectual faculties, and not in mean, illiberal amusements.

This observation leads me to a consideration of the next right of man in general, and consequently of a parent; *the right of enjoying his own feelings.* I shall endeavour to explain my meaning on this particular by a little circumlocution.

When the Supreme Being by his commandments condescended to inform man what should be his rule of conduct, in order to induce him to seek more fervently the means of his eternal happiness, he made his duties the source of his immediate pleasures; he ordained that for every good action there should be an immediate reward; and this reward is planted in our feelings. Having, therefore, performed our duty, or any part of it, we have a right to enjoy those blessings of self satisfaction which the Almighty has allotted to them. Your parents place you with intelligent instructors: In so doing they think they have done their duty; they certainly meant to do it—will you therefore dare to interfere between the duty and the reward which the Omnipotent has assigned

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to it, by thwarting the intention of your parents and wasting that time in idle pursuits, from the proper employment of which and your improvement, they look for all those sensations which are to be their reward? the smallest reflexion will surely convince you that, if you deprive them of those feelings, you will become as those to whom Solomon generally alludes, in the words of the text; you will rob your father and mother of what is infinitely more precious to them than gold, the delightful sensations of parents on the improvement of their children. The next and last consideration I shall enforce in familiar terms. Opinion. A common observation which parents after preliminary introductions, make to instructors is, "I am of opinion that with sound advice and a little discipline my son may become a good boy and prove a comfort to his family:" What boy could wish to divest his parents of that consolatory hope? To do so would be to deprive them of their greatest happiness, and consequently would be in a moral point of view commiting a sacrilegious robbery.

Trusting that my observations have been sufficiently acute to excite the attention—of a few at least, and that an attention to them will excite salutary reflection—I shall for the present bid you farewell.

Your affectionate friend, N. N.

IMPRUDENT MARRIAGES.

In answer to J. O.

The delicate situation in which J. O. represented himself to be in his letter published in our last, has been much the subject of our reflection. But, as from our ignorance of the author, we can form no estimate of his particular disposition, of his rank in life, his talents, the profits of his present exertions, or the prepared temper of his mind against adverse occurrences, we can only so far conform to his wishes as to enter upon the subject *generally*.

The principal object of marriage is happiness. Now it is scarcely possible to find two souls of so congenial a nature, two minds so exactly directed by education to one efficient point, two persons so equally modified, as not to require on the one part some sacrifice of feeling, prejudice, or amusement to the other. This question then suggests itself—Will this sacrifice be mutually and willingly submitted to? If so, one corner stone is laid for the base of the superstructure of matrimonial comfort.

But as the temper of the human mind is liable to essential changes, deducible from external occurences, and which changes, if suffered, may considerably embitter the marriage state, it appears to be the part

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of a prudent man, to calculate without sophistry, on the probability of such occurrences as might introduce such changes.

Many are the accidental misfortunes in life, against which no human prescience can be effectual, and to such the highest and the lowest, the richest and the poorest, are alike subject. But there are certain evils which experience tells us are the necessary if not natural result of improvident and incorrect conduct, against which we are amply instructed how to guard. For instance :—

> "When we mean to build,
> We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
> And when we see the figure of the house,
> Then must we rate the cost of the erection :
> Which if we find outweighs ability,
> What do we then, but draw anew the model
> In fewer offices, or at last, desist
> To build at all?"

This is the prudent part—the man who pursues an opposite conduct acts

> "Like one that draws the model of a house
> Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
> Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost,
> A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
> And waste for churlish winter's tyranny."

With respect to the request of J. O. we must observe that we consider Lorenzo to have been unfortunate, most afflictingly unfortunate; but we cannot think that he was imprudent in marrying—having "a considerable sum of money," with fair prospects.

J. O. has given us no datum whereon to found our judgment. He has, to be sure, informed us, that he has no means of maintenance but those which he procures by his own exertions; but what, or how extensive those means are, he does not tell us. We presume that three fourths of the *happy* families in this world are supported only by the exertions of the principal, and consequently *that* circumstance, as a cause, cannot operate against his union.

But what are these means? Are they large or small, permanent or incidental? Are his talents such as will not prevent his sinking under *one* blast, or such as will enable him to weather all storms?

Does he wish to live in style or in comfort? Does he wish to be fashionable or happy? Would he marry for the enjoyment of domestic comforts, or to make a shew of himself and his wife? to make his partner a moveable machine on which foreign fripperies may publicly be exhibited, and

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by whom foreign vices may be introduced; or would he clasp to his bosom the originally designed blessing—a help-mate meet for him?

These are questions to be determined before we answer to J. O. yes or no.

In the mean time, we will offer a hasty description representing our ideas of

DOMESTIC LOVE.

THE smile of nature brighten'd all around
When hand in hand a lovely pair advanc'd
And form'd the picture of domestic love.
As on they walk'd, each strove with anxious heart
To smooth their mutual path, nor strove in vain;
For each for other felt and toil'd; but toil
Was bliss enthron'd on love: with steady tread
They mov'd erect thrice happy in themselves.
But when contemplating the scenes around
External pleasure warm'd the heart of one,
Reciprocating feeling beam'd a smile:
Or if, perchance, a thorn unseen, (for thorns
Sometimes escape the most exploring eyes)
Had pierced the foot of either, each partook
Th' unwelcom'd pain, but sharing made it light.
'Tis not with grief or sorrow, as with love;
Love, by reciprocation stronger grows;
In sympathy—*pain* loses half its sting.

As blessing their contented lot
They near'd their dear domestic cot,
Array'd in robes of spotless white,
A female form arrests their sight,
A form that seem'd on earth unknown—
Her rarer symmetry alone,
Proclaim'd her of a higher sphere
Than aught this grov'ling world could bear;
Her modest dress, her modest mien,
Were such as seldom here are seen;
Her cheek with no foul passion flush'd,
With nature's purest ruby blush'd;
Her steady-lustred eye combin'd
The varied radiance of the mind;
Nor did a single feature share
The shrivell'd marks of wrinkling care.

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They wond'ring gaz'd—the form advanc'd,
And viewing them by doubt entranc'd,
She thus with mild seraphic voice
Bade affection's soul rejoice:
"Be not surpriz'd to see me here;
"On earth I seldom now appear;
"Tho' order'd by divine dispense
"T' attend the call of innocence;
"For rarely can I find a lot
"Which I can make my resting spot;
"But now I'm come to dwell with you
"Because you've prov'd to virtue true."
The pair with invitation sweet,
The courteous stranger kindly greet;
When lo! before them stood confest
HAPPINESS herself their guest.

TO ADORATOR.

SIR,

LETTERS are addressed and delivered to us; but with the subjects of many, with all the audacity of which we are accused, we dare not interfere—dare not, because we are restricted by our own sense of propriety. So much of the subject you proposed to us, as we could believe came properly within our sphere of interference, we have noticed, and perhaps too diffusely, in this number.

Such communications, however, preclude in general the necessity of an answer from us, they state facts which are thereby forced on the attention of those who honour us by reading our paper, and whose sense of propriety will excite a consequent inclination to discountenance all indecorous demeanour.

We can only presume that the advocates of evening lectures are disposed to submit to evident evils, under the hope of producing more extensive good. N. N.

TO EXPOSITOR.

WE have some doubts of the propriety of answering letters which we cannot publish—we do not wish to be, and we will not be the "Expositors" of accidental foibles—"humanum est errare" we will never prostitute our pen to gratify private pique or public tyranny.

We doubt not that the occurrence mentioned, has had already sufficient publicity to prevent its repetition.—When a disease is once overcome by the skill of a physician, attention and caution on the part of the patient will accomplish the cure. N. N.

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NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,—Presuming instruction is your object, P. J. takes the liberty to ask, how you reconcile the "*Review* of Dr. Griffin's Sermon," in the last number of "Something," with your *Remarks* in number 9, page 143.

Feb. 19, 1810.

Answer.

We beg leave to reply, that the Remarks in No. 9, p. 143, were not our own; they *should* have been inserted under the head of communication. We did not hear the sermon, but we now *read* it.

MR. EDITOR,

IN one of the numbers of your paper, with much pleasure I noticed a hint to our Legislature, relative to making a law, similar to those of New-York and Pennsylvania, directing travellers on our roads to keep to the "right or left." Should such a law be adopted, I am confident much real good would accrue to the community, for I have no doubt many lives might be saved every year by such a regulation.

Not doubting your desire to promote the good of the Commonwealth, nor your conviction that such a law is necessary, I beg leave to tender you my feeble aid in effecting this desirable object, by petition or otherwise, should you feel disposed to notice

February 21. A TRAVELLER.

NATIVE GENIUS.

WE have hitherto contended strongly against the prevalent opinion of a deficiency of native genius in America, and the more we observe, and the more we inquire, the more strongly are we convinced of the justice of our opinion. Superficial observers recognizing but a small proportion of justly celebrated characters, in the United States, conclude hastily that the deficiency is owing to the want of natural endowments. Travellers passing through our country, observing that there is no proof of the perfected cultivation of talent, conclude there is no talent, and consequently concur with the erroneous opinions of fantastic philosophers who assert that every being is naturally "belittled" in America.

Should we assert that such conclusions are made in positive contradiction to correct judgment, we might be called upon to explain—uninvited we *will* explain—but in this instance we will confine ourselves to one particular branch of the fine arts, and that is,

PAINTING.

Has America no cause of defence against such unjust imputations, after having produced West, Trumbull, Copley, Allston, &c. &c.

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If such gentlemen are doomed for improvement or encouragement to banish themselves from their country, and exhibit their performances only to the admiration of the European world, although we cannot in justice refuse to England or France the title of foster-mother, we may still claim the original genius as our own.

But an honest American would blush while he claimed for his country the honour of producing his celebrated compatriots; for he would be obliged to consider her at the same time, an unnatural mother, who delivered, but would not nurse.

In the general convulsion of our political system, independently of prior causes, America is threatened with the alienation of men of genius and taste in the arts. We should think that Massachusetts, the rock on which the standard of independence streams untorn, around whose base the drowning sons of liberty must cling or perish, would among other patriotic exertions endeavour to secure within herself those men whose abilities, aided by the professors of the sister art, would conjointly advocate her honour and record her glory.

With pleasure we have received the information, that the artists of Boston and its vicinity have associated for the purpose of endeavouring to establish an academy of the fine arts. With the sincerest conviction of the utility of such an establishment, we shall advocate it to the extent of our ability.

ACADEMY OF ARTS.

An Academy of Arts has lately been established at Philadelphia, contributing highly to the honour of that city, which promises to be the Athens of America. There the same principles which induced the Legislature of that state to grant the State-house to Mr. Peale, for the encouragement of his museum, have extended their influence to individuals, excited their attention, and procure their encouragement to the promotion of this silent but impressive record of art, of nature, and philosophy. And why should not the Bostonians do the same?—Are our rich men *forever* to be stigmatized with the reproaches of our sister states, that they have no taste themselves, and that they will not encourage it in their fellow-citizens?—If nothing but the *usual* stimulus to the expansion of the purse will answer, we may even offer *that*. The establishment we recommend has been every where *profitable* to the original promoters. It is not now fifty years since the Academy of London was established by a few artists; in two years they numbered more than an hundred; now their members are more than one thousand, and the annual receipts from the exhibitions average, as we are credibly informed, near thirty thousand dollars, at the price of one

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shilling for entrance to uninterested individuals who visit it principally for pleasure or from curiosity.

Boston, February 3d, 1810.

DEAR SIR,

I am almost distracted—I scarcely know what I say or do; I have for several months past been assiduously attentive to a young lady of this town who seems to receive all my endeavours to please with the greatest indifference; yet am I young, not ugly, have a decent independence and wear whiskers as long as any man in town. I can dance too very well, and I keep my horse and chaise—yet can I never get her to talk, ride, dance, or walk with me, although I am continually inviting her to one or the other. Pray, Sir, tell me what I can do to obtain her regard, and oblige yours. ALONZO.

ANSWER.

Desist from further persecution. N. N.

MARIA.

Maria was handsome, in prime of her youth,
Maria had feeling and taste—
For a chaste education directed by truth
Her native endowments had grac'd.

Her words were the breath of an eloquent mind,
Her eye its precursor and guide;
She saw and she spake, *she* could ne'er be unkind
Who ne'er learnt the feelings of pride.

Her heart, yet by fashion unsullied, like Heav'n
On every glad bosom would glow;
And her tears, like its dew were as readily given
To cherish the victim of woe.

Young Henry beheld her—he saw and he lov'd,
He had found a congenial soul;
And Maria too smiled when she felt and approv'd
A sensation she could not control.

Where honour and innocence meet, is unknown
The insidious veil of disguise;
But by words had they sought the fond flame to disown,
Conviction had flash'd from their eyes.

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A DIAMOND.

To a young Lady, for a present, bearing the form of a Diamond.

Let India boast her stores of wealth
In glitt'ring dust, or massive ore;
This *emblem* of her richest gems,
Boasts whence it came, a *richer* store.

A secret mine, whose brilliant wealth
Was ne'er to glitt'ring spars confin'd;
Where *gems* in native splendour shine,
And radiate only through the mind.

February 21, 1810.

THEATRE.

We have been favoured with some communications on the late theatrical exhibitions—the authors of them have our thanks for their kind intentions, but we must decline inserting them. We have our own system of estimation, our own opinion, and our own judgment; and on the result of our own deliberations only, shall we praise or censure, actors or audience.

MR. MORSE.

The industry and exertions of Mr. Morse, have deserved and obtained what they had a right to expect from a generous public, approbation, applause, and respect. *He* too is a native plant, and proud are we to proclaim his success. His private character has to be sure procured him friends, but theatrical merit only has attached the public to him; he rises in their estimation from each performance, and clings around the hearts of his compatriots. We know that we are bold in our assertions; but we still venture to predict that, *encouraged*, Mr. Morse will prove the best actor that America ever yet witnessed, without exceptions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that we have not again received the returned letter of Euphemia.

G. C. if he will reflect a little, will find that he has no reason to complain.

L. on a Sermon at a late lecture, is received too late for insertion in this number; it shall appear in our next.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"'Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. 16.] *Boston, Saturday, March* 3, 1810. [VOL. I.

THEOLOGY.

" Thou fair religion ! was design'd
Duteous daughter of the skies !
To warm and cheer *the human mind,*
To make men happy, *good and wise.*
To point where, aits in love *arrayed*
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The god of universal *aid,*
The god, the father of us all,
First drawn by thee, thus glow'd the heavenly scene,
Till superstition, fiend of woe !
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread dark clouds, our view and heaven between ;
Drawn by her *pencil the creator stands*
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hand ;
And hurling vengeance wide,
Hope at the frown aghast yet lingering flies,
And dash'd on terrors rocks faith's best dependence lies."

PENROSE.

HAVE we indeed become worthy of anathemas from a certain pulpit, and yet are our errors so numerous, our knowledge of the scriptures so trifling, and our ignorance of theology so great, as to render us unworthy of a serious reply in writing ?

Does the professor of sacred literature think that he can content *us* by annotating on the margin of our work, " it is a scripture phrase"— when we enquired the meaning of the phrase "Heaven of Heavens ?"

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does he suppose the subserviency of our own judgment so abject, as to submit to another marginal note that "sense of agency is nonsense or impiety when applied to God as F. would have it," or does he, as we are told he has asserted, contend that we have no religion at all?

Among the very numerous errors which the professor stated to exiits in our review of Dr. Griffin's sermon we find none specifically pointed out. The remarks which he has favoured us with we notice, as we will all others he may be inclined to make, with due attention.

In the margin of No. 14, p. 214, we find written by the professor "*acquirements of God*, is saying he is not omniscient or has not been."

We cannot judge of the gentleman's motives for making this remark; we have a right however to presume that he in christian charity intended them for our inspection and instruction—with an equal spirit of benevolence we reply to them.

We had quoted the following passage from Dr. Griffin's sermon:

"In respect to his knowledge and agency he is omnipresent."

On this passage, we had remarked in the sentence underlined by the professor and to which his note was attached "*We had hitherto considered knowledge as an acquirement*," intending thereby to infer that the attribution of an acquirement to an originally omnipotent Being was in our opinion incorrect. On this *our* observation, the professor makes a remark which leaves only a point in dispute between Dr. Griffin and himself—for the professor and ourselves declare the same thing—viz. that to speak of the *acquirements* of God is to say that he is not omniscient or not been so.

"Sense of agency is nonsense or impiety, when applied to God as F. would have it."

This is the next annotation.—Now we should not scruple much to confess that we have sometimes written *nonsense*, but we will defend ourselves against the charge of impiety till we return our breath to God who gave it, and when we shall be convinced that we have written nonsense, it will be only by an argument that contains *some* sense.

The first note of the learned gentleman in No. 15, p. 225, is doubtless intended as instructive—we therefore thank him with all the humility of a man who has no right to a knowledge of theology because he is not installed as a professor.

In answer to our remark that we should be glad to be informed of the meaning of the phrase Heaven of Heavens, the professor of sacred literature most improvingly informs us, "It is a scripture phrase."

When such instruction is so voluntarily and explicitly given, who can be ungrateful? We bow with the respect due from ignorance to knowledge.

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The next and last notice of our numerous errors is p. 227.—The shocking crime of which we are here sentenced as guilty, is marked thus with "double tongue of admiration;" "authority in form of a man"!! And can a theologist who advocates or passes over this sentence, "but now in the person of him in whom *dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily*, the inhabitants of that world behold *God manifest in* the flesh—ridicule as absurd the following on which the annotation was made—"Are we therefore, because St. Paul declares that the divine authority was manifested to mankind in the form of a man," &c.

Let us be permitted to ask the learned professor under what appearance Moses went to Pharaoh, and if the divine authority was not then made manifest in the form of a man when the Lord said to him "I make thee a God to Pharaoh?"

We have now remarked on all the notes with which the professor honoured our paper. If our ignorance be really so great as he esteems it, he will do an essential service to the public in exposing it still farther—we have copied faithfully all the notes that have come within our sight—his remarks from the pulpit we heard only by proxy, and perhaps too incorrectly communicated to justify our farther remarks at present. We will beg leave however to assure the preacher that we have *some* religion, and that our religion partakes so much of Christianity as to induce us to expect that *he* will not be damned because he differs from us in his opinions.

DR. GRIFFIN'S SERMON.

Notes, we presume, are intended for the elucidation of sentences in the body of the work; but what is to be done when notes only tend to make confusion worse confounded. It will indeed require all the rhetoric of all the professors of sacred literature to convince us what possible justification can be obtained from the 18th verse of the 10th chapter of St. John to Dr. Griffin's idea, that the personal union of the human nature with the divine "is so intimate, that with the same lips and in the same sentence he can apply to both natures the same personal pronoun."—What in the name of common sense, what in the name of plain, honest, simple religion can Dr. Griffin mean by this? We admit our ignorance, we cannot comprehend it—but while we are ready to acknowledge the profundity of the Doctor's researches we think that sermons should be calculated for vulgar comprehensions, the congregation should know what is meant by the preacher; it is his duty to explain not to confuse the scriptures.

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He refers us to John x. 18, to prove this union he talks of so intimate, &c.—What union? our Saviour has talked of none.

Jesus has been representing himself, not as a hireling shepherd who would desert his flock in cases of extremity, but as a real owner who would protect his own property, as a father of a family who would sacrifice his life for them. He then observes in the verse to which the Doctor has referred us.

"No man taketh it (my life) from me, but I lay it down of myself; I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again—This commandment have I received of my Father."

Who can tell where in this verse is inferred any thing like a personal union of the human nature with the divine.

Again the Doctor refers us to Acts xx. 28, to prove that "the sufferings of the human nature are as meritorious as though they had been the sufferings of the divine—the blood that was shed being the blood of God." The Doctor may retain, if he pleases, his present opinions, we will only prove to our readers, as we think it our duty, that they are not warranted even by the passages to which he himself refers.

Indeed we see not in general how so many strange opinions should emanate from simple relations of poets.

The simple fact we conceive to be this—St. Paul having called the elders together says to them, after other advice—"Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." What more can by any scientific man be understood by this than a recommendation to the elders to encourage the religion which Christ died to establish, in its original simplicity, labouring "to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it was more blessed to give than to receive."

The third inferred or explanatory meaning of this assertion, "That body belongs to one in whom the human nature is raised to a personal union with the divine," is "that the same person that *suffered*, has the reward of governing the universe and bringing his people to glory: all of which cannot be predicated of either nature exclusively."

All these inferences, we presume, are drawn to prove that the human nature *has* been raised to a personal union with the divine, since the Doctor contends, that they cannot all be predicated of either nature exclusively, and these inferences are themselves to be supposed to be drawn from the New Testament.

We trust that it will not be considered as a derilection of the honesty of argument, should we adopt as a position, that any gentleman attempt-

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ing to establish a new doctrine or the revival of an old one on the foundation of the scriptures, would select from those scriptures such passages as would the most effectually support such doctrine.—Presuming therefore that Dr. Griffin has adopted the strongest passages he could select in his defence, we will examine candidly whether the superstructure is erected as the house of a man founded on a rock or on the sand.

The first ground work he adopts is a verse in the tenth chapter of St. John—we have, as we believe, before remarked on what we consider at least as an indelicacy, the selecting of short passages from the scriptures, insulating them from the main subject with which they are connected, and pressing them so separated into the service of particular purposes.

This was the method adopted by Mr. Thomas Paine when he undertook to invalidate the authenticity of the Pentateuch—he selected a few passages which were originally only marginal notes, but which had afterwards been subjoined to the respective chapters, to prove to the ignorant, that Moses could not have written any part of the five books.

Dr. Griffin, as before observed, refers us to a verse of the 10th chapter of St. John, as a sanction to his observation—that the personal union of the human nature with the divine is so intimate, that with the same lips and in the same sentence, he can apply to both natures the same personal pronoun.—Without attempting an explanation of the Doctor's meaning, which we confess in this and many other passages eludes our acutest investigation, we shall only quote a few verses from a work written for the ignorant, and which being intended to be understood, appears to vulgar capacities more intelligible in its native phrase, than when expounded by the Doctor's elucidations.

"The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is an hireling and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scatteth the sheep. The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd and know my *sheep*, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice: and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd. Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself: I

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have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father."

In this passage we can see nothing but the declaration of a benevolent Redeemer that he voluntarily sacrifices his life for the good of mankind.

TO THE EDITOR OF SOMETHING.

SIR, *Designed for the last number.*

On Thursday last I attended the public lecture of this town, and returned with feelings deeply impressed of the utility and benevolence of the doctrines I there heard inculcated, which I am happy to announce through the medium of your paper. The exercises by the Rev. Dr. Kirtland, were peculiarly impressive and engaging to every christian hearer. The sermon, without exception was one of the finest in composition and effect, I ever heard delivered; it was truly pulpit eloquence; the subject, the duty of man to man evinced in that active principle, which animates the christian heart—"*Love your neighbour as yourself*"—and it could not have been more justly and eloquently treated. The christian there found most beautifully illustrated the practice of his life. The contracted bigot would seek there in vain for an encouragement of his illiberal tenets. Christian benevolence breathed throughout the discourse, adorned by those natural graces of diction which indicate an elegant, comprehensive, penetrating, and richly cultivated mind. But the principle, not the splendours in which it was arrayed, demands our admiration, and as such its excellence would be felt unassisted by its decorations. It is a sermon that ought to be written in letters of gold, and impressed upon every heart. As it forcibly speaks to the feelings, and bears conviction to the understanding. These *comments* cannot convey a just idea of its merit. Its effects upon the auditors is its best eulogy. Those who were so fortunate as to be present at its delivery must join with me in the idea of its excellence. For it assuredly commands the *general* "tribute of grateful recollection."

"*Mild persuasion flowed in eloquence.*"

L.

Theatre, Monday, Feb. 26th, 1810.

THE BENEVOLENT JEW, AND MIDAS.

Were we to suffer the impression made on ourselves to be the sole criterion of this comedy on the effects of its performance, we should most unequivocally give it the warmest sanction; but reserving to others the right of deviation, from what appeared to be the general sentiment we shall only offer our own.

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To the author we, as christians, think the highest praise is due, for the honourable manner in which he has advocated the character of the persecuted and slandered Jews; they are children of the same parent whose blessing we as well as they daily implore, and under whose influence they as well as ourselves exist; if they in all things do not think like us, we should, in charity believe, that they act at least as conscientiously as ourselves.—Were I any other than a christian, says Dr. Watson, I would be a Jew.

To deny to any particular sect the common feelings of humanity, is only to exhibit in the authors of such denials, a want of feeling in themselves; what principle should naturally or necessarily restrict a Jew from being as benevolent as a christian? The laws of Moses were as comprehensive, though perhaps not so expletive of our moral duties as those of *our* Saviour; but are we necessarily to suppose a man is devoid of every feeling of humanity, because he cannot believe that *our* Saviour is *his* Saviour.—Real christians will shrink from so vague a hypothesis.

For the exhibition of the character of the benevolent Jew, we think that Mr. Bernard deserves every praise that can be bestowed on the actor or the man. We are fond of seeing christian principles expanding to the embrace of every thing that is human, and we are doubtful whether we should attribute the higher credit to the author who drew or the actor who performed the character.

Communication.

Sir,

I have the honour of enjoying the acquaintance of a young lady in this town, whose parents are not in the most prosperous condition. I have been very attentive in my demeanour towards her, having invited and gallanted her to numerous places of public amusement. I possess self conceit enough to justify me in asserting that I have gained the affections of her heart; it could not be otherwise, for, as I am in business for myself, I am of course making money; and being handsome in person, or at least possessing one requisite—a huge pair of whiskers, am consequently a fit object of her love.

Now, as I am wonderfully sagacious, I have discovered that the parents are no less solicitous than proud of my frequent visits; for I cannot but observe the many little tricks which are unnecessarily called in-

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to action during my presence, and the numerous excuses which are blindly made in order to *accidentally* leave us together. This, evidently or apparently, is nothing else than a one sided invitation to more serious advances; another appearance, by no means unexceptionable, is, that these voluntary and intended *tete a tetes* are meant to insinuate their unbounded reliance on the daughter's virtue, and their implicit confidence in her immacculate purity.

These circumstances, sir, have in some measure tended to disgust me; for, I have no intentions beyond those of employing a few idle hours; nor any desire of approximating nearer to one whose expectations are so very disproportionate to her merits, and whose pride towers to such an immense distance above her capacity.

As there are perhaps many others in similar predicaments, I anticipate a ready insertion of this letter, accompanied with whatever remarks it may suggest in your next Something; in doing which you will oblige, Your reader, P. K.

February 28, 1810.

Answer.

We would recommend to "P. K." to dispossess himself of what in his view, gives him the most irresistible charm, to wit, his whiskers; to devest himself of a large portion of his "self conceit," and to relinquish a still larger portion of his vanity, and he will then perhaps perceive in this premeditated design of the young lady and her parents to encumber him with matrimonial *fetters*, nothing more than the effect of *accident*, and a due regard to civility. Should he on the contrary, find *them* determined on an "approximation" to which he is averse, let him refrain from visiting them altogether; and let his *feet* thereafter carry him only where his *heart* shall prompt him. N. N.

CELLAR DOORS.

The inattention paid to the security of Cellar-doors in town, has become a great and growing evil.—The other night as I was passing down a street with a young lady she stepped upon a cellar door—which was level with the side walk, and had every appearance of being secure, but she fell to the bottom of the cellar. I myself walked down a cellar a few months since, which was carelessly left open of a very dark night.—I hope, in the name of humanity, the fathers of the town will adopt some speedy and effectual measures which may secure the safety of our citizens against *falling down cellars* in their night rambles. Z.

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LOUISA;

A Domestic Tale.

SUDDEN the dreadful tempest came,
The light'nings fire the sky;
And quick succeeding bursts proclaim
The threat'ned danger nigh.

Louisa, in a lone retreat,
Indulg'd unwitness'd tears;
While her impatient bosom beat,
With trembling hopes and fears.

Alone she sate, who late had known
The crowd of flatt'rers swarm
To bask them in her fortune's sun;
Now vanish'd from its storm.

Three hours of night, and darkness wild,
Had mark'd her husband's stay;
With him had stray'd their only child,
Companion of his way.

More quick and bright the light'nings flash,
More loud the thunders roar;
But light'ning's blaze, or thunder's crash,
Were seen or heard no more,

When to the mother's anguish'd breast
A distant shriek appeal'd;
"O God! my child!" she cried, and prest
Impatient to the field.

A darken'd wood embrac'd the lot;
A mother could not stray;
The blaze of heav'n reveal'd the spot
Where, gasping, Emma lay.

"My only child!" the parent cries,
As she her infant prest;
Father!—the shiv'ring babe replies,
And faints upon her breast.

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"Thy father!" shrieks Louisa wild,
"My Henry! art not near?
"Canst thou be absent, and thy child
"Expos'd and dying here?

"What frantic horrors fire my brain!
"My dearest Emma, speak!
Where *is* thy father? ease my pain,
"Or this poor heart will break."

"I left him struggling with the flood
"Where yonder waters foam;
"He sent for help, and said that God
"Would guide the infant home."

With eager bound Louisa straight
Towards the wild surge prest;
Nor felt the trembling infant's weight
Still clinging to her breast.

Approaching, her bewilder'd shrieks
An aged widow hear'd;
Whose hut amid the wild rocks' breaks
By humble hands was rear'd.

"*Here* bend your steps" the widow cries,
"And hasten to my aid;"
Louisa paus'd, her bright'ning eyes
A ray of hope display'd.

"Haste! haste! we yet may save his life."
Louisa *paus'd* no more;
Quick as the light'ning's flash, the wife."
Was instant at the door.

Humanity! why is't thy lot
More frequent to be found,
Embosom'd in the lowly cot
Than on exalted ground?

Is't that from nature's warm appeal
By *fortune* we are free?
Or is't, the poor alone who feel
For others' misery?

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Louisa's husband, on a bed
Of humble straw was laid;
But to redeem him from the dead,
An angel toil'd and pray'd.

An angel—not as poets paint
In outward grace, and youth;
But far more like a *heav'nly* saint,
In charity and truth.

She pray'd, as each kind help she bore,
O come, returning life!
A parent to a child restore,
A husband to a wife.

Louisa, rous'd from transient veil
Of sense, now join'd the task;
Meanwhile, the widow told the tale
Louisa dar'd not ask.

"As shrouded in this lowly vale,
"I bless'd my humble fate,
"That shielded me from storms' assail,
"The lofty and the great,

"The tempest howl'd along the strand;
"But unappall'd I heard;
"They never *dread* th' Almighty's *hand*,
"Who reverence his *word*.

"I am not learn'd, but common sense
"Instructs that Heaven's rage,
"Can ne'er by youthful innocence
"Be fear'd, or well spent age.

"But while I prais'd the God of all,
"I heard a wretch's cry—
"I instant hasten'd to the call—
"'Twas but humanity.

"Toss'd by the waves your husband laid;
"He cried or breath'd no more;
"The God of mercy lent his aid,
"I dragg'd him to the shore.

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" By this I felt my strength reviv'd,
" This act my youth renew'd;
" With ease I brought him where I liv'd,
" And plac'd him as you view'd.

" Yet, yet may life return." She ceas'd,
And rais'd to heaven her eyne,
Which shone, though dim with age, as kiss'd
By charity divine.

Distraught Louisa, in despair,
Heard but her Henry's knell;
" He's gone," she cry'd, " and I shall ne'er
" Bid more than this farewell.

" Then sound, my infant, sound the toll
" By filial duty due;
" And breathe to his departing soul
" One soft but last adieu."

She said, and on his death-stamp'd corse
The trembling Emma plac'd;
And never death unwelcom'd, was
By innocence more grac'd.

The weeping infant sobb'd adieu
Through his half op'ning lips—
Death, friend of innocence, withdrew;
Life started from eclipse.

The parent breathed;—Louisa's hope
Full glisten'd in her eye;
" Ah no," she cried, " my life's sole prop,
" Thou shalt not, shalt not die;

" This innocent a sigh has heav'd
" Which not in vain implor'd;
" That breath which she from thee receiv'd;
" She has to thee restored.

" Yes, heaven hath sav'd thee from the wave,"
She said—but, speaking, caught
The widow's eye, which seem'd to crave
For *human* love a thought.

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"O yes," she cried, "to thee indeed
"My gratitude is due;
"But heav'n the happy act *decreed*,
"Though 'twas *assign'd* to you.

"And thus for time and life well spent
"Will God the good regard;
"By making them his *instrument*
"Of mercy and reward.

"And when from earth thou'rt call'd to heav'n,
"Thou from the eternal throne,
"Shalt hear this blessed judgment giv'n,
"By thee my will was done."

GAMING.

PLATO being informed that one of his disciples was fond of gaming, reprimanded him for it. The disciple excused himself by saying, that he only played for a trifle. "But," said Plato, "do you reckon for nothing the *habit* of gaming, which playing for a trifle will make you contract."

February 23, 1810.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR—Having accidentally a few evenings ago, read several numbers of your publication entitled "Something"—permit, sir, an unlettered stranger, to express her sincere admiration of a work evidently tending in her view, to the improvement of our minds and morals, and to the cultivation of taste. If all men would like you, justly appreciate our value, with what avidity should we cultivate our minds, instead of adorning our persons; with what solicitude would our mothers and instructors prune our minds of those destructive and noxious weeds, vanity and dissimulation, which when they have once, from custom and a wrong education, been suffered to take root, can seldom if ever be eradicated! Believe me, sir, I am far from wishing to advocate the rights of woman, as Mrs. Godwin has been pleased to term them; far from it, I would not for the universe (if conscious of it,) be the means of promoting principles that are in their nature pernicious; and in my humble opinion, have been productive of real and lasting mischief and unhappiness, in many worthy families. So far from wishing to usurp those prerogatives that nature has so justly given to your sex, that you might be our pro-

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tectors, our guardians, and our support; I never feel myself so happy as, when I am indebted to your sex for that protection which the feebleness of our nature, makes me conscious was intended by an all-wise Creator for us; and to whom we ought ever to look up, not as our masters, but as our first and best friends; in whose honourable bosoms we can quietly repose our sorrows and our griefs; whose labours are devoted to our happiness and ease, and whose lives would cheerfully be sacrificed in defence of our reputation, and honour.

I am, Sir, with respect, yours,

EUPHEMIA.

Theatre, Wednesday, Feb. 28th, 1810.

TEKELI, AND VALENTINE & ORSON.

The former of these pieces has had (to use a theatrical phrase) a very uncommon run, and we had some time ago nothing to induce us to hope for a repetition of it, but that the managers had advertised it positively for the last time.

We hope that Valentine and Orson will soon be advertised as positively for the last time, for then we shall have reason to expect its performance at least three times more.

TO LOUNGERS.

Mr. Editor,

Sir—I am a man of business, having lately attempted an establishment in a mercantile profession. My success hitherto has more than equalled my expectations, and I confidently anticipate an ample reward for all my care and exertions. In the pursuit of my business I have procured myself many acquaintances, and amongst those acquaintances, several friends, in whose society and friendship I at all times, when at leisure, partake of much pleasure and enjoyment. The greatest difficulty which I experience is, that among this numerous acquaintance, there are many who frequently make my store a place of resort to spend an idle hour in frivolous conversation, or otherwise, to the no small interruption to a regular and timely discharge of my concerns, by engaging or diverting my attention from such persons as come there for the purpose of transacting business, or in a way which is still worse, by collecting particularly on days when the weather is more than ordinarily cold, and placing themselves in clusters, or in a circle around the fire, and thus preventing any one in the store from approaching it, and consequently obstructing evey particle or ray of heat from finding its way into the room, and thereby obviating the possibility of those, for whom it is particularly

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designed, from receiving any benefit therefrom, and at the same time rendering them unfit for the business of the store, by causing them to stand exposed in the cold till they are become chilled almost to a state of petrifaction. My civilities or a desire to obtain the friendship of all who call upon me, as well as an unwillingness to offend any one, necessarily oblige me to endure it, though highly prejudicial to my business, and contrary to my inclination. As they are almost or nearly all of them patrons, and to my knowledge constant readers of your paper, will you have the goodness to insert this, and to suggest to them the impolicy, or rather the impropriety of thus abusing civilities and proffered hospitality extended to them in a store. Having no leisure in business hours myself, as in my opinion no industrious man ever should have, be pleased to inform them that at such times it will be altogether inconvenient to receive them, except on matters of business; but that in seasonable hours for relaxation from the fatigues and cares of the day, they may command a due share of both the time and friendship of their as well as your friend, R.

March 2, 1810.

FEMALES.

"It was only a woman's remark."

This expression roused me from a pleasant contemplation in which my mind had been engaged; I started with horror at the observation—But turning my eyes toward that part of the room, whence the voice issued, I confess that I felt my indignation in some degree appeased, by perceiving that the words had issued from the mouth of a young man. I reflected—and pitied him. In a few minutes I left the house.

"Only a woman's remark!" I repeated as I was walking home—But no matter—'twas but the observation of a youth, who, perhaps had been acquainted solely with such as bear alone the female form. At that moment flashed on my mind names which I dare not mention of women—really women, "heaven's first best gift to man." Cold as was the evening I stopped and meditated on the ignorance of the observation—"Only a woman's remark," was repeated involuntarily, and reiterated with all the changes of emphasis of which the sentence would admit—yet remained I in the deepest perplexity with respect to the possible appropriate allusion. What could the young man mean? had he formed any improper idea of the qualification of females from his own observation, or had he acquired like a parrot, this remark from the tongues of others?—Pshaw, said I, as a pinching breeze reminded me of the imprudence of midnight contemplation in the street—he knows nothing of the

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sex; and having flattered and warmed my own mind with a reflection that I knew them better, I hastened home, and passed some delicious hours in contemplating the characters of those females whose virtues and abilities have conferred the *highest* honour on mankind.

MADAME *CAT*-ALINA.

During the performance at the theatre last evening, a cat by some means was introduced into the lobbies, and gave a short specimen of her musical powers. A wit remarked that this was a treat extra; as Madam *Cat*-alina had not been announced in the bills to *sing* this evening.

TO THE EDITOR OF SOMETHING.

SIR—I AM an occasional though not a frequent visitor at the theatre. Whenever I have been there of late, I have uniformly been almost literally *stared out of countenance*, by a young gentleman, who places himself in a direction and attitude which it is wholly impossible for me to avoid when my attention is directed toward the stage. Pray Sir, is it not considered rudeness, because at the theatre, thus to stare a person continually in the face? If so, be pleased to warn him against a repetition of such ill manners; but if not, I must solicit you advice to know what course of conduct I ought to adopt to avoid or prevent it.

Yours, ISSABELLA.

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

As onward through *life's* troublous sea
My wayward barque is driven,
With adverse gales and madd'ning waves,
In twain is nearly riven.

As onward still by storms impell'd
I near the gulph DESPAIR,
HOPE points to *heaven* with cheering smile,
My *anchorage* is there. R.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Consistency," &c. is under serious consideration; we will, with his permission, make some use of his letter in our next, although we cannot publish it in its entire state.—C. will perceive that we have enough on a certain subject in this number already.

M. N. we cannot understand, and P. O. is too intelligible.

ERRATA.

Among others of a trifling nature, we are sorry to observe the following in this number:

Page 244, 20th line, "poets" for facts.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 17.] *Boston, Saturday, March* 10, 1810. [Vol. I.

TO PATRONS.

Before we begin this number, we beg leave to apologize to our subscribers, or such of them as by the delay of a few hours, were disappointed in the expected receipt of their paper last week. The delay was occasioned principally by the loss of a considerable portion of manuscript sent by the one party, and not received by the other. This caused an embarrassment which obliged us on the emergency, to have recourse to subjects suitable to all times, to the exclusion of such, as particularly regarded the occurrences of the last week.

DR. GRIFFIN'S SERMON.

(Continued from our last.)

——"No law divine condemns the virtuous,
For differing from the rules your schools devise.
Look round, how providence bestows alike
Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of different faiths;
And (though by several names and titles worshipped)
Heaven takes the various tribute of their praise;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only lord of all."

——"Thou dost belie him,
Thou maker of new faiths! that dar'st to build
Thy fond inventions on religion's name;
Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts;

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You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies; and by adding
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And will not bear all lights." ROWE.

The Doctor's *explanatory* note in the third instance quotes—as a proof that the same person that has *suffered*, (which, if we justly comprehend his assertions, must be the omnipotent himself,) has the *reward* of governing the universe, and bringing his people to glory, the 18th verse of the 28th chapter of Matthew, which verse reads to our comprehension thus:

"And Jesus came and spoke to them,(the eleven disciples,) saying,all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

Does the Doctor mean to infer from this passage, that the omnipotent had resigned his omnipotency to Christ? if so, or indeed in any possible construction of the Doctor's meaning, the sole conclusion that can be drawn is this:

The omnipotent has suffered as a man, has "lived, and toiled, and wept with miserable men," has given as a recompense to himself for his sufferings the reward of governing the universe, (which power we should have thought a creator had possessed, without the necessity of suffering to deserve it,) has mingled with human nature in intimate, *very* intimate union, so much so, that to both *natures* can be applied the same *personal* pronoun! and suffered human nature to dispossess him of omnipotence, and usurp his throne—Oh God! *my* God! hast *thou* done this?

We had intended to proceed as we began, with a particular examination of this extraordinary sermon, but finding the sermon reviewed generally by a much abler pen in the last Monthly Anthology, (to which we beg leave to refer such of our readers, as may not have already seen it,) we shall limit our further remarks on it to this paper—at the same time, observing that the author of the review in the Anthology has conducted it with so much leniency, delicacy, and politeness, as to render his satire accessible only to more instructed minds, and as we consider the tenets of Dr. Griffin the most dangerous to the uninstructed, we shall take the liberty of adopting a ruder freedom of expression, that our remarks may be intelligible to them, who are the most liable to be imposed upon.

We cannot conceive how a preacher's doctrine can be understood while the language by which it is intended to be conveyed or enforced,

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is completely unintelligible—there must be in the author of such productions a deficiency somewhere—in heart, understanding, or acquirement. Else, why the following observation?

"In this person the *invisible* God is brought forth from his eternal concealment, and presented to the familiar view of creatures."

If the Doctor had condescended to inform us *what* person this is who brings the invisible God from his eternal concealment—or what invisible God has been eternally concealed; (for he cannot mean that God who was, as he himself observes, formerly visible in the tabernacle, since visibility and invisibility are not exactly synonimous,) we might have some glimpse at what he meant.

In the first place, who is this person? we have turned over the different pages of the sermon, an hundred times at least, and we declare that we cannot find who or what is Dr. Griffin's God, or who or what is his Christ; and indeed, in his sermon he tells us, that now and then he has but one, and that every now and then he has neither one nor the other, for the one is occasionally so absorbed by the other, the two in a third, and the three by a fourth or fifth—by a nature—by a something that is now this—now that—that he is frequently at a loss, at least as appears by his writings, to find any God at all.

In the present instance he represents the Almighty (at least a Supreme Being whom we adore by that name) as brought forth by some non descript agent "from his eternal concealment, and presented to the familiar view of creatures." By *creatures* we again presume that the Doctor means human beings—but he should at least have informed us *what* human beings had been favoured with this familiar *view* of the *invisible* God.

Soaring immediately to the "heaven of heavens," the Doctor informs us that in *him* the glories of the omnipresent God are collected to a point, and exhibited from a single throne to every eye in heaven.

The Doctor, who (we cannot doubt it,) is an excellent casuist, may be able to reconcile this passage with one almost immediately preceding it, wherein he has represented the *Almighty* seated on a visible throne, HIMSELF the object of distinct vision, and holding familiar intercourse with his saints—but in the course of a few lines, some character denominated "Him" takes his place, and collects all the glories of the omnipresent God to a point, and exhibits them from a *single* throne, to every eye in heaven: leaving us in this instance, no wonder that the Doctor should ask where the Almighty can reside.

Before we examine who *this* "Him" can be (for the Doctor introduces many strangers to us,) we must admit in deference to "The Bartlet

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Professor of Pulpit Eloquence in the Divinity College at Andover," that the Almighty has been dethroned, since, from a *single* throne this "He" exhibits *all* the glories of the omnipresent God—that was.

The Doctor having thus dispossessed the omnipotent of his throne, and given it to a being of his own creation—then asks, "will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? He then answers his own question, in contradiction to what he has before advanced—by telling us, that this invisible God whom somebody or something brings *now* forth from his *eternal concealment*—has already dwelt with men—as he had said and contradicted half a dozen times before.

But why should the Doctor, speaking of an *omnipresent* being, be so anxious to enquire *where* he dwells? We think that there is no difficulty in finding a benevolent Creator every where—and the Doctor only puzzles us by the question, "will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth," after having himself informed us that he dwells or has dwelt, particularly here, especially there, more essentially in that place, but peculiarly in this, interestingly with this nation, effectually with that—generally with the church, and that the bosom of his saints, he makes his holy of holies.

We shall by and bye examine who these saints are, whose bosoms God makes his holy of holies; but in the mean time we will endeavour to guess at what this He—this Him—this body, or this Christ of Dr. Griffin's, (we talk of him with freedom, for he cannot be *our* Saviour, the Son of God,) can possibly be.

The Doctor himself indeed secures us, and even from his excommunicating colleague, from any possible impiety in talking of *his* Christ, we shall therefore speak of his fancied human deity, as we would of Manco, Brama, Alha, Mahomet, &c. for the only Christ *we* acknowledge is God the Son, the second in the Trinity, and the only Saviour we acknowledge is Jesus of Nazareth, born about eighteen hundred years ago, of the Virgin Mary. And the Doctor positively informs us that *his* Christ is "not the second person in the Trinity as such, and by no means the man of Nazareth as such," consequently *his* Christ is not *our Saviour*; besides, *we* believe in one God the father Almighty, the creator of the heaven and the earth, and of all things visible and invisible, who has reigned from eternity, who still reigns, and who will reign for ever and and ever; therefore, the Doctor's God cannot be our God.

We cannot, consequently, be guilty of impiety, while treating of the nature of beings whom we do not acknowledge as having any authority over us; we should, therefore, proceed on the Doctor's observation on *his* Christ, but that they remind us of those enigmas which frequently

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appear in Magazines, when by extraordinary intermarriages, one person is represented as variously related, being uncle to his uncle, nephew to his nephew, father to his father, &c. and as we have no time to waste in explaining riddles, we must leave it to the Doctor's advocates, to determine what and how many different deities they think proper to adore.

We will add a few words about saints, whose bosoms as the Doctor observes, the Almighty, (we beg the Doctor's pardon for using this term as designating God, instead of human divinity or divine humanity,) has made his holy of holies.

We have some reason to believe that the Professor acknowledges as saints only such as in turn acknowledge, for we cannot think that any one can believe, his doctrine. He observes, page 20, "This house, though not raised for controversial discussions, has been built by those who esteem it far from indifferent, what doctrine a man believes; and who doubt not that his religion *will take its shape from the articles of his faith.* Their object has been to subserve that experimental religion which is intimately connected with *the doctrines of Grace.*" Now in order to ascertain what these doctrines of grace were, accordingly to the Doctor's idea, we referred to one of his supposed saints, Professor Edwards, and examining his sermon on True Grace, we find therein a character so strongly recommended not only as a professor of orthodox faith, but as a being very skilful in the propagation of it, that we cannot in justice to Dr. Griffin's cause decline making a few quotations.

Quotation, 1st. Edwards, vol. 7. p. 238. "The devil is orthodox in his faith; he believes the true scheme of doctrine; he is no Deist, Socinian, Arian, Pelagian, or Antinomian; *the articles of his faith are all sound, and what he is thoroughly established in.*"

We enquired in a former number the Doctor's meaning of the "heaven of heavens," and Professor Stuart condescended in his sermon, to notice our enquiry, and also to tell us in a note on one of our papers, that it was "a scripture phrase." We confess that we did not ask expressly for information, and consequently were not disappointed in receiving none.—But we will not suffer our readers to be disappointed, and therefore when we cannot obtain a satisfactory answer from those who differ with us in opinions, we will ourselves give the best, the advocates of their tenets can afford.

Quotation, Edwards, vol. 7. p. 236.

"Thus the devil has undoubtedly a great degree of speculative knowledge in divinity, having been educated in the best divinity school in the universe, viz. the HEAVEN of HEAVENS."

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"He must needs have such an extensive and accurate knowledge concerning the nature and attributes of God, as we worms of the dust, in our present state, are not capable of."

"And as the devil has a faculty of understanding of large capacity," &c. Now, if we have any idea of reason or argument, it must follow of course from Professor Edwards' remarks, that if we wish to obtain an extensive and accurate knowledge of the nature and attributes of God, we must apply to the devil—for we "*worms of the dust*" are incapable, without his aid, of procuring it.

This being admitted, although we feel tolerably satisfied with our own ideas of a God, whom we love, fear, and adore, and care not much about this speculative knowledge in divinity, which the devil is said to have —we should be glad to be informed by Dr. Griffin, where this gentleman dwells; for though he is represented by Professor Edwards, as having been *educated* in the best divinity school in the universe, "the heaven of heavens," we cannot imagine that he remains there still, and if he has been elected as superintendant of any other divinity school on earth, we should be happy in being informed where he presides; not that we wish to send our children, "worms of the dust" to study any thing "they are not capable of," but that they may avoid being obliged to study that *speculative* knowledge in divinity, which according to Professor Edwards, only the devil can obtain.

We have another reason for enquiring where this extraordinary being dwells—for we have disposed of his resting place, his dominion; we have convinced ourselves and perhaps some of our readers that there is no such place as hell. Now as the devil is represented as having studied in a divinity school, it is probable that those engaged in similar establishments may be able to give us some information concerning him—if he, or his principles, should still be acknowledged in such schools, we cannot of course deny his existence or influence. But as we doubt not that Dr. Griffin can readily inform us where he dwells, either a devil, *as such* or not *as such*, an agent, a nothing, a something, a being or not a being, particularly here, generally there, exclusively in this place, or peculiarly in that—a hic et ubique genius, and yet a non entity, we shall suspend our declaration that there is *no* such being—till we receive more elucidation.

We shall now, at least for the present, conclude, by extracting a few passages from the Anthology.

"On the other hand, the Professor says that this Son of God, or mediator, is "*not* the second person in the trinity *as such*;" "nor did he

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ever conduct the affairs of fallen man as the second person in the Trinity, *but only as the Christ.*" Now as this Christ "is an agent uniting two natures in one office," and always conducted the affairs of men in this *character*, it is to be presumed he has *always* united the two natures, in his intercourse with men. Of course this is a *fourth* person, differing from either of the other *three*, who yet retain their distinctive and unchangeable properties.

"It is to be hoped that we have now arrived, at that final adjustment of the Divinity, which in the opinion of the Professor is the orthodox doctrine. If so, we are now presented with *four*, (perhaps *five*) persons, who are to be the objects of our worship. We have, 1st. the *three* original *persons* of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, who altogether make but one God; we have, *next*, an agent or *person* called Christ, who is neither of the former persons, but a being in whom *two natures* make but *one person*, as before *three persons* made but *one nature*; and after all these compositions, and decompositions, we have, *lastly* (it is to be hoped) *Him* who, though supposed to unite all these diversities, is almost forgotten in the scheme, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; to whom Solomon directed his sublime invocation, when he said in the opening of his prayer, O Lord God of Israel, THERE IS NO GOD LIKE THEE *in the heaven nor in the earth.*"

"All this darkness and embarrassment about a Trinity, or quaternity, results from a strange disposition to convert the divine appearances mentioned in the scriptures, or modes of communication with mankind, into distinct persons or intelligent agents. By the same method of interpretation not only the word and spirit, but the breath, the mouth, the presence, the glory, the Shechinah, the oracle of God, may all assume a distinct personality, and be regarded as so many divine persons. Till theologians on the one hand are more attentive to scripture phraseology, and are willing to make proper allowances for the idioms of the eastern languages; and till the common people on the other, will consent to take their understandings with them to the perusal of their bibles; it will be always easy to make up as many persons in the Godhead, as the fashion of the day may determine to be orthodox. Till such technical babble is relinquished, men will go on to talk about God, in terms which no wit of man can reconcile with the doctrines of Jesus Christ, or with the first and plainest notions of the human mind."

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BURNT CHILDREN.

We are ready to acknowledge that parents cannot at all times give such immediate attention to their children as to prevent occasional accidents; but we think that accidents from fire, might be rendered less frequent, by sacrificing pride to security.

A few days ago, a child was burnt to death in consequence of her clothes taking fire. A few weeks since, another child expired, from the effects of the same accident.

In the one instance, as we are informed from indubitable authority, the mother perceiving her child in flames, ran into the streets to cry for help; in the mean while the child was injured beyond recovery. These circumstances are represented to us, with the most benevolent intentions, but what can we do or say to prevent such accidents? Yet what we can we will.

We presume it therefore to be the duty of every mother, when she cannot constantly attend her child herself, to leave that child so dressed or under such care as to remove as far as possible, the probability of such dangers..

We think it the duty of every parent, who can afford to dress his children in combustible materials, to afford also a proper security against their too near approach to the fire. We think also that a female, when she becomes a parent should reflect on the accidents to which children are liable, and prepare her own mind to adopt an immediate remedy for such accidents.

In the instance above mentioned, a cloak, a carpet, or any thing that would have excluded air, would have prevented the further progress of the fire; water would of course have extinguished it; there must have been a something in the room that would have checked its effects, had the presence of mind in the mother permitted her to apply it.

Is it so difficult a task to prepare against the too fatal consequences of accidents which daily occur, and of which we have daily notice? Is it not one of the duties of parents to say to themselves, we have brought these children into the world, and are therefore bound to protect them. Let us reflect then on the accidents to which their ignorance in infancy must render them liable. Let us take care always to have such remedies at hand as may be applied with counteracting force on sudden emergencies, and let us revolve in our own minds every possible accident that may occur, and its most efficient remedy, that we may be prepared at the instant to apply it. Such information and power are easily procured; the occurrences too frequently called accidents, are at least in their effects the frequent consequences of carelessness and inattention.

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Theatre, Friday March 2, 1810.

MR. MORSE'S BENEFIT.

TAMERLANE, AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

WITH great satisfaction we witnessed a brilliant and numerous attendance at the theatre this evening. Whether Mr. Morse was the more indebted to his private friends or to the public estimation of his talents, is a question which, on either side decided, will produce a result equally honourable as a tribute to his general worth. It *has* been observed that Mr. Morse was principally indebted for his success on this occasion to his private friends; it is not of consequence to us from what feeling of the human mind such an observation originated, we will only contend that, admitting the fact, the amiability and correctness of Mr. Morse's conduct which has procured him this host of private friends cannot in the least degree invalidate his character as an actor—admitting the majority of the audience to have consisted of his private friends, no proof results that they were not also admirers of his talents; an individual is not, as we think, deprived of the right of discovering and countenancing in his friend the merit of an actor.

But no matter—Mr. Morse had a fine house, and whether his private conduct or his public talents attracted it, is of no consequence; it was in either case an equally honourable token of general esteem.

We had often wondered how Mr. Morse's natural and acquired abilities could have remained so long in a dormant state; having been acquainted with his intentions of adopting the stage as his professional sphere several years ago; but reflections on the occasionally unfortunate biases of the human disposition soon reconciled an apparent paradox. Genius perhaps partakes more of the susceptibilities of our nature than any other characteristic of man, and merit called upon to divert itself from its originally relative position, turns like the needle to its direct object, but, like the needle, trembles while it turns. When genius and merit unite, a mutually inspired bashfulness ensues, the diffidence of merit checks the aspiring pride of genius, and genius weighing itself in the scale of merit becomes doubtful of its predominance in the rank of virtues. Hence arises a timidity which induces a retirement to the sensibilities of the heart, with which they form so close an union that at the touch of either the whole system vibrates.

A man whose heart and mind are so possessed, is like a diamond in the mine, requiring external agency to bring it forth and prove its value: yet, even in their retired state, genius and merit are so susceptible of injury, insult, or neglect, that lest they should be exposed to either

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they will conceal themselves from general view, and shine alone when honoured and encouraged.

We have no scrupulous reservation of sentiment which can prevent our observing that Mr. Morse possessed the same natural requisites as an actor four years ago which he possesses now. He has now youth, person, voice, countenance, intellect, which taken collectively, form a combination of requisites beyond those of any actor we have known or read of—the ornaments or improvements of such natural endowments are in his own power. We presume not to say why Mr. Morse has not *before* so interested the public; but being at *last* encouraged, we hope he will prove a perpetual instance in opposition to the remark, that a prophet has no honour in his own country.

We will subjoin a few relations of facts that have come within our own knowledge, to prove the different effects of encouragement or discouragement, on the same genius or persons.

When Mrs. Siddons first appeared in London she was suffered to fail, but Garrick was the manager. When she returned she succeeded, for the manager was not an actor.

When Mr. Kemble first appeared in London, had he *not* been the brother of Mrs. Siddons he would not have succeeded; being so, he was encouraged and has become what he is in spite of all natural deficiencies, and the former want of artificial acquirements.

Mr. Cooper's talents shrunk under the coldness of the first winter at Philadelphia; they recovered under the encouraging sun of the public of New York.

Mr. Morse's talents languished in New York; they are revivified by a Boston audience, and we have only to add that we hope they will *now* prove every where successful.

THEATRE.

The Theatre has been closed this week, for the purpose of giving the managers an opportunity of exhibiting in a manner worthy of a metropolitan theatre the Forty Thieves.

This entertainment we have some reason to think is the production of Mr. Coleman. It served as the Palladium of one theatre in London, while the wisdom of Ulysses was plotting in the other. The managers have with (un)-usual liberality given the mechanist and painter of the theatre full scope, and to this liberty he has added his own fancy, genius, and industry. About fourteen scenes entirely new will be exhibited in the course of the piece. They who have before witnessed the effects of Mr. Worrall's tal-

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ents will doubtless anticipate a rich repast, and we think, having viewed some of the scenes, they will not be disappointed.

This piece has now been about six months in preparation; the managers have incurred great expenses for the purpose of doing justice to it so far as was in their power: the abilities of managers must of course be limited by their prospects of remuneration. In London, the expenses in getting it up, as we are informed, were upwards of £20,000, but it saved the one theatre from the effects of a strong and fashionable partiality to the other; merit at last triumphed, and we hope that our managers in this exertion to deserve, will obtain what they merit, public support.

LEWIS'S RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE.

THAT celebrated comedian, the inimitable Lewis, retired from the stage in May last, to devote the residue of his days to tranquil domestic enjoyment. His talents and prudence have enabled him to sit down with property sufficient for all the rational purposes of life. Since his retirement he made a transfer in the bank of five thousand pounds to each of his three daughters, and now, say the wits of London, many a Bassanio will doubtless say, their

Sunny locks
Hang on their temples like a golden fleece.

It was on the night of his own benefit that Mr. Lewis took a formal and final farewell of the public, under circumstances so honourable to him as no actor, perhaps, has ever been able to boast of. *During the thirty-six years he had been a player, he had never once fallen under the displeasure of his audience.* The play was "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," in which he performed *The Copper Captain.* After the comedy, when the curtain dropped, Mr. Lewis came forward and addressed the house in the following words:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I have the honour of addressing you for the last time. This is the close of my theatrical life; (loud cries of no! no!) and I really feel so overcome by taking leave forever of my friends and patrons, that might it not be deemed disrespectful or negligent I could wish to decline it; (Loud applause, and a cry of go on! go on!) but it is a duty which I owe, and I will attempt to pay it, conscious I shall meet your indulgence; for when I remind you that I have been thirty-six years in your service, and cannot recollect to have fallen once under your displeasure, my dramatic death cannot be met by me without the strongest emotions of regret and gratitude.

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"I should offer my acknowledgements for innumerable acts of kindness shown to my earliest days, and your yet kinder acceptance of, and partiality shown to my latest efforts; all these I powerfully feel, though I have not the words to express those feelings.——But while this heart has a sensation it will beat with gratitude.

"Ladies and gentlemen, with the greatest respect, and, if you will admit the word, the sincerest affection, I bid you farewell."

During the delivery of this address, Mr. Lewis was evidently much affected. His voice faultered, and the tear started from his eye. The audience were also much affected at this parting scene, and took leave of their favourite with loud and universal acclamations. The house was crowded to excess.

"Thus (says the London writer) every hour is seen stealing from this stock of harmless pleasure, and our theatrical register serves only to record our losses. What can we put in balance against the death of Parsons, Suett, Palmer, and King, and the retirement of Mrs. Mattocks, Miss Pope, and Mr. Lewis?—Nothing. What is there in prospect?—the further loss of Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordon. These two stars of the first magnitude will also soon be missing in the theatrical hemisphere, and where is he who can say that he has discovered any promise that this light will, in our time, be repaired?—No where.

"The greatest fires are out, and glimmering night succeeds."

On his taking a final leave of the Dublin stage, Mr. Lewis spoke the following address:

From ten years old till now near fifty-six,
Of all I've gained, the *origin* I fix
Here on this fav'rite spot; when first I came
A trembling candidate for scenic fame,
In numbers *lisping*, *here* that course began
Which, through your early aid, has smoothly ran;
Here too, returning from your sister land,
Oft have I met your smile, your lib'ral hand:
Oft as I came Hibernia still has shown
That hospitality so much her own.
But *now* the prompter, *Time*, with warning bell,
Reminds me that I come to bid farewell!
With usual joy this visit I should pay,
But *here*, adieu is very hard to say.
Yet take my thanks for thousand favours past—
My wishes that your welfare long may last—
My promise that, though Time upon this face

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May make his annual marks, no time can chase
Your memory here, while memory here has place.
My meaning is sincere, though plainly spoke—
My heart, like yours, I hope, is heart of oak;
And that although the bark, through years, may fail ye,
The trunk was, is, and will be true shillaly.

Mirror of Taste.

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. WARREN.

An elegant, and as we think, *generally* a correct biographical sketch of Mrs. Warren, is given in a work lately published at Philadelphia, which promises to be in reality what it is denominated, The Mirror of Taste.

Having had from her infancy the honour of an acquaintance with the subject of this biographical sketch, and the pleasure of an intimacy with Mr. Merry, we believe that a few observations resulting from a knowledge of facts on our part, will not be displeasing to the author, although a slight deviation from some parts of his history may appear to result from them.—In the present number, we can say but little; we may hereafter enlarge. We shall refer at present only to the circumstances immediately succeeding the marriage of Miss Brunton, with Mr. Merry.

"Mr. and Mrs. Merry soon after paid a visit to the continent, where they lived for little more than a year, when they returned to England, and settled in retired life, &c.

With everything relative to this journey, we are perfectly acquainted, we were to have attended them—but circumstances prevented the joint execution of the project proposed, and it was not till sometime after our arrival in Paris, that Mr. and Mrs. Merry joined us. Our object was to establisha system of English readings in Paris, as Mr. Le Texier had before done with French readings in England, with very great success. The convulsions in Paris, and in every part of France, prevented the execution of our scheme; and when the Duke of Brunswick had taken Verdun, (in 1792) and Mr. Merry had obtained the information—he called on us, and addressed us (if our memory does not fail, *precisely*) in these words—"I begin to believe that France cannot be a free country; I cannot live in a land where liberty is not suffered to exist; a ship will sail for the United States, next Saturday, if you will consent to go with us, we will together seek our fortunes there."

We objected to the proposal, and Mr. and Mrs. Merry set off soon afterwards for Calais, on their way to England. At Calais we again saw them, a few days after the occurrences of the tenth of August.—We embarked for England, and they soon followed us.

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Their residence consequently on the continent could not have exceeded three months.

MR. BATES.

"ALAS, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

As the feeling mind must always witness with painful sensibilities, the neglect of talents, even in their decay, so will it contemplate with delight the generous efforts of the few, who may dare, in fashion's spite, to sooth the pillow of declining genius.

A mingled sensation of distressing and pleasing emotions, was experienced during our attendance at Mr. Bates' benefit at the Museum. A general view of the audience would have induced us to exclaim—"Oh world, what art thou?" but a more particular examination of them, proved that a part of that world, still mingled with the common feelings of humanity, a grateful acknowledgement of pleasures heretofore received. We know that the declining rays of a departing sun are not contemplated with that degree of admiration with which we welcome the aspiring beams of morn—but a soul possessed of liberality will say, this sun *has* dawned, has shone with its meridian warmth, his natural evening comes, and while we sorrowing feel regret at his departure, we cannot but confess that he has given us a *day*.

Communication.

SALUTES.

Yet after musing a long time, I was at a loss for the cause of it at that unseasonable hour; had not the Sabbath commenced, I might perhaps have recollected that the anniversary of the President's inauguration gave rise to the salute of last night, but awakened from agreeable repose so abruptly, I confess myself not a little alarmed, as doubtless were many others, and probably not a few sick persons. The main question, you will perceive, with me, is as to the suitable time—the occasion I approve, let who will be in the chair, and the number of guns is matter of fancy, if you please, so there be enough of them, and being an advocate for an hundred guns at sunrise, at meridian, and at sunset, as a national salute on the fourth of July each year of independence yet to come, I would not restrict the number on other suitable occasions; but I must differ in opinion from every one who thinks midnight or Sabbath day morning suitable times for saluting, let the occasion be what it may, and no salute of cannon can be in time after sunset, until the sun again enlightens the horizon. Am I right, sir?

Your obedient servant, Q.

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COMMUNICATION.

THE night her empire had resign'd,
And bright the sun his orb display'd;
No more to sleep my eyes inclin'd,
Yet near my love I still delay'd.

Still blest delay'd; a casual beam
Had glanc'd the curtain's veil beside,
And pour'd its unexpected gleam
Where lay repos'd my bosom's pride.

O'er her I hung and watch'd the ray,
Thro' her loose tresses' shadowy wind,
And round that neck soft fade away
Which on my happy arm reclin'd.

More full the beam reveal'd to view,
The cheek which warm in slumber glow'd,
The lip which ere I bade adieu,
Look'd as if still it kisses ow'd.

But sure that cheek too warmly glows,
Disturb'd, distress'd, my love appears;
Quick throbs her heart—I'll bid unclose
Those beauteous eyes—they stream with tears.

Olivia!—deep her bosom sigh'd,
Her eyes diffus'd a sadden'd gleam;
Till starting—"Art thou there she cried—
Ah me! how blest—'twas but a dream!"

THE MANNER.

Whatever talents time has lent;
Requested to amuse,
Be cautious *how* your mind assent,
And *how* if it refuse.

For 'tis the *manner* of the act
That stamps it sound or vain;
While others may *declining please*,
You may, *assenting*, *pain*.

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From the Mirror of Taste.

KNOW THYSELF.

THERE is an anecdote related in the Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV, which reflects some credit on that monarch's understanding, and may be of service to multitudes of the *bourgeoisie* of every city in the world, if properly digested and acted upon.

A *negociant*, who took the lead of all the rest in Paris, was in particular favour with the king, and without formality consulted by him, in all that he wished to know relating to mercantile affairs. At length the man of the counting-house, whose wealth was enormous, felt his ambition excited, and nothing would content him but a *title*. After many fruitless overtures, Louis at last granted his request, and never treated him with friendly familiarity again. The trader, exceedingly hurt at this neglect, made free one day to inquire the cause. "It is your own fault," said the monarch, "you have degraded yourself—you were the first as a merchant—you are the lowest as a peer."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE lament that Clara could suppose us capable, in such instances as form the subject of her letter, of advocating the inclinations of the child in contradiction to the judgment of the father. If, as she says, "no child can boast of more indulgent parents," than herself, and then can have any cause of complaint, let her complaints be made to those indulgent parents; from the tenderness of their bosoms, and their natural anxiety for her welfare, she will derive better advice than we are justified in offering.—"Honour your father and your mother," &c.

We cannot help "Peralla's" being in love, and distractedly so, nor can we give him the advice he requires; if, as he says, Eliza is a fine girl, elegant in person, "sings, plays, and dances well," we cannot do better than to refer him to the continuation of the language of the poet whom he has quoted:

"Where *virtue is*, these make more virtuous."

We know that young persons are apt to complain of parents, but if Peralla has any cause for disapprobation of the conduct of the parents of the young lady, whom he says he "should like to make his wife," we should rather recommend remonstrance with them, than the publication of his complaints.

We recommend the Epitaph of E. to the tombstone for which it is designed, where the "unlettered muse" will find better companions than, as we hope, she will ever meet with in our paper.

We have received many communications this week, to which our only reply can be—*we have received them.*

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 18.] *Boston, Saturday, March* 17, 1810. [Vol. I.

PETITION.

Let us be permitted to pause and reflect awhile on what we have seen, on what we have heard, and on what we have felt, since the commencement of our publication; and let us also be permitted to enter frankly into communication with our patrons in this number, that we may ascertain, as far as possible, their sentiments, and give as free a delineation of our own, as "know thyself" will admit.

SEEING.

In the first place, we have seen our list of subscribers daily increase, till at last it has obtained so great a height as to be obliged to stoop, as we ourselves have often been, under the incumbrance of a ceiling too low to permit us to stand erect.

In the next place we have seen boys, black, yellow, and white—men, rough men and gentlemen, carrying our paper with such an hurried step as to induce us to believe that many somebodies were anxious to be acquainted with Nobody; nay, not unfrequently have we observed our "Something" so prettily played with, like an indispensible, by the delicate fingers of a fashionable female, that our vanity was raised to its highest pitch, although our reason as well as our eyesight informed us, that her admiration, like that of others to herself, was confined to the cover.

We have seen our paper on the breakfast, on the dining, on the tea-table (supposed to be laid there by chance) whenever we have been *invited* to partake of either meal. Where we have called by accident or unexpectedly, and any subject has been introduced *accidentally* that required reference to "Something," poor Something, was like all other useful things in a careless family, when wanted—elsewhere.

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Nay, we have frequently seen the whole assume as many different shapes as pages: this little girl was forming one into a boy, the boy was cutting another into a girl; and it was with serious regret, and the most painful feelings, that we observed the names of some of the greatest men we had mentioned, the one on the back of an ass, the other on an owl, this on a serpent, that on a cat, making us smile at the idea how much more cutting were scissars than our wit, and leaving with us the impression, that "Something" made the family laugh more heartily in its fantastic subdivisions than in its original appearance.

These are among the many objects we have seen, some of which could not afford us that pleasing smile of content which we have observed to decorate the features of younger men while admiring the plate of a drawing-room mirror.

HEARING.

We will now say a little about what we have heard.

Some assert that nature gave us two ears and one mouth, as a hint to us, that we should listen to twice as much as we should speak ourselves: others observe that they were given to us for the purpose of enabling us to hear both sides of a question.—In either case we may safely presume that *our* ears have conformed to the intentions of nature, for they have heard fully twice as much as our mouth (or our pen its representative) has spoken, and have listened to much more against our publication than in favour of it. Let us then, being under no obligation to secrecy, attempt a relation of a few observations we have heard.

We are informed, in the first place, that it is madness to undertake to furnish sixteen pages a week of original matter. From this position one of the two following deductions must be drawn, viz. that we have been mad for eighteen weeks without perceiving it, or that the author of the remark is a fool without knowing it. In compliment, however, to the wisdom of the gentleman who made the declaration, we will condescend to acknowledge our madness, if he will condescend on his part to declare,

"Though this *be* madness, yet there's method in't."

And that our own flights are,

"A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of."

The same gentleman having, perhaps, been informed that Dr. Johnson was a giant in literature, declares also, that no one but Dr. Johnson could carry such a plan into execution. Has not this gentleman been

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also informed, that Dr. Johnson himself could not at all times effect what he proposed—*he*, like other authors, as well as Homer, must sleep sometimes; men are not always masters of themselves, and if this gentleman will refer to the old romances he will find that (figuratively) giants were often saved by dwarfs. And if he will favour us with a few more of his remarks, he will soon find that we are not so much in danger of falling through from want of laughable subjects as he pretended to imagine; but as he concluded his observations with the usual winding up phrase of a secret enemy, "yet as I wish him success, &c." we will take the liberty of referring him to the story of a man, a common man, who had a faithful cur, who *really* wished his master success.—This man, *this common man*, was engaging a giant; the cur, instead of barking at his master to endanger his success, snapt at the heels of the giant, and thereby attracting his attention to the wound, put him off his guard, and enabled the punisher of vice to aim with success the fatal blow.

Now, if this gentleman instead of attacking our head, will be kind enough to nibble at the heels of our antagonists, which are undoubtedly more within his reach, (and if he never climbs he will never break his neck by falling,) he will render us a much more essential service than by telling our friends that we never can succeed, because we never can prosecute what we have undertaken.

The next information obtained through the medium of our ears, is, that we have no right as editors to interfere with the conduct of individuals; now, if the fruit of *this* tree of knowledge, of good and evil, is forbidden to us, we should have, as the Irishman would say, no subject to write upon at all, at all; for we cannot treat on *any* theme that will not affect one person or the other; but on this head we observe that every one is pleased with what censures only the conduct of a neighbour; the hart ungalled laughs at the wincings of the stricken deer, and the stricken deer alone complains of the nonsensical stuff with which the paper is filled.

One subject is of too serious, a second of too dangerous, a third of too trifling a nature—*here* we are too bold, there we are too impolitic, and in the third place we are too dull. We are threatened with excommunications on the one hand, if we interfere on this head, a retraction of patronage if we dare meddle with another, and a total alienation of public regard if we become or continue to be stupid.

By the bye, we have frequently been accused of stupidity; as we have never perfectly comprehended the intended application of the term, we have been obliged to refer to the world's dictionary; therein we find the following definitions.

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STUPIDITY.

In action.—A stupid man; one who has not wit enough to do a dishonest action, or cunning enough to wheedle his neighbour so successfully as to obtain an advantage of three cents in a bargain.

In talking.—A stupid man; one who cannot so overrule his honourable feelings as to give free scope to every expression indelicacy would suggest.

In writing.—A stupid man; one who writes in so mean a style as to give us no opportunity of laughing at our best neighbours, or even our best friends.

In thought.—A stupid man; one who cannot devise any plan by which, under the appearance and offer of friendship, he can obtain the property of his neighbour.

In religion.—A stupid man; one who cannot believe at the same time that God is and is not omnipotent; that we have a Saviour *as such*, and not a Saviour *as such*; and generally any man who has not sense to be a Calvinist.

In morals.—A stupid man; one who knows so little of the world as to attempt to improve, instead of seducing the virtue of his friend's daughter.

In politics.—A stupid man; one who has not sense, feeling, and experience enough to perceive that the United States have been rapidly progressing towards a state of riches, honour, and independence during the last ten years.

It happened rather unfortunately that all these definitions should so much inculpate ourselves, but as they do so, we must needs plead guilty of stupidity.

SMELLING.

The sensibility of our olfactory nerves as editors, we must confess has not been very acute; we have now and then fancied that we have smelt a rat, but after having sent our whole tribe of grimalkins after him we have failed of catching him; repeated knawings may have procured for some of the same species admittance to our barn, but we will endeavour to repair in such a manner the defective parts, as to secure ourselves against such attacks in future.

TASTING.

We cannot say that we have tasted a finer piece of roast beef, or a better plumb pudding since we began this paper than we had met with before; and indeed we have only discovered that authorship tends in a

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very *remote* degree towards the gratification of taste as an *external* sense.

TOUCHING.

THIS is a sense that, as regards an author, seems entirely confined to his pen and paper; we for instance are continually touching the one and the other, and we find that is all that we can touch, for as to touching the cash, *that* seems entirely out of the question.—It is true that our touches produce "Something," and some tell us that they use it instead of wine after Saturday's dinner, others that they take it instead of their toddy after supper; as regards ourselves we can only say that it has not yet produced us wine, toddy, or a single meal.—We presume that this is owing to the freedom of discount in our bank and the great *currency* of our paper. Now if our stockholders, subscribers, or directors would only stop discounting or lending, our paper would not be perhaps less in demand for being held up.

We strongly recommend to the public and our subscribers conjointly the advice of Polonius:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

If any one has happily obtained "Something" by subscribing for it, let him take care of it:

"For loan oft loses both itself and friend."

Besides we should not always content ourselves with having done a good action; we should advise our neighbours, by saying to each of them, "go and do thou likewise."

In plain American language, go and subscribe for yourself.—Our publishers, we presume, have one of the handsomest stores in America, where you may purchase law and theology from the "rudis indigestaque moles" to what has been passed through the alembic of modern philosophy, and rendered subtle, pure, and transparent as the lightest gas.

FEELING.

FROM objects presented to our senses, we derive an internal sensation called feeling—(Now let it be remembered that Nemo Nobody intends to prove himself in this paper "a most egregious egotist," for he means to talk or write of nothing but himself)—Nay, good sir, don't laugh so cruelly—we confess frankly, "Ex *nemine* nil fit"—we have before confessed it, and after confession, we have a right to expect absolution.—Yet is there here a seeming paradox; for nobody produces something, and something produces nothing to nobody. Oh how we might chuckle at the idea of this sentence (certainly intelligible now) introducing

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theological controversies on its meaning three or four hundred years hence, when "Nobody" having passed through every vessel in the chemic-theologic laboratory, shall have been analysed into Somebody, and Something undergoing a similar process, shall have been found to have been nothing.

But stop—as we are only riding our own hobby, we will not insist on any person's getting up behind us; we profess candidly that we are now writing for our own amusement, without order or connexion; we are frolicking with science as with the infant on our knee, trifling with it, though we love it. The fact is that we are locked up by a snow storm and cannot look about for subjects, therefore must search for them within ourselves, and this sentence returns us to our theme—Feeling.

True—we had almost forgot it as forming a portion of the system of humanity, and were it not that now and then we experience a few twinges ourselves, we should be led to believe that it was blotted from the calendar of *common* virtues, and that it existed only in the bosoms of superior (we mean not richer) beings.

Well—about feeling. We have a child on our knee, and a child on our table—our attention is occasionally diverted—There is a something in the left hand, and a something in the right—we kiss the one and scratch the other, and hardly know which should claim our more immediate attention.

Our dearly beloved Cowper observes,

> "None but an author knows an author's cares,
> Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears,
> Committed once into the public arms
> The baby seems to smile with added charms,
> Like "Something" precious ventur'd far from shore
> 'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more."

We presume, from our knowledge of what must have been perfectly unknown to us, that Mr. Cowper in this passage predicted in England the appearance of "Something" in Boston, else he could not have observed,

> "Valued for the danger's sake the more."

He must have determined that *We* should so engage ourselves, and predestined that, in consequence, we should be attacked every week with "Pray Sir, did you write that?" "Who is the author of this communication?" "How dare you to say any thing that may glance at *me*?" "You must answer to me, sir, for *this* observation!" "you must make an apology for that"—with the innumerable etceteras that we might add to the above quotations.

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Now while we are talking almost exclusively of ourselves, it may not be improper to add, that we fear nothing but doing real wrong.

We believe that we have done it in some instances; but we declare that when we have done so, we did it unintentionally.

We have sometimes admitted communications, which, as we supposed, were general in their allusions, but which we had afterwards reason to believe were calculated only to answer private and sometimes illiberal purposes.

Our letters are frequently brought to us in a disguised or borrowed hand. We confess that suspicion will attach itself to an appearance of concealment; but we also know that real merit is modest, and will not at once expose its effusions publickly to notice with an acknowledgement of authorship.

With respect to our own feelings, we declare that there is not a being in this country to whom we wish the smallest injury; we have no enmities; we may sometimes condemn this man or that woman, but we are not less friendly to them, because we condemn them. Perhaps we may be ambitious or sanguine in our attempt; our only wish is to make them happier by making them better, for,

"To be good is to be happy. Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better;
Guilt is the source of sorrow, 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind,
With whips and stings—the blest know none of this,
But live in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness."

BATTLING THE WATCH.

What has the editor of a periodical publication to do, but to follow the directions of his own judgment, and "battle the watch" as well as he can? It is in vain for him to attempt to please every body, or force every body to do his duty. The following incident will prove that even the watchmen, the *nightly* guardians of the town, will not do *their* duty.

As we were retiring from a friend's house the other evening, so late as to be challenged by the watch, we passed a man, who somehow or other had contrived to spread his length across the path; but although his loco-motive faculties appeared to have been impaired, his reasoning ideas seemed perfectly at home, for he continued in a loud voice appealing to the watch to know why they did not do their duty, and "take him up."—We could not help laughing ourselves at the application of the man, and the pretended performance of duty in the watchman. *We*

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were walking quietly home; the watchman says, "Who's there?" we reply, "a friend," a pass-word that would serve an enemy as well—we advance a few steps, and we find a fellow-creature wallowing in the streets, and calling on the watchmen to do their duty, while they remain snug in their boxes. We have not yet learnt the result of the incident; but the man swore most vehemently that he would call the watchmen to account the next day for their neglect, if they would *not* "take him up."

MATRIMONY.

When a man "shall leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh," (Gen.) Then,

"They are no more twain, but one flesh.—What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put assunder." (Matt.)

"So ought men to love their wives, as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself." (Paul.)

We do not intend to write a sermon on the above texts, we have quoted them as an introduction to a few words we have to say respecting the conduct of man and wife.—We will be brief, as Hamlet *should* have said, "as (wo) man's love."

In the first place we shall observe, that our reading, attended with necessary reflections, will not furnish us with a single instance in which the female voluntarily or carelessly caused the first interruption to matrimonial felicity. We know that men, the customary authors of historical anecdotes, have frequently and not always for the best purposes, glossed over the errors of their own sex, or imputed them to the incipient failing of the other. This is at least ungenerous, and as we altogether doubt the facts, we defy the proofs of them, in any æra ancient or modern.

That females partake of the frailties as well as of the virtues of human nature we readily admit; but we never have acceded and we think we never shall accede, to the preposterous idea, that all matrimonial difficulties originate in them.

Others may talk as they please; we say that much time must be employed, much art must be exercised, and much neglect must be exhibited, before a virtuous wife can become a vicious woman. Vice is in itself shocking to human beings; we shrink from it with horror; it never forced its way at once into the mind; it has ever been insinuatingly introduced by its precursors, weakness, carelessness, or a sense of inattention.

Now, as we boast of ourselves as the lords of the creation, and vhuntingly speak of females as the weaker sex; if we have a true sense

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of the duties which that superiority induces, should we not exert it for their protection, for their instruction?

But protection should not be restricted to their persons; their feelings and even their thoughts should experience it; and instruction should be so delicately offered, indeed so blended with our effusions of love, as to steal imperceptibly into their hearts; but, being there, be rooted *with* our love. There are men who are apt to imagine that when they have married they have purchased a slave for life; can such men *expect* happiness? if so, heaven would forbid it.

Many consider their wives only as upper servants, and speak to them as such, before their visitors, to the no small imputation of their own wisdom, but to the great honour of the wife—if she does *not* resent it.

Others will go abroad all day, and bring their testy humours home with them at evening, and *yet* expect matrimonial comfort.

Matrimonial happiness in our opinion, to be obtained, must be invited, not commanded—the very idea of superior power in the one, renders doubtful the inclination of the other.

MAN AND WIFE.

When a young man marries a young woman, what is he to expect? We reply, that if his choice is well made in the first instance, every happiness he may himself deserve.

When a young woman voluntarily resigns her person, life, and happiness, to the object of her love, that object must of course possess all the influence over her, that one human being can physically and morally obtain over another.

We say therefore, that it is the duty of such a man to watch carefully, not jealously, over the feelings of that human being, whose happiness is committed to his care.

By watching, we mean not the turn of the *eye* this way or that way, to see what she may do, or where she may go; that would be a baseness to which love never could submit; but the examination of his own conduct so minutely, as to ascertain whether any part of it could give her pain, or the most momentary uneasiness.

We contend not for the *perfection* of females, but we love them young and old from the most delicate sensations of our soul, and we think that their happiness in life is often sacrificed to the pride, to the assumed superiority, or to the inattention of men, who at the same time, or by the same assumptions make themselves unhappy, because they will not acknowledge a reciprocity of talent, exertion, or duty, which they may not immediately witness.

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We have a right to presume that girls are as well educated by their mothers in their domestic duties, as boys are under their fathers' inspection in their classical or mercantile studies—Why should there not therefore exist a mutual confidence? Why should a man on his return home, question his wife respecting her employments during the morning, when he would consider a similar demand from her as impertinent?

We may be told that these occurrences are trifles—we will admit them to be so, in their essence, but not in their consequence; a spark, a trifle in itself, if extinguished ceases to be; if neglected or encouraged it will soon produce a flame, which flame may consume all.

RELATIVE DUTIES OF
MAN AND WIFE.

We have already said so much in this paper, about women and matrimony, that were we not already blessed with wife and children, we might be suspected of some extraordinary design.—We will still however pursue the main subject of matrimonial felicity through another of its collateral branches.

A young man having obtained the object of his attachment very frequently concludes that the task of affection is accomplished; that nothing more than the presence of his person will be in future necessary to secure those duties on the part of the wife, which his solemn protestations of devotion to her happiness before marriage induced her to undertake; she is now by law his wife, he feels himself secure in the possion of her as his wife; but are his cares and attentions then to cease? O no! the anxieties attending the attainment of a virtuous woman, are trivial, when compared to the incurred duties of making that virtuous woman happy. The efforts of our passions and acquirements may enable us to *obtain* the possession of an amiable wife, but our virtues only and delicacy in the exercise of them, will secure those nicer affections which constitute the soul of happiness. The mere personal charm of the most beauteous female, is not a scruple in the scale of domestic felicity, without the virtuous attributes; with them it holds its natural weight, deriving it *from* them.

TRIFLES.

One of the greatest causes of interruption to matrimonial felicity, is the inattention to what are too frequently denominated trifles. Moral philosophy can view *nothing* as a trifle; it is these trifles as they are called, and the neglect of them consequent on their being so esteemed, that produce, *because unattended to*, the most fatal evils. Now if a cause

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apparently small can produce a great effect, that cause should be estimated, not as it essentially is, but as it is capable of producing such effect. Crush an acorn with your foot, and it will not produce that oak, which had it been sown might have existed two hundred years hence; apply not the match to the touch-hole of the cannon, and the cannon and its contents are harmless: an acorn and a match are trifles in themselves essentially; encourage the acorn it may preserve, neglect the match it may destroy you.

So is it with the little occurrences in private life, and these are what in our opinion are more deserving of the attention of man and wife, than the more *ostensibly* important ones, for they are the embryos of happiness or misery. Men and women have perhaps equally their peculiarities of temper, disposition, feeling, and demeanor; a moderate indulgence of them on each side, would at least soften their asperities, and perhaps by attention convert them to amenities; we cannot particularise subjects of this nature, but we think generally that a powerful remedy may be obtained, by each thinking for the other; let the male attentively peruse the temper and disposition of the female, let him anticipate her wishes, let him indulge them, and while indulging them, which must be in the purest moments of reason and affection united, let him mildly reprove if they are wrong, or warmly acknowledge them if right; and we will venture to say, that *that* female will from such conduct if wrong, trespass no more, if right be determined in it for ever. It is the delicacy and tenderness of affection that stamp on softness the gentle but lasting impression, and that with the silk worm's most attenuated thread will bind the female heart more strictly to its duty, than all the adamantine chains that tyranny can form.

The tendernesses and delicacies of affection we presume to consist in the attentions to what are commonly called trifles, to the occasional diversions of temper, inclination, or disposition, caused perhaps sometimes by innovations on health, or accidental disappointments, in this or that proposed enjoyment. Now as the husband's business is generally from home, we think that when returning to it, he should prepare his mind to meet with incidental changes, so, or by other causes, introduced: and being so prepared reflect that he is the natural protector, not the irritator of his wife's feelings; it requires only a master's hand to put an unstrung instrument in tune: pay but to your wife the same attention you would give to your favourite instrument of music, and, as consequently, harmony will ensue.

On the other hand the attention to trifles on the part of the female should be reciprocal—the nature of the husband's business should be consulted by her, what kind of exertion it requires of body or mind or

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head, what are his generally immediate inclinations on his return home—exercise, repose or refreshment, and accordingly be prepared; she should weigh all his possible wants and be ready to minister to them—if he bring a guest with him, she should welcome that guest as her husband's friend, and entertain him without hinting an inconvenience, with the best she has at her command.

These are among the many *trifles* as they are called; an attention to which, or a neglect of them will occasion a considerable difference in the estimate of domestic felicity.

Theatre, Wednesday, March 14, 1810.

FORTY THIEVES.

With as great pleasure as we ever received on the success of theatrical exhibitions, we announce the happy result of the managers' exertions in bringing forward this piece, so well and so handsomely prepared for exhibition. We have not yet had an opportunity of seeing it ourselves, but with much satisfaction we have heard the general encomiums on it, and received the pleasing intelligence of its having been hitherto attended by crowded houses. We have been favoured with several communications concerning the piece, and the performance of it; our friends, whose kindness we acknowledge, but whose communications we cannot with propriety, as we think, insert, will excuse us for selecting only the following extract from one of them.

It may not however be improper to declare, and indeed we think it our duty to do so, that all communications with which we have been favoured, and all conversations we have held, have terminated in one point, an acknowledgment of the merit of the piece; of the general exertions of the managers, performers, and particularly of the painter, to produce what at present may be considered in the Boston theatre, as the "ne plus ultra" of scenic representation.

We joke with, (and as others say "rub up,") the managers very often; yet do we most sincerely rejoice in their success, and the *best* of our remarks is only to spur them to such exertions as they have now made, and for which we wish as anxiously as themselves, they may receive their reward.

We shall in our next give a very particular account of this piece, as it so much interests the public; we shall consider it a duty to review it carefully.—At present, we declare, that we have not seen it, and that all our impressions respecting it, are stampt by proxy.

Extract of a Communication.

"The cavern of the Fairy of the Lake is the first scene presented to view, and so romantically fascinating is it in design, that the mind, by

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the smallest exercise of fancy, when Ardinelle, the mistress of this beautiful lake, appears, may realize the scene, and live pro-tem in a fairy land. The next in notice is the haunt of those terrors to the neighbourhood, the forty thieves, sufficiently rude and savage in its appearance to indicate the absence of every mortal attached to social ties or governed by the feelings of humanity. From this worse than state of nature we are wafted to a scene of civilization, and behold wealth and poverty, their miseries and enjoyments contrasted in the dwellings of the two Babas. This combination (if I may be allowed the expression) of residences affords much pleasure to the eye, and a scene of great variety for the architectural pencil, which we are happy to declare Mr. Worrall commands with as much care and success, as he does the brush by which he wills a lake to flow, or a forest to live.

"Should we, as the various scenes progressively deserve, give of each particular descriptions, (which would be their best praise) we should extend our lines beyond the limits of a theatric communication. We cannot, however, close without bestowing our warmest tribute of applause to Mr. Worrall, who, though unseen, *save* by his almost magic charms of canvass, is a principal feature in this truly grand spectacle. The very happy execution displayed in the last scene, and indeed every other, reflects honour upon him as an artist, and evinces in striking colours the zeal of our managers to promote the pleasure of the public.

"VERITAS."

EPIGRAM.

The Beggar's opera they say,
(Sure fashion is a witch;)
Made RICH, the manager, be gay,
And GAY, the author, rich.

So *here* aspiring honesty
No patronage receives;
While thick as bees the public fly
To help the Forty Thieves.

'Tis well our managerial clan
The public taste have hit;
For had they not, this season's plan
Had left the biters bit.

No more counts POWELL what it cost,
His cheeks with rapture burn:
What forty *honest* souls had *lost*
His Forty *Thieves* return.

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BROKEN POSTS.

The remains of broken posts are still in our streets, a great inconvenience to all parties; it is like steering between Scylla and Charybdis, to pass with safety between a stump and a cellar door after sunset. In the politer streets they have substituted for these men and women traps, stepping stones resembling the execution rocks near New-York, and which have the same effect, picking up every thing that is not aware of the crooked channel, through which it has to steer.

POLICY.

Some say that honesty was meant
Of policies the best:
It may be so——for those, content
In poverty to rest.

But if you mean to live in style,
And rank among the great;
Each unsuspecting heart beguile;
Each helpless orphan cheat.

For that's the plan by all agreed,
To fill an empty purse:
See but your lawyer amply fee'd,
And mind no widow's curse.

For if but rich, your crime's unseen,
At least, none dare to talk:
Or peep behind your painted screen
Your secret sins to balk.

O rogu'ry! grace my stupid pate!
I will not interfere
With aught that lives in style, or state,
Or act within their sphere.

But wilt thou only deign to bless
With cunning arts my brain,
I'll steal—from honest hearts—distress,
From helpless widows—pain.

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PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

These periodical publications, by the bye, are very troublesome things, and bring the author of them into many scrapes; he is weekly threatened with sword, pistol, or spear, or the vengeance of law or gospel; and even now a convocation of satyrical worms are at him; he no sooner sends fools' caps into the world but a general scramble ensues, and in the contest they are tried on by this, run away with by that, snatched from his head by a third, each asserting his claim to one, as if intended expressly for him; then, not agreeing among themselves, they come, like children round the nursery maid while she is making playthings, to the editor—"Pray sir, was this intended for me?" "Am I to have this?" &c. &c. Now, as these fools' caps are so much in demand, we propose opening a subscription list on the principle of "first come, first served," and all generous patrons may depend on having them well fitted to their respective heads, at the rate of a dozen per week, to be delivered according to the order of subscription; such a plan would considerably facilitate the acquirement of that knowledge so much sought for by individuals, and be attended also with general information to the public. Some of our correspondents are admirably expert in making them, and many appear ready to furnish the *raw* materials; but in the latter case they seem to hint that they design them only for their own consumption.

Another difficulty by which we suffer as labourers in this vineyard, where we puff, and blow, and dig, to find the *hidden* treasure, is, that we can visit scarcely any family without being called upon to write *this* or to write *that*. The mother observes, "I wish you would say a word or two in your next Something, about girls' gadding about so much." The girls say, "Now, dear Mr. Nobody, can't you persuade mama that it's proper to let us go oftener abroad?" The wife says, "Do give something as a hint to my husband to come home earlier in the evening." The husband—"Will you write a treatise on scolding, that my wife may read it, and enable me to spend my leisure hours at home in comfort?—And so on through the whole routine of domestic complaints.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our letters have been so numerous this week, and some of them so long, that we have not had time to read them with the attention necessary to judge of their respective merits. From a superficial view of such as we suppose are written by inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood, we are induced to make this serious remark:

When we undertook this work, we had the public good at heart; such are our present anxieties. We are ready to insert any com-

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munications that will conduce to that end, provided that it can be effected by general satire or admonition; but we will *not* be made the tools of individual complaint, interest, or animosity. We, therefore, reject, "in toto," *all* the communications we have received during the last and this week, which we judge to be designed only for private purposes, and we shall do it in future.

We have no objections to the letters themselves, as conveying instances of mal-conduct in individuals; so far as they are the vehicles of information they will always be welcome, but we mean to establish our character as wholesale merchants, and cannot therefore condescend to retail "*ardent spirits.*"

Our correspondent from Albany is too bountiful. He bestows on us, in the first place, the necessity of paying seventeen cents for his letter, in the next, the *labour* of reading it, in the third place, the right of inserting it, and in the fourth, the privilege of sending to him the paper in which it may be published. Does this letter really come from the place whence it is dated—the Albany Athenæum?

We think that "Aleph" (our printers have no Hebrew characters) knows as little about women, we mean virtuous women, as he supposed we knew of Hebrew when he condescended to explain his signature. If the writer is really, as he says, a member of Cambridge College, we would recommend to him, either the study of the English language, or that his future communications should be *entirely* in Hebrew. We wish *for* "Something," something that can be understood; and also that *that* something should not disgrace the respected society where it is said to originate. We shall never insert any thing sent to us from Harvard College, that will not reflect honour on its guardians. We have invited the students to *grace* our paper; but they shall never *disgrace* it.

P. K. has obtained one advantage over us; but his *lame hand* will not procure another. We lament the insertion of his former communication, and beg leave to decline further correspondence.

Some silly young men of this town are daily plaguing us with their nonsense; we have it in contemplation to exact one dollar as a fee, to any person who may receive a communication for us, from any one unknown; if communicators will not *pay*, we shall not *receive*; and our satisfaction at least will be *so* obtained.

We are sorry, very sorry, to discover that L. thought disguise necessary.—L. is the initial of lady, as well as ——.

We shall soon, we fear, be under the necessity of saying, that if our correspondents will not deal frankly with *us*, we must deal so frankly with them, as to decline their favours. We invite confidence, but detest deception.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 19.] *Boston, Saturday, March 24, 1810.* [Vol. I.

INTRODUCTION.

"I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us."

From the spirit of the above quotation our readers may judge of the intended complexion of this paper; it will be dictated by sentiments proud, revengeful, and ambitious; will consequently be ill-natured. We, therefore, advise all *good*-natured people to lay it aside at once, for in the greater part of it they will find nothing but slander, for the satirical rogue will tell you that "old men have grey beards."

N. B. Any lady or gentleman who shall on his or her honour declare that they have not read this number in consequence of the foregoing advice shall, on the following week, be entitled to two of a milder nature.

LONG STORIES.

Long stories make short friends, and long treatises, as our publishers inform us make short tables of contents, and short tables of contents make short entries on our page of occasional purchasers. We shall, therefore, in this number, be briefly *lengthy* and *lengthily* brief. If, however, creatures should not be capable of comprehending us, we trust that they will impute temporary evanescences to the occasional *sublimations* of our mind to which we are frequently exposed from extraordinary ignitions in the chemical furnace.

BOSTON MIRROR.

We had lately been much oppressed by the idea that our insignificancy and poverty of wit had sunk us beneath the notice of the Boston

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Mirror and its correspondents. But, on Saturday last, a revivifying flash burst upon us with all the meridian splendour of that Sun of Light. We felt the animating warmth; from it our cause receives new energies, our wit new inspiration.

Patronage recals industry, and notice encourages exertion. Since we are again dignified by the attention of the Mirror, we should be guilty of the basest ingratitude were we to decline the *polite* invitation to a renewal of intercourse. We will, therefore, not only accept it with unfeigned willingness, but will continue it till it shall be again the pleasure of the Editor to dismiss us for speaking truth.

ST. JOHN.

"*Awake my St. John, leave all* meaner *things*
"*To low ambition and the pride of kings.*"

Mr. Alexander Pope deserves and has our sincerest thanks for rousing our sleeping friend. If the American Bolingbroke, (for we cannot suppose that the writer under the signature of St. John, intended to designate himself as an *Evangelist*) had continued in his drowsy fit we should have been probably at a loss for subjects this week.

The *ghost*, at least, of opposition, "arm'd at all points exactly cap à pé," stalks on the last week's stage, and

"Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;
"Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell;
"Be thy intents wicked or charitable?
"Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape,
"That I will speak to thee."

Whether thou, St. John, appearest under the character of a new Bolingbroke and callest upon a new Pope to veil thy deformities, or whether disdaining the character of a bad angel, thou would'st wish to appear as a good one—we "in uttrumque parati"—since we *must* be men of war, will prove that we can keep our decks clear, and be all times prepared for action.

It appeared to us when the Boston Mirror was first put into our hand, for to say the truth, had it not been *put* into our hand we should never have been amused by "St. John's Epistle," that the author of the letter "to the writer of a paper called Something," had been suddenly stirred up by the perusal of the two first lines of the *Essay* on *Man*.

And that so called by the spirit into glorious contest, he was "without any undue partiality," determined to awaken all his energy at once, to vindicate extravagance to man.

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We readily acquit the author of any personal ill will towards us, because we *as* readily admit that he must have sense enough to know, that the more that is said about doctrines, whose base can only be hypothetical, the greater advantage we shall have; it is by silence only that they can gain ground, argument would easily refute them.

But the author informs us that he has in view, only, "the general interests of religion and morality."

Here then we are at issue, for these are our objects—excepting that the author has these general interests in *view*, while we only *hope* to promote them.—This, however, is consistent on both sides, for some pretend to *see* that nine tenths of the inhabitants of this globe must be damned, while we *hope* that all of them will be saved.

The author, then, very wisely observes, that we must be well aware that the major part of our readers are youth.—This we must agree to, because we know, that in families, children are generally more numerous than parents; we have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that parents put our paper into the hands of their children, because they think it will at least *not* hurt them.

The writer, in the next place, endeavours to involve us in perplexity, by asking us, if "it is probable that any salutary impression will be produced on their tender minds, by treating theological subjects with levity?" Had this question been stated fairly, had "religion" been placed in the stead of "theological subjects," we would devoutly have answered, no—but, as the question stands, we will, "with our accustomed freedom of remark" say, yes; and we not only feel ourselves justified, but bound in duty, to treat with all the satire, levity, and ridicule in our power HERE, the idea of any other being, as creator or governor of the universe, than the *One* Lord GOD *omnipotent*.

The author of this letter has next endeavoured to entrap us by a question, doubtless originating in the intrigue of *some* logical schools, by substituting the word religion instead of "theological subjects," and asks, "will they (youth) be likely to think reverently of that religion which can stoop to an alliance with ridicule?"

Without inquiring how any religion *could* stoop to an alliance with ridicule—we shall only say, that this question could not, with any propriety, be made to us—for we have never ridiculed *religion*; it is our true support; but we acknowledge only one God and one Saviour; these we shall ever, as we hope, adore and reverence—but as to the Bels, Dagons, Gogs, and Magogs, that fanciful theomakers chuse to introduce, we shall always think ourselves at liberty to treat them with the ridicule and contempt that Shadrach, Mesheck, and Abednego did the idol

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which Nebuchadnezzar, the king, had set up; trusting in the same God for security in the fiery furnace.

"There is something sacred in every religion, whatever may be its peculiar principle, which speaks to every liberal mind, that it ought not to be sported with—I would not disturb a mussulman or even a pagan in his devotions."

We cordially agree with the author in the above, *apparently* liberal sentiments—but although we would not ourselves, "disturb a mussulman or even a pagan in his devotions" in their own countries, so long as we have any concern in the interests of the United States, we will endeavour to keep mahometanism or paganism from them.

The insinuation is uncandid which imputes to us an intention of ridiculing the religion of any man; much more so is the language which advocates the fact.—We may have smiled at the gew-gaw or sordid appurtenances in which religion may have occasionally been habited, and when we have seen the representative of our Saviour dressed up in the frippery of a French court dress, which we *have* seen, even at the ALTAR, and in the SACRISTIES; when we have seen him whom *we* believe the Son of God, personally characterised, as a petit-maitre with his bag wig, chapeau de bras, and sword, and have heard the actor defiling the sacred character, say to his companion on the stage,

"Prens ton chapeau et ton epée,
"Et suive moi dans Galilée."
"Take your hat and sword, and follow me into Galilee,"

we confess that we have laughed at and lamented, not the religion itself, but the folly of the persons who could so disguise it; when, therefore, St. John, can prove that we have spoken of any religion "with disrespectful levity, in or out" of the hearing of its sincere believers (and we would as readily do the one as the other) he will be then, as now, most welcome to the sentiment expressed.

"Have you adopted the absurd opinion of Shaftsbury, that ridicule is the test of truth?"

This, to be sure, is a civil question, most politely urged—the *gentleman* first declares an opinion to be *absurd*, and then asks us, if we have adopted it—the reply is—silence.

"If ridicule has any weight it must be that of *authority*."

We never knew that ridicule *had* any weight; we have always considered its principal characteristic to be levity; our author's namesake (Bolingbroke) surely thought so. But we must admit that our present opposers are extremely charitable, for, from some cause or other, we

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cannot discover why, they seem to think us so poorly supplied with wit, genius, and historical research, that on all occasions, when they discover our folly, they determine at once to make us wise in spite of ourselves, by the effusions of their *own* knowledge. This is a conduct of so liberal a nature, that we feel ourselves obliged to return the compliment whenever it may be in our power; and, therefore, if our antagonist really wishes to know what *effect* ridicule may have, we will, though pretending to no authority, inform him. It will operate like a brush on the coat of a man who has travelled through a dusty road, it will shew the company its real colour.

The author of the letter under contemplation, need not have troubled himself to say, that no personal allusion was intended, when he talked about shallow pretenders; we should not have taken it as referring to us, for we have not yet found in our "attempt to wield this instrument of ridicule," "one edge recoil upon ourselves." But he is welcome to all the illustration of principle his allusions to Sir Isaac Newton can afford him.

St. John proceeds,

"Prejudice has a very powerful and extensive influence; he must not wage open war against her who would disseminate truth, or eradicate error."

We confess that we know not to what sect this doctrine belongs, or whether or not it is attached to any.—But are the weapons of truth so feeble, that for the eradication of error they must not be employed in *open* war (and truth cannot descend to *secret* war) against prejudice? Let the Philistines produce their Goliath, and although we boast not the AUTHORITY derived from sword or shield, we will risk the combat in the name of the Lord God of Hosts.

CLERGYMEN AND ACTORS.

"The religious world, in general, have not the most favourable opinion of theatrical representations or of those who are employed in them. —It is unpardonably deficient in respect for the heroes of the sock and buskin."

As this passage is *unequivocally* intended to sting ourselves, but as we have not yet felt the sting, we shall be cool in our remarks, and apply only to history in our defence.

The writer, perhaps, was not aware, that the clergy were not only the first introducers of, but the first actors in theatrical representations in our mother country, and elsewhere; that they were the *original* "heroes of the sock and buskin," and certainly were not *then* unpardonably deficient in respect for—themselves.

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The writer, (St. John) has also, perhaps, never been informed that many of our best tragedies have been written by clergymen—that Dr. Young employed his talents in this way, for the most charitable purposes, and effected them. That almost all our great men of the last century, were directly or indirectly concerned with the stage; that all our best Lexicographers were formerly actors, or intimately connected and concerned in theatrical representations. We need only at present mention Johnson, Sheridan, and Walker. Mr. Canning, the prime minister of England was, when young, particularly attached to, and excelled in theatrical exercises. Of Shakespeare, Milton, or other such trifling characters, it would be presumption to speak before this great hero of religious prejudice.

SOMERSETS.

St. John, with all the ingenuity of wit, the delicacy of allusion, and correctness of fact, which his brain, feeling, and knowledge could supply, continues thus:

"It will not, therefore, be likely to regard every one as an oracle, who can, as occasion may require, dexterously throw a somerset, from the stage into the pulpit."

This, we naturally conclude, was intended as a witty and home thrust at *us*. But though ridicule may not be the test of truth, truth is the test of wit. Our theatrical knowledge, however, has taught us how to parry such thrusts. For, in the first place, we believe that somersets are not attached to theatrical pursuits, and when we have visited tumblers ourselves, we have generally seen them, after *throwing* their somersets, pretty firmly fixed, as we expect our antagonist will be before we have done with him—on the ground floor.

We will only stop one moment to ask St. John, if he knows how many gentlemen and learned men have been exalted (*we* cannot say "have thrown a somerset," for such language would disgrace *us*) from the stage to the pulpit and the bar? If he is so little acquainted with history as to require information we will with the readiness of "an oracle," give it to him whenever required.

"On the contrary, such a Protean exchange of profession would, to many pious people, render even serious truth suspicious."

We trust that we shall not be accused of ridiculing religion if we laugh a while at this observation. If we did not at once perceive that the author was more a Proteus in his arguments than a man can possibly be in adopting one profession instead of another, we would dwell longer on the subject, but it is time for us to be brief. We will,

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therefore, only ask our friend the old scholastic question, what is truth? and answer for him ourselves, for *he* cannot without bringing himself into a curious dilemma. We say, therefore, that truth is truth, and whether *we* joke or *he* dogmatizes, the one who speaks the truth, speaks truth.

The concluding part of St. John's letter contains incorrect representations too apparent to render any observations on our part necessary to refute them.

We conclude by assuring St. John that we feel ourselves highly indebted to him for the subject matter he has furnished us with, and that we shall at all times be ready to attend to him.

ACTORS.

"The religious world have not the most favourable opinion of theatrical representations or of those who are employed in them."

St. John, Boston Mirror, March 17, 1810.

And what then? admitting the fact, will that admission render theatrical representations, or those who are employed in them, physically bad. An opinion is, only an opinion, given *on* a particular subject; it changes not the nature of that subject; it is still what it is, think of it as you may—but opinions have weight with mankind, in proportion to the real or supposed knowledge of or acquaintance with the subject on which the opinion is given. Now it is well known that in Boston the clergy do not attend the theatre, (but *why* the most respectable body of men in the universe should be excluded from an establishment which has so powerful an influence on society, and of which their presence would undoubtedly improve the moral tendency, appears a little paradoxical;) however, they *absent* themselves; this being the case, they of course can know but little, if any thing about it, and knowing little about it, their opinion can have but little weight in the great balance of public judgment, against that of those who *do* know much about it, and approve it. If a clergyman condemns us and tells us we have no right to judge on theological subjects because we are actors, and, of course, (as he thinks) can know nothing about them, it must follow on the same principle, that *that* clergyman has no right to judge of theatrical representations, of which (as we know) he must be ignorant in a greater degree, because *he* is not permitted to attend the theatre, and *we* are to attend the church.

However, as St. John seems to know little about actors we will give him a few outlines.

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A company of performers is composed of men and women who have "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affection, passions—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as" other human beings, and who worship and adore the God of *all*.

Estimating the theatric professors as a *society*, the men exercise their domestic duties with propriety and decorum, their religious and moral duties with respect and reverence, and the eye of liberality would see in the virtuous females a far more extended merit than in those who are simply virtuous because they have no temptation or opportunity to be otherwise.

With confidence we affirm that there is no association more charitable, or who give from their small means a larger portion to the wretched, and with the same confidence we declare, that we believe there is in the general balance of good and evil a greater *proportion* of moral and efficient good in theatrical society than in any other we are acquainted with.—We are ready to enter the lists on this side, against any person who may chuse to throw down his gauntlet in defence of a superior claim elsewhere.

PARK STREET MEETING HOUSE.

We had the pleasure, for the first time, of attending this meeting house on Sunday last, and a sincere pleasure we experienced, for we witnessed in the delivery of the preacher, the exemplification of all the various, interesting, and sublime powers of oratory. A strong clear voice, capable of every modulation, from the thunder of denunciation to the softest tones of persuasive tenderness—an action at one moment commanding and impressive, at another, softening into the ornament of affection and endearment, composed part of the external accomplishments of this interesting preacher.

With these attractions were combined in frequent passages of the sermon, a sublimity of style, a suavity of sentiment, and a mildness in argument persuasive to perfection.—The reverend preacher, indeed, promised in his exordium, to address the reason of his congregation, and not their fears; and when we heard that impressive voice declare, that all human beings were in the hands of their Creator, that they ever had been so, that they ever would be so, and that it was not in the power of angels to take them out of his hands; we felt relieved from those fears with which we had been impressed by some theological *writings* we had lately perused, and were confirmed in our belief, that by

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the mercy of that Creator, through the mediation of a blessed Saviour, and our own exertions in virtue and religious duties, the greater part of mankind might yet be saved.

THEATRE—FORTY THIEVES.

Before we had visited this representation, we intended to have given to our readers a very particular account of it, because having heard of its very powerful attraction in London, and elsewhere, as well as in Boston, we expected that it would have furnished us with a variety of materials, on which we might have chatted with advantage; the language and construction of the piece having been represented as the effect of the joint efforts of Sheridan and Coleman.

The result of our judgment with regard to the compilation of the piece, is that Colman, probably in the moments of relaxation, was amusing himself with the Arabian Nights entertainments; that, having his eyes always open to theatrical effect, he saw that certain combinations of scenery, which the ground work of this story would permit to be introduced, would produce a whole so attractive as to secure remuneration to all for respective exertions.—Having sketched the contour, (this account is altogether hypothetical, though founded on some knowledge of both parties) and perhaps filled up some of its particular features, he presents his general plan to Sheridan.—Sheridan approves—hints—writes a little—genius is apt to be lazy, the Painters, however, have their work assigned to them,—the scenes [illegible] grand —they are exhibited privately,—approved—applauded,—Well, all is ready but the sentiments and dialogue—Oh, says Sheridan, the world is captivated by shew principally; yes, says Coleman, but that shew must be introduced to them by some kind of language that will lead them to the understanding of it.—Well—well—write any thing from the old story that will serve as a ligature to bind the scenes together.—Here, "John, bring [illegible] pen ink and paper." Sheridan writes a few sentiments to suit John Bull, Colman introduces them as occasion may require, a rough sketch is handed —to be filled up at rehearsal—it is filled up by some one or other and the piece succeeds.—Why? not because Sheridan or Coleman took any pains about the dialogue but because the composer and the painter did their duty.—

We presume that both the author of the School for Scandal and of John Bull felt a little scrupulous of being considered as the compilers of this piece, till success wiped from their modest faces the blush for being concerned in Melo-Dramas.

The above are entirely and exclusively our own ideas, we vouch not for one article as fact, it is altogether—guess-work.

Be that however as it may, we think that some how or other, the best Melo-Drama has been produced that the stage ever exhibited.

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The performers on the Boston Theatre are not answerable for deficiencies in plot, although the plot might have been more explicitly evolved if some who are accustomed to say more, had on this occasion said *all* that had been set down for them;—but with respect to the performance of this piece in general, take it for all in all, we fear we ne'er shall see its like again.

But, without extenuating the merits of the performers, we are compelled to say that we think the merit of the music and the scenery, and particularly the latter, constitute its chief attraction.

However, it is of little consequence how the medicine is compounded provided that the whole operate as an effectual remedy to the managers' complaints; but, if the former acids of the season should prove now supersaturated with alkalis, let it be remembered, and we trust it will, that not only the labour but the skill and ingenuity of Mr. Worrall have contributed at least their share.

The particular morals of the piece are good; illiberality is punish'd, kindness rewarded, and patience under injuries, and industry in poverty, receive at last their meed.—In short the good triumphs over the bad genius.

CONVIVIAL CLUB.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,—I have been a patron of your paper ever since its commencement, and withal have contributed my feeble exertions to extend its circulation. I have read every number attentively, and till this time have been very patient, hoping to find in them something more *rational* and *solid* than what has yet appeared; but I must now frankly confess I have never found any thing yet that exactly suits my *taste*.

Your theology, morality, literature, fine arts, poetry, theatricals, business letters and love letters, may all be well enough for those who understand or are concerned in them; but I am no *dealer* in those *articles*. Some of them, to be sure, may interest the man of education and science, for whose society my *knowledge* does not qualify me; and the others may serve very prettily to amuse a circle of ladies, for whose company my *accomplishments* render me equally unfit; and for which likewise, I have no *relish*.

Although I am not a man of science, nor possess any knowledge of the fine arts; yet I am a strong advocate for whatever tends to the *cultivation* and improvement of taste.

Now, sir, my *taste* is for the delicacies and luxuries of life; or for whatever has a tendency to promote, what I call, the *enjoyments of life*. Of these, too, I flatter myself I possess a pretty *correct* taste; but I am for improvement; and having been informed that you had read much, travelled much, and seen much of the world (and you have yourself said it in one of your numbers) I predicted that you would, at least occasionally, offer something

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palatable to us blades of the town, (I say us, because I have a number of comrades who are as clever fellows as ever *tossed off a glass*) instead of filling your paper with such pieces as please nobody but those sober scientific folks who know nothing about enjoying *real* life, or a few prattling females who meet to discuss subjects of fashions. I expected, sir, that you would have started some project, or pointed out some method for forming an association, or for instituting a society, founded either on a plan of your own, or on that of some one you might have become acquainted with in your extensive peregrination, which should serve still further to *refine* the taste, and to give some new and still more correct ideas of life.

Finding however, that you have altogether neglected to give any information on a subject so important to us bucks of *spirit*; from the circumstance, I presume, of your not having the honor of enjoying an acquaintance with any of us; or perhaps more especially occasioned by the "*remote* degree" of this your *external* sense from things savory and delicious, as you seemed to imply in your last number; I must now beg the privilege to make your paper the medium through which to make known the desire I have long had, that a society should be instituted for the promotion and participation of real friendship on rational principles. And as no one has taken precedence of myself in announcing a thing of the kind, I now communicate my design of having a society formed on the basis of *pure* friendship, for the purpose of cultivating the *social virtues*, and increasing and diffusing conviviality, hilarity and mirth. It shall be denominated the CONVIVIAL CLUB. Among the requisites which may be thought necessary to produce the end in view, that which shall best serve to "moisten well the clay," shall ever be considered a chief ingredient. 'Tis that which invigorates the body, enlivens the understanding, gives energy to the mind, and tone to the system; and that shall always be held indispensable. Whatever else may be thought to have a tendency to further the grand and laudable object (being of *minor* importance) will be left to the regulation of the society when formed. For myself, I shall ever contribute largely to the amusements and gratification of the society; and I confidently trust that no one will ever have cause to complain that the subject is *dry*, while I am present.

You will please, Mr. Nobody, to make public this my determination and sentiments, with a like public invitation to all *gentlemen* who feel disposed to encourage and become members of said society, to make their respective applications, through you, addressed to me, signed each in his proper name, making known his claims and qualifications to membership, and they shall receive due attention; six of which shall be selected and made, with myself, to constitute the society in the first instance, who shall have power to form a constitution for the government of the society, and to regulate the admission of other applicants. The plan to go into operation without delay, and the doings thereof from time to time to be promulgated.

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You have now only the contour, or a sketch of what is contemplated; but should you see fit to lend your editorial aid in bringing into operation so useful an institution, and should the design meet with such encouragement as may bear any proportion to its merit, you will be made acquainted in due season, with its progress.

Respectfully your friend,

Done in my Chamber of Conviviality, March 20, 1810. CHAMPAIGNE.

SQUIRE NEMO,

I AM told that you are a pretty good fellow, and though I never read your paper myself,—not having time, I suppose that others do—being very much engaged I can't write very handsome, therefore excuse me—I am, Squire, a man of business, but wishing to keep good company have lately taken board and lodging at what they call a genteel boarding house—Now Squire, although I am always punctual to a moment at dinner, yet after having taken my seat, which I always do the first, I am sometimes obliged to wait five or six minutes before I can get any thing to eat.—One dish is here, another there, and some person or other seems always to take the command of each. Now Squire, the other day I, being very hungry and in a great hurry, got up and taking my own knife and fork which I had only used in helping me to taste a few things that were near me to see which I lik'd best, leaned gently over the shoulder of a gentleman who sat opposite to a fine turkey which appeared to be going very fast, and I had not had a bit on't, and began to help myself; I had just got some nice pieces between my knife and fork, when suddenly the gentleman turned round, and in turning jogg'd me so that I let my turkey fall on his bosom. The gentleman was angry to be sure, and muttered something about politeness, which I did not understand; but that was not the worst on't; for will you believe, me Squire, all the rest of the gentlemen declared that I should not eat a bit till they had done, and that then I should eat in the kitchen. Now, Squire, as I could not help myself, I was obliged to wait at least half an hour more before I could get my dinner.—Now, as that was a great waste of time, I want to ask you, sir, if according to my ideas of convenience and gentility, it would not be better, instead of having so many separate dishes on a table which occasions so much unfair play, to have them all mashed up together in one long trough, and then no one would be obliged to wait for the other, but all might at once set to, and each might eat as fast as he pleased, till he had got enough. It would save much time and trouble, and would be very well suited to the taste of many with whom I am acquainted as well as for myself.

Your's, H.

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COMMUNICATION.

"FORTY THIEVES."

"Who steals my *purse* steals *trash*."

The public seem to be perfectly of the same opinion with Shakespeare, for they have, with much taste, exhibited a prodigal zeal to show their humble estimation of money, in their brilliant patronage of this unrivalled Persian drama. As the managers have sustained, with great reputation, a losing season, and have left unattempted no essay to interest the public opinion, it is a subject of high congratulation to the real and undeviating friends of the drama, that the amazing success of this most splendid romance, assisted by all the aids of painting, music, costume, and cabalistick agency, should, by one grand effort, redeem the entire misfortune of the year, and completely replenish the funds of the theatre. The piece may be safely performed for one month longer. We give joy to the managers. They deserve it.

CAUTION TO THE LADIES.

Our fair readers, we presume, will not accuse us of stepping out of our sphere by manifesting at all times, a zealous solicitude for their welfare. And at this inclement season, when we repeatedly observe them in the streets so thinly clad, and with shoes which barely serve to separate their feet from the pavements, which are now so wet and muddy, we cannot forbear thus publicly to offer them a word of caution. We value the health and life of a fellow creature too highly to behold insensibly the unguarded exposure of either to the destructive and fatal effects of the chilling damps and rude winds of the month of March; and from motives of the most sincere friendship and good will, we urgently request all females not to walk the streets at this season of the year, without being perfectly secured against the ills to which they are liable.

R.

THE PATH WAY.

Having been long an inhabitant of Boston, I have lately particularly remarked the inconvenience experienced in meeting passengers on the side way, and have thought that, if it could be made the fashion by a common consent to walk on the right hand side when passing either way, it would greatly contribute to the pleasure of a promenade, whether on business or for the promotion of health. To the ladies, who are very much interested in the contemplated amendment, and in whose steps almost all walk, a hint only is necessary it is presumed, and gentlemen need only be reminded by their example. To the young and thoughtless

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who give the elbow rather than accommodate a fellow passenger, and not seldom ladies, we would hope a general example of superiors would prove effectual, and that all classes would be convinced how much more convenient a walk would be if regulated by the common consent of all the inhabitants. It must be confessed that our side ways are narrow and too much incumbered with stone steps and huge dangerous cellar doors, though of these many have been removed and reduced latterly, but much remains to be done for the general welfare and convenience of the town. The mite of O.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

High on a throne, not such as poets feign,
In wealth outshining Orm or India's pride,
But on a solid rock, whose base indeed
Encircling clouds envelop'd, Nature sate.
As wonder wrapt I gazed, she seem'd to sigh;
The balmy incense of her breath o'erspread
The hallow'd vast; and as its fragrance warm'd
The mists beneath, they, like the light blown snow
Before the kiss of day, dissolv'd in tears;
When strait appear'd, in emblematic guise
Adorning, not supporting, tho' in state
So seeming, Nature's throne, four cherub shapes;
The one, with golden compasses appear'd,
Describing limits to the mind's proud range,
As saying, thus far, but no farther stretch;
Creation's emblem; while, with eye avert,
And bathed in pity's tears, a second shrunk
From the wide horror of a deluged world.
A third, whose beauty nought but heav'n could paint,
Spread his expanding arms, inviting all
To shelter, and partake his blessing grace.
The fourth, whose mildness the resembling dove
But faintly imitates, perpetual breath'd
Th' inspiring odours of new risen day,
Directing, strength'ning, and consoling all.
But Nature sat supreme; in her left hand
She poised the emblem of this nether world,
A globe; and as her eye by turns survey'd
The east and west, by turns she wept and smil'd;
There rush'd the torrents, swell'd with human gore,
Here flow'd the calm stream of domestic peace.

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Mean while, attendant Justice, on her right,
Raised his red arm to strike; as oft in tone
And attitude divine, mild Mercy strove
T' avert th' impending blow, nor strove in vain.
While thus I gaz'd in anxious pain,
A damp chill seiz'd on ev'ry vein;
A creeping horror stealing came,
And shook with fear my trembling frame;
My eyes were dizzied in amaze;
Wander'd my unstedfast gaze;
Weaken'd joints support refus'd,
And all my senses were abus'd;
A cloud of heavy darkness, straight
Descending, press'd me with its weight;
Of darkness horrible, 'twas such
As then seem'd sensible to touch;
And, as it falling reach'd the ground,
I heard a hollow murmuring sound,
As if the earth, by terror zon'd,
Feeling unusual pressure, groan'd:
The horrid silence-forcing gloom
Threaten'd the last eternal doom:
No sight appear'd,
No sound was heard;
Around, all objects seem'd to cease to be;
I fell, as sinking to eternity.

Sudden, as by the lightning's flash,
Attended with the thunder's crash,
Burst the vast concave with tremendous shock;
In splendid purity, the hallow'd rock
Effulgent beam'd; 'twas light,
That from the heaven of height,
Wing'd on a thought,
Its swiftness caught:
No gradual day was spread,
Astounded darkness fled
At once; the mild infusion fill'd the whole,
And bathed the world in one embalming soul.

'Twas the blest fiat of Almighty power,
Effluence of essence, hallow'd Nature's hour.

Cheer'd by the glowing sight, I raised my eyes,
New wonders flash'd, with wonders fresh surprise;
The bow, that with COMBINING ray
Gives mortals now the SNOW of day,

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Disparted shew'd its various hue,
From bright red fading into blue,
Fill'd the cleft chasm with its varied blaze,
And bent o'er Nature its encircling rays.

A distant roaring now was heard,
As when, their waves by tempests rear'd,
Indignant oceans lash imprisoning coasts;
I look'd around, but oh, how chang'd;
Myriads of human beings ranged,
Spread o'er th' immense expanse their vast unnumber'd hosts.

Silence ensued—as oft on earth,
Ere wond'rous horrors have their birth,
Creation mute awaits the solemn scene;
No sound was breath'd,
No breath was heav'd,
Expectant terror stampt on every mien.

Borne on a zephyr's lightest wing,
A note like those which seraphs sing,
In melody divine,
Stole on the undisturbed ear;
First softly sweet, then swelling clear,
Approaching Nature's shrine.

And winding there its spiral round,
It kindled each harmonic sound,
Till on the enraptur'd air
Burst the full chorus of the lay;
Let Nature reign, let man obey,
"Revere her mandates, and her blessings share."

The list'ning myriads felt the cause their own,
And bow'd submissively to Nature's throne.

(*To be continued.*)

FLATTERY.

Men's flattery women may receive,
And pile, upon their shelves:
The *danger's*, when they don't perceive
They're flattering *themselves*.

Then let men flatter if they please,
They but their folly prove:
If woman suffers, her disease
Is certainly self-love.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 20.] *Boston, Saturday, March* 31, 1810. [Vol. I.

CAPRICE.

The indulgence of caprice is incompatible with consistency of conduct. The man of dignity is never capricious; if obliged to disapprove, his disapprobation arises from sufficient reason, and his manner is that of a gentleman. The man who is directed by correct and fixed principles is equal and may be relied on, while he who is influenced by prejudice or passion changes without cause; sometimes commending beyond reason, and at others condemning without it. If in this way modesty is sometimes put to the blush from extravagant praise, conscious rectitude is not less frequently hurt by censure undeserved.

When the motives for action are variable and inconstant, their effects cannot be less whimsical and absurd. When a stranger in N—— some years ago, and little occupied by business, from civilities received, I was frequently induced to call at the house of Mr. D. I had the honor of being of his parties and of adding to the number of his guests. Circumstances are now different, I am much occupied and have few opportunities, and still less inclination to call on my old friend.

He looks upon me with a jealous eye, and hardly seems to know me; I laugh in my sleeve and pass him unnoticed unless he chances to speak first. The progress of our intercourse has been this. He was pleased to treat me when a stranger with politeness and attention; on my part these civilities were always received with all due respect and acknowledgement. But D. was a proud man and ambitious. He was pleased to have it said that his balls and suppers were more numerous and brilliant than those of any other man. Every decent or fashionable man he could enlist, served to fill up his ranks, and consequently to minister to his vanity.

Like other men of this sort, my old friend was selfish as well as ambitious, and by consequence his invitations afforded but slender evidence of any friendship or esteem for him to whom they were sent.

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After I had been a visitor of some years standing, I called to make my respects to the family, but, unfortunately for me, this was after an absence of unusual length.

I was received with sternness by Mrs. D. and with as much dignity as possible, but as she permitted herself to be out of humour without cause, she lost all her loveliness, and how much dignity could be left, I leave others to decide.

I was charged with neglecting old acquaintances, &c. &c. and my reasons demanded for so doing. The attack was so unexpected, so sudden, and so closely followed up, that I confess Mr. Nemo, I made but an awkward defence; for of all the excuses which occurred to my confused recollection, the true cause would have been most offensive to my accuser; and I remained nearly or almost——silent.

Though it was difficult for me to say a word on this occasion, it was easy for me to draw several conclusions from the interview. For instance, that after accepting the attentions of this family for some time, they were disposed to consider me as fairly engaged in their service. That I was to come when bidden, and go as directed; think as they thought, and at all times and in all respects to be their admirer, imitator, and advocate, &c. &c.

If Mr. D. however had known that I estimate as highly my independence of mind, as he does his independence of purse, he would probably have preferred some other object for his experiment. I really feel obliged in this instance, as I hope I shall in all others, for every favour bestowed so far as the motive is commendable, while I feel conscious that no temptations of this kind can ever bind me to a base or servile compliance.

If this sketch, Mr. Nemo, should be worth your notice, you shall have a counterpart for some future number.

Yours respectfully, S. L.

DULNESS.

Our wits like our temper, are rather of an unsubmitting nature; they *will* not comprehend every thing that is set down for them, and consequently we are obliged to pass over many observations which are occasionally made to us, from a determination not to understand them. Oh how stubborn is ignorance! If the wits of our correspondents were but sharp enough to pierce through the seven fold shield of our dulness, how easily would Ulysses conquer Ajax.

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OPPONENTS.

Why do not our opponents appear openly and manfully before us and the public? We have never flinched from opposition; but it is the nature of snapping turtles to retire into their shells when they find they cannot bite.

But does the host of critic murmurers recoil at one slight skirmish? or has every bee left his sting, and with it his life, in the slight wound he has *attempted* to inflict?

AN OCCURRENCE.

"Is it possible?" I turned round—I did not listen, but I could not avoid hearing; the exclamation was made in so plaintive a tone, that my ears were rivetted, and my feet would not move my body from the spot. —"It is *true*," replied another voice—"Good God!" rejoined the first—a momentary silence ensued—an appeal of nature from an infant aroused, as I supposed, a mother, for I was on the outside of the house, an intended passer by: "My child, I come," was the next sentence uttered—I then voluntarily listened, and I heard—what would to God no man may hear again! a mother saying to her infant "I have no bread to give you." Ceremony shrunk into nothing at the call of feeling; I rushed into the humble dwelling, the females were alarmed at the sight of a human being in the form of man, for a constable had been there before me—a few words restored a momentary pause from fear—I summoned courage to enquire the cause of their distress; alas! it would be a tale too often told. A mother's tear falling on the only dollar I had left as she pressed it between my hand and her's, made it more estimable in my sight than the richest diamond of Peru: I withdrew; and on my return home having sighed a prayer to the Almighty to send a richer friend to a deserted widow, I laid me down, exclaiming, how cheaply can a human being purchase real happiness even in this world.

ANOTHER.

I was sitting with an elderly lady in her parlour, enjoying "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," when a gentle tap at the door interrupted the conversation—the door was opened, and a youth dressed in a sailor's habit entered, and running toward the lady threw himself on his knees before her exclaiming, "O my more than mother!" and remained for some moments in that posture with his face resting on his hands supported by hers, which he had seized as they were extended to give him welcome.

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I was so situated, that he had passed without perceiving me, and had concluded that the lady was alone—after a short pause, he faultered from a feeling soul—"O mother, mother, help me for heaven and virtue's sake to reclaim my sister"—I started from my seat; the noise occasioned by my involuntary motion aroused him, he regained his feet, and turning towards me he bowed—but the eye, the blush, the gesture with which the bow was accompanied!—though the tongue was silent, every nerv was eloquent—Poor orphan! he had imagined himself alone with his only friend, the patroness of himself and his once virtuous sister; he was preparing to pour forth the effusions of his honest and tender soul when he perceived a stranger in the room. Having at once determined to take my leave, I indulged myself only in a few moments' gaze; he seemed about fourteen years of age, his countenance appeared "the human face divine," for in it prominently shone, honour and the stricter virtues, softening into the blending ornaments of pity, mercy, and benevolence—He had dressed himself in his best suit to visit his benefactress—as I was withdrawing, the lady accompanied me to the passage—her heart too was full—Poor boy! said she, he is just returned from sea, and has found his dear and only sister——but another time—She could say no more.

O God of Heaven! whom can the thunder of thy justice strike more dreadfully than him, who steals the honor of an orphan because she has no mother to advise, no father to protect her?

AVARICE AND BENEVOLENCE.

The avaricious man exists a slave to his penury, the benevolent man dies a martyr to his charity; if death be preferable to slavery, even in the eye of the political world, how great must be the exaltation of that man who has suffered for the sake of virtue, in the eye of heaven! the praises as well as the pleasures of men are transitory and pass away, the pangs of the virtuous can also be but momentary, their reward and their future happiness will be eternal.

We advocate not a disregard of pecuniary acquisitions, they are necessary to the performance of our domestic duties, and our externally active virtues; we only contend that the ardour of acquirement should not be so anxiously indulged as to permit us to enlist dishonesty in the pursuit, and that when affluence is attained, some sacrifice of our pleasures,— be they what they may, whether they consist in contemplating the money in the chest, or in spending it luxuriously—should be made for the general benefit of the community; for although a man's riches

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may save him from the judgment of the law, his virtues alone can secure him from the condemnation of the gospel.

PRIVATE CARRIAGES.

We have not only frequently heard of, but in repeated instances noticed ourselves, the abuses and impositions committed against, and practised upon, the citizens of Boston, and others, by the drivers of public carriages; yet we are happy in saying the occurrences are few in which we have heard or noticed that any actual or serious injury has been sustained by them. While we make the latter remark to their credit, it is with the deepest regret that our duty compels us to record a serious misfortune sustained by a poor labouring man, through the negligence or malice of the driver of a private coach, who was lately run down and so severely bruised as to disable him entirely from business. We do not pretend to say that the owner himself is directly blame-worthy; but we think it at least his duty to inquire into and "correct the proceedure."

We say, with honesty, we have no knowledge of either party of whom we write; but we have our information from too correct a source to disbelieve, or even doubt the fact. And it is with increased sorrow we are told that although the owner of the carriage possesses extensive wealth, and the unfortunate man has a family dependent on his daily manual exertions for their subsistence, who are by this circumstance suffering for the necessaries of life; they have been dismissed with a trifling pittance, when asking relief from a quarter where their present misfortunes support the strongest claim.

METEORIC STONES.

We see no reason why *we* should not offer a few ideas on this subject as well as our neighbours.

The grand questions are, "whence do they come," or "how are they formed?" As to "whence they come," we believe that the only *other* world which has been supposed by romantic philosophy capable of pelting this poor globe, is our own satellite, the moon; now as we know not how we could have offended the moon so as to deserve these frequent peltings, unless it has been from our occasional interference between her and the sun, (and yet that can not well be the case, for ladies like to hide their faces sometimes,) we must suppose her innocent of this offence; we however as editors, being always ready to take the part of the ladies, will undertake the defence of chaste Dian against this inhuman accusation, and endeavour to prove, as in most other causes of dispute between male and

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female, the fault originates with the male; and that all the causes of these stony showers are only the "ingredients of our poisoned chalice" returning to our own lips.

But we must attempt to be serious, lest we should be accused of ridiculing Philosophy; and therefore we bid adieu to the moon, and all her influence for the present.

We mean not to reason much on this subject, or to attempt an account of the formation of these stones; we think that they are formed in the atmosphere; and we think so from observing the effects of the common operations of nature, and from the powers of her agents in reducing solidity to fluidity, and recalling fluidity to solidity.

Much may be gained by arguing from analogy. The lightest thing we know of is gas; the union of gasses produces water, water produces ice, its crystal; what is this crystal but a stone, a solid mass produced from a fluid by the absence of a certain something, say caloric, necessary to keep the water in a state of fluidity? and what are other stones but masses produced from fluids of some nature or the other deprived of whatever kept them in a fluid state? Examine but the common stone in the neighbourhood of Boston, it will appear evidently that the masses have been originally in a state of fluidity, though perhaps not a fluidity occasioned by ignition. The muddy river contains within itself a future island, perhaps a future rock; the sea water pure and transparent as it may appear, holds in solution the various embrios of solidity; the erupted lava of the volcano flows till the air removes the cause of its fluidity; whatever is solid may by some means or other be decomposed, and these decompositions, will by natural attraction, reunite. The most transparent chemical solutions produce solids by evaporation, sublimation or precipitation; and why should we suppose nature in her grand chemical laboratory, the air, less capable of producing solid substances than *we* are from the denser mediums of solution?

These hypotheses consitute the first foundation of our ideas.

We will observe, in the next place, generally, on what may be called in this sketch, the annihilation of immaterial substances; and in doing so we shall confine ourselves principally to such as are to common vision the subject of daily consumption.

As the first and most common article of consumption, we will mention WOOD. Of this solid article an immense number of tons are daily consumed, and apparently reduced by the operation of fire to little more than nothing; excepting the ashes and the soot, all is gone—where? doubtless into the atmosphere. As wood or coal is consumed by the accumulated air in our fire-places, so is every thing, cut off from its orig-

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A feeling soul in company with a woman who has passed through the meridian of life without having had it in her power to call a fellow creature by the endearing term of husband, or an infant my son or daughter, would think it his duty to render to that female every consolatory attention, in consequence of such privations. Shew me a human being that is not as happy as myself, I would impart to her one half of my feelings, and the other half would be immediately doubled by the gift.

We have taken the liberty of omitting a few words that were in the original of the following, for which we hope to be excused.

Esteemed Friend,

Nemo Nobody,—Suffer me for once to present to thee a lucubration for the purpose of being made public in thy useful paper; peradventure thou wilt object to thy friend's request, as he hath observed the many answers thou hast given to unnumbered communications; I wish thee not to insert any thing that doth not appertain to thy wishes, far be it from thy friend—for he only wishes to give a warning to those who are directly concerned in the present subject.

Know then thy friend hath a fair daughter; fair, because she is virtuous, for verily I must despise the common acceptation of the term "fair," amongst the fashionables of this extravagant age. A worthy young man some time past requested permission to visit my house; his appearance added to the knowledge of his relatives, imported that he was worthy of my attention; his constant visits and opening virtues gained him the full esteem of thy friend; and ere long he became the object of my daughter's choice. I can relate to thee this circumstance with unbounded satisfaction, for the friendship and attachment that subsisted between this worthy young man and my child, received my entire approbation; and moreover the connexions on each side, were most desirous for a mutual advancement of kindred complacency. Thus began, and proceeded an intimacy which I verily observed with pleasing gladness; and it might have continued to proceed, had not an intrusion of low self-sufficiency, proceeding from a jack upstart prevented it;—one evening when my child was absent from her home, visiting the family of a truly revered friend, amongst the many friends that were present, h w-gaw ostentatious stripling appeareth—long practiced in the act of nulation and atrocious cunning; he poured from his mouth such ey of wily flattering speeches, that the insidious creature touched nder feelings of my child; and moreover the influence had such a ncy as to remove her former affection.—How often do I repeat to

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my child, Thy father's fondness is inexhaustible, his love for thee is without bounds; but when thou sacrificest wisdom to the shrine of ignorance and folly; when in thy unguarded moments, thou forecest not the result of thy imprudence; thou bringest a pang to thy father's breast which he cannot long endure.

Still is my kind advice derided, and still doth the gay coxcomb continue his intrusions—my wish to forbid his visits directly, for the sake of my child's feelings I cannot comply with;—but should this thy friend's admonition be made public, I question not but it will contain hints abundant, and be taken by this intruding upstart.

Thine truly, NO-SAM.

We are entirely unacquainted with the author of the above, and with all persons and circumstances to which it may allude. We do not know that it has *any* personal allusion; we, however, disclaim all responsibility, should it be deemed to have any. It is very seldom that any general censure of conduct can be made without being applicable or applied. N. N.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR—I take the liberty of giving you a hint that you have offended some of my acquaintances by the freedom of your remarks, and of advising you to be more careful in future. Yours, K. M.

MR. NEMO,

I BEG leave to inform you that I have repaired my cellar door, and trust that hereafter you will have no occasion to direct to me the particular notice of the Selectmen.

SOUTH END.

MORALIZING.

AND so, as we are secretly told, for all our instruction now comes through the medium of insinuation, it is not politic to moralize because we may offend the rich—indeed! well, if morality offend them, let them be offended—if our censure has any painful effect, we can inform any person who may have been heretofore affected by it how to avoid it in future—let him become honest, benevolent, and merciful. We will do our duty, and if he does his, he never, as we hope, will have cause to complain of our severity.

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DR. GRIFFIN.

We have received several communications respecting a sermon or lecture delivered last Sunday by this gentleman, in the course of which, as we are informed, he summoned the Almighty, and presented him as a prisoner at the bar of human justice; he indicated to his congregation that he had brought the omnipotent *personally* before them, and that if they had any thing to say against him, then was the time—and paused for the accusation. If this be fact, and we can have no reason to doubt the intended correctness of our information, for the communicators are personally known to us, although we dare not accuse a clergyman of intended blasphemy, yet justice will permit us to say, that had a layman made such an observation, he would have been accused of it at once.

Perhaps *our* ideas of the omnipotent Being are too rigid, for we think that he is the Creator and Governor of all things, that human beings are under his control, and that he is not under that of human beings—that his name, his nature, and his attributes are too sacred to be introduced as toys or playthings for the pride of human genius to sport with; that he cannot with any propriety be represented by the character of a human being under any supposed imagery whatever.

But what could the doctor intend by calling on his congregation to accuse the Almighty as a prisoner at their bar, or by pausing for the accusation of any one—could he really believe that any one then present would have dared to proffer an accusation of his God? Was not the appeal futile if not ridiculous? could he have expected an answer had he paused an hour? having prepared himself for the event, which was of course—silence from his congregation—he then tells them, that they are continually accusing their maker of injustice in taking from them their relatives; whereas if he did not do so, the world would be soon so overstocked that they would be obliged to eat one another.

We will not undertake to vindicate those who are under the especial control of Dr. Griffin's doctrines, but judging of Christians in general who are under milder influences, we shall find, as we believe, that it is not their practice to accuse their God of any injustice whatever; but *they* do not divide him into *parts*, they adore him as a whole, a one Supreme, and patiently resign themselves to his ordinances; they may lament the loss of parents or children without accusing the justice of omnipotence; but we believe that Dr. Griffin is the first clergyman who has dared represent the Almighty at his bar, as ready to answer the accusations of his congregation. But let him answer to his God.

We cannot but regret that the oratorical abilities and impressive powers of this gentleman are not directed to the purpose of making "creatures" happy, good, and wise.

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have been arrested.—But whereas also, we have strong reason to believe, that being only held to bail, they will still keep possession of the town; and as their long residence in said house threatened considerable injury to the private property and profits of individuals concerned in it, on which they were about to encroach when they were arrested—This is to recommend to the managers of said public house, to keep them in close confinement during the usual period allotted to the profits of individuals; for should such sly rogues with all their fascinations and magic art, be permitted to gain footing during the usual amusements of this part of the season, they might steal from individuals those resources on which they have been accustomed to rely for the support of their families during the summer.

CHAMPAIGNE.

We inserted a letter in our last paper under this signature, because we had entertained hopes that its publication would have elicited a few sparks of wit from some of our young bon-vivans—With regret we are obliged to observe that although eight or ten applicants have *intended* to favour us, by making us the medium of "the conveyance of their claims and qualifications of admission to a convivial club," we have not found one that would justify our opening the door to him, even of our antichamber.

"Madeira," "Oporto," "Claret," &c. &c. we beg leave to decline, because, we ourselves profess to have some taste, and can discover bad mixtures though introduced by favourite names.

N. N. ESQ.

The following delicate and captivating notice, is just received from *Canada*. As the friend and agent of the General, I wish you to give it place and precedence. To our American female husband-seekers, it must be highly interesting. Such an invaluable "TOY," as is here offered for sale, *must* command many *bidders*; and *Montreal* will undoubtedly become the emporium of all our first-rate maidens, as it has become the mart of many of our other most valuable products. I would advise such of our maidens as may undertake the journey, that that part of our *Embargo* law is repealed which required our officers on the frontiers to examine *persons* and *indispensables*, and that they had better appear at the auction with *short cut nails*. W.

An Advertisement for a Wife, in the name of the Honourable Lieutenant-General——

Maidens, here's a heart to sell;
Take the toy, and treat it well;

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Take the toy, and you shall find,
A Soldier's heart, though rough, is kind,
And sweet the nut, though harsh the rind!
Oft the plain volume, bound in boards,
Much learning and much wit affords;
While books, begirt with Russia leather,
In weight of worth, scarce poise a feather;
Oft may the rugged rock enshrine
The golden glories of the mine;
Oft may the simple casket hide
All Europe's and all India's pride.
Maidens! here's a heart to sell,
Take the toy, and treat it well:
'Tis true, the owner rates it high,
And few have stock enough to buy.

These are his terms:—

"Give me sweetness, sense and truth,
"The trusting confidence of youth;
"The tender lustre of an eye
"Melting in tears of sympathy;
"Meekness, in her mildest mood;
"Passions amiably subdued:—
"Give me that art without pretence,
"The playful child of innocence;
"Talents which shun the public gaze,
"Content to win one soldier's praise;
"To nobleness of birth, be join'd
"A proud nobility of mind;
"And may her riches serve to show
"A white hand, eager to bestow!"
Maidens here's a heart to sell;
Take the toy, and treat it well.

N.B.—Should a *private purchase* be the wish of any lady, she may address the agent W.

MR. MORSE.

THIS gentleman has lately been exercising his talents at Salem. His readings and recitations, have not only proved to him a source of profit, but of honour. We are naturally proud in finding our own opinions confirmed, and thence perhaps do we derive the extraordinary pleasure we feel, by giving additional publicity to the subjoined extract from the

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Salem Gazette, which, however, we should not do, did it not bear strong testimony of its being composed of the sincere opinions of its author.

"Perhaps more than any other man our country has produced, Mr. Morse possesses the natural requisites for a great orator. His person, his voice, his countenance, his intellect, are truly models of perfection. To these have been added a classical education, and a long and faithful attention to the principles of eloquence. He is not the *artificial orator*. Nothing about him is affected or laboured. His tones and gestures flow out of his subject. He is *touched with the spirit* of his authors; and of course he commands or persuades, astonishes or allures, without the appearance of effort. Men of taste, who know his worth, hail him as the Roscius of our country."

We understand that Mr. Morse is about to appear in a new character (the Stranger) for the benefit of Mr. Powell; it is a character to the performance of which his abilities are well adapted, and we have no doubt but that in the execution he will add another leaf to the laurel already on his brow.

MUSEUM.

We shall always find cause of regret when we hear that any person, having attempted an establishment of public benefit, is reduced to the necessity of applying to public generosity for assistance; and it was with sincere pain that we perceived on Thursday evening that the wishes of Mr. Bowen, were unanswered. But two circumstances operated very powerfully against his success, the inclemency of the weather, and the appeal from misfortune. Did not Mr. Bowen know that there is something so repulsive in distress, that the nerves of the affluent cannot bear the approach to it, and that the principal attraction to assistance is prosperity?

"And what is friendship, but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep!"

CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been accused of treating our correspondents with less delicacy than is usual with periodical writers. We are grateful for all *good* communications, but the errors into which we continually fall, and for which we are continually called to account, in consequence of the few we *do* select, are a proof that we cannot be too careful. Many communications come to us in such questionable shapes that we know not what to make of them. We wish to do general good; but we wish at the same time to avoid gratifying private pique or party prejudice.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 21.] *Boston, Saturday, April 7,* 1810. [Vol. I.

MISSES HODGKINSONS.

The principal satisfaction obtained from the exercise of generous feelings, is that which we derive from a knowledge of the effect intended, having been produced. Soon after Mr. Hodgkinson's decease, plays were announced for the benefit of his orphan daughters, in different parts of the United States, and very considerable sums were raised; among other towns where benefits were obtained, Boston was not the last or least munificent. Frequent inquiries are made to us, to ascertain the appropriation of this money, and the situation of his children, which we have been unable to answer; as the inquiries, we believe proceed solely from an anxiety deduced from a friendship to the father, we should feel ourselves very much obliged to any of our friends in New-York, who will afford us an opportunity of answering such questions, and let us be permitted to say, that it would add not a little to our own satisfaction to hear that the children of an old acquaintance were happily situated.

SCHOOL BOYS.

We have frequent opportunities of seeing these young gentlemen at the houses of their parents, and elsewhere, and we have as frequent occasions for reflection on the inconsistency of treatment, we think we see exercised towards them. We still risk our observations for the general good, although we know that they will be attended with a diminution of welcome to many houses, in which we may hereafter be thought intruders. The remarks we are about to make on this subject, are professedly the result of what we have seen; if, therefore, any family whom we visit, should think that we are taking improper liberties, they have only to direct their servant to say, the next time we make our occasional calls, that Nobody's at home.

A child enters a room, he unexpectedly perceives strangers in it—he is momentarily abashed, and without going through the usual cere-

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monies, takes quietly the first seat he can obtain. The parent calls to him—observes, "Where are your manners? does Mr. —— teach you to behave so? these questions of course increase the child's dilemma,—his ideas are confused, and the parents pronounce him a stupid boy. We have something strange in our disposition, and we do not always agree with parents in the estimation they have formed of their own children; we have therefore frequently taken such children apart, and having encouraged them to converse without restraint, have generally found them possessed of more natural and acquired ability than others, whose confidence have induced their parents to believe them emblems of excellence itself. On other occasions where we have seen children enter a room, not only with the "sang froid," but with the confidence of men of the world, we have discovered that exterior accomplishments were all that they possessed.

Diffidence in human beings, as we presume, arises from a delicate sense of imperfection; and this sense of imperfection in ourselves is deduced from an acknowledged superiority in others. The mind of sufficient capability to perceive, and sufficient honesty to admit its own inferiority, will seldom pass by any opportunity offered for his own improvement. But a boy under such impressons is generally bashful; yet is this bashfulness caused by the operation of feelings, which keep every sense alive to the influence of whatever is presented to them. Each sense is on the silent watch to catch at any species of improvement that may be offered to it, and convey it to the store-house of the mind for future profit. Whereas the boy who has acquired almost exclusively the external accomplishments, hearing himself continually flattered or his polite behaviour, will be induced to think the endowments of mind as of minor importance, and devote his attention principally to what obtains its immediate mead of praise.

(*To be continued*)

FRIENDSHIP.

So much has been offered on this head, that it is hardly possible to say any thing original about it, and if we should attempt to put our ideas in a new light, it is more than probable that they will but repeat what has been said an hundred times before—but old or new, borrowed or original, we feel inclined to say something on this subject.

People are very apt to rail against what they call the fickleness of friendship, and the variableness of friends; but do they so with justice on their side? This imputed fickleness of friendship, is very often the result of a too ardent credulity which induces the one to consider the

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other as his friend, merely because he is civil to him, and performs the common acts of humanity towards him.

We believe that friendship like virtue admits of no modification; it is, or is not. We may misapply terms in our ordinary conversation, but we cannot alter facts. One man may say of another, he is my friend; but the observation does not make him so—the former may be sincere in his observation and belief; but after all, it is only a sincere observation and belief; it proves not the fact. His vanity may have taken the common, (or perhaps uncommon) effusions of civility for professions of friendship, and the common, (or perhaps also uncommon) acts of humanity, as conduct especially inspired by his own worthiness—for instance—let us suppose a case. Mr. A. has occasion for the services of a real friend; he speaks to a third person of Mr. B. in the following manner. Mr. B. has always treated me with the greatest civility; I have been frequently at his house, he has been frequently at mine, we have met often elsewhere, we have rode, we have walked, we have attended public entertainments together; I have received many polite attentions from him, he will, therefore, readily do me the friendly office I require, for I have the above reasons to believe that he has a sincere regard for me.

Mr. B being applied to, may be supposed to reply thus. It is true that I have treated Mr. A. with the civility due from man to man, I have visited his family, he has visited mine, and we have frequently met and conversed elsewhere; it is true also that my character, as a gentleman, required that I should give to him, as well as to every other member of my society, every polite attention I could offer—I have only behaved towards him as I behave towards all my acquaintance, but I cannot conceive the claims Mr. A. can possibly have on my friendship. Had the application been made from Mr. C. it would have experienced a different termination, for between Mr. C. and myself there is a congeniality of idea and a reciprocity of sentiment, which prove an union of soul, I do not flatter, but I *feel* with *him*, I profess myself *his* friend, and I know him to be mine—were I to be unfortunate I should receive his assistance; were he so, he would receive mine."

The vanity of man will frequently induce him to believe that the ordinary acts of civility are peculiar tributes to his own merit, and consequently he will be liable to mistake politeness for friendship. Hence perhaps originate those common derogatory observations, in prose as well as poetry, about friends and friendship. A real friend must be a friend during existence, or at leas during the existence of virtue in its object, and even after the expiration of that sacred flame, it will imitate

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the divine attributes, and if it cannot eventuate repentance, it will show mercy.

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.

'Tis strange to hear some people clack,
When hid behind their master's back;
But stranger still to hear some call
On death, that terror of us all!
Yet should he kindly hear their grief,
And proffer them their wish'd relief,
They then no more pretend to sorrow,
But trembling, beg him call tomorrow;
Tomorrow comes, and Death appears,
Yet still they pray for future years.
Now future years have roll'd away,
Still, still, they sigh for one more day,
Till age resigns the very breath,
Which years before was ask'd of death!
Such ways remind me of a story,
Which I shall briefly lay before ye.
An Old Man once upon his back,
Sustain'd the burden of a sack,
Till growing weary of its weight,
He plac'd it by his neighbour's gate;
Then sighing gaz'd upon his load,
And then the long and tedious road
So choak'd with hills, and rocks, and thorns,
For fate had curst his toes with corns!
Then pond'ring o'er his wretched case,
The tears began to flow apace.
His troubled mind oppress'd with care,
At length, he droop'd in sad despair;
On Death he call'd to take his part,
And set at ease his breaking heart;
Now, quick as sight, grim Death appears,
And with these words salutes his ears:
"What dost thou want, old man, of me:
"Dost wish, that I should set thee free?
"Lo! here I stand, I heard thy calls,
"Rest thou shalt find within my walls."

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With trembling voice and wild surprize,
The old man thus to Death replies;
"'Tis true I call'd for thee Grim Death,
"But not to take away my breath!
"You see I have a heavy sack,
"Pray lift it on my weary back!"

TOUCHSTONE.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

(Continued from page 317.)

SORROW.

With slow and solomn step, array'd in black,
Pale sorrow silent mov'd, her azure eye,
As if retreating from a reckless world,
Sunk in her aching head, with downward cast
Fixt on the ground, as if entomb'd within,
Dwelt every object of her thought, anon a sigh
Burst from her breast, and as "the big round tears
"Cours'd one another down her palid cheek,"
One on a tender flow'r oppressive fell,
And bent it to the earth; she saw, she stoop'd,
And with a gentle hand she brush'd it off,
Then sigh'd, could one small tear oppress thee thus?
Emblem of female tenderness acute?
Like thee, their natures bend beneath the touch,
Or breath of trifles, while man stands erect,
Proud as the sturdy oak, and braves the blast.
Can nothing from my eyelids wipe these tears?
She stopp'd, and look around.—

When quick descended to her view,
On a ray of heavenly blew,
Sweet Hope, and, fixing firm her stand
By sorrow, took her palid hand;
And said, no comfort could be found
By always gazing on the ground;
Then having gently wip'd her eyes:
Bade her look firmly on the skies,
Sorrow obey'd, and as she gaz'd,
Seem'd to feel her spirits rais'd;

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The heavens a secret joy impart,
Till now unopen'd to her heart;
Hope smil'd delightedly, and said,
I'm always ready with my aid,
But cannot *fix* a wavering soul,
I only can *despair* control;
'Tis true I promise, but confess
My vot'ries seldom meet success,
Unless with me are found combin'd
Two other virtues of the mind,
She said, and "waved her golden hair;"
Sweet odours float upon the air,
And faith and charity attend
The signal of their mutual friend.

When Faith approaching Sorrow, cried
To me she ne'er can be allied,
She's not a child of nature's birth,
But sin-bred monster of the earth.
Perhaps, says Charity, more mild,
She may be sour misfortune's child;
But whomsoever she may prove,
She must partake our help and love:
She said, and, each assisting, prest
To bear her to a heav'n of rest,
But only felt the robe she wore,
For sorrow's self was seen no more.

Swift through the air the rising virtues flew,
And in one instant vanish'd from my view.

Scarce had they vanish'd, when despair,
With haggard front and clotted hair,
Rush'd on the scene
With wan and woful mien,
Rage and disappointment mixt,
And for a while stood fixt,
Gazing on where the heavenly virtues fled:
Then backward on a rock,
Which seem'd to shudder with the shock,

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He threw his horrid form supine:
Thence instant starting as enflamed with wine,
He reel'd his frantic course along,
Roaring a harsh ton'd Bacchanalian song.

Quick as a thought,
Distraction caught,
He scaled the rugged mountain's loftiest pass,
To where the rock's stupendous mass,
With upright fence
Of height immense,
Bade Ocean vent his fury at its feet;
There on a leafless bough
Bent o'er the depths below,
He lean'd his breathless trunk, and seem'd to greet
As a last refuge the profound expanse,
For all who (like him) own'd creative chance.

Meanwhile mild reason saw his dang'rous state,
And flew to save him from impending fate;
But he, whom reason left, to save
Despair from hurrying to his grave,
Madness, twin brother to despair,
Sends forth a cry that rends the air;
He tears his garments, beats his throbbing head,
His burning eyes hot tears of anguish shed,
And scalding o'er his cheeks they roam,
Mingling with the poisonous foam,
That with his pent up breath in ghastly spray
Forc'd through his grinding teeth its eager way.

Sudden he starts—revulsive blood
Checks the wild impetuous flood,
A mourning statute fix'd he stands,
With downcast eyes and clasped hands,
Thus *seeming* pensive, but of mind,
Alas! no traces could he find.

Sudden the bursts of laughter wild
The frantic horrors of his soul pourtray;

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As quick convulsive sobbings of a child
The fresh torn wounds of harrow'd nerves display.

Now fancy lifts his passions high,
Now sinks them listless to a sigh,
Now delights with mimic joys,
Now soothes them with an infant's toys:
Now as in a joyful dance
His airy feet with measure play,
Now he seizes fast the lance
As partner in a warrior's fray.

Reason returning with despair,
Madness again became her care;
She led them to such lone retreat
As where in silence *whispers* meet
That ear, which in a gath'ring crowd
Is deaf, though Reason cry aloud.

Nature beheld the scene
With soft consoling mien
And calling pity to her, said,
Instant begone to Reason's aid,
And when he's absent be thy pride
T'enlist at once on Nature's side,
And ever the attendant be
Of suffering humanity.

VEGETABLE ANATOMY.

The trunk, including the branches, and all the more substantial parts of a tree or plant, consists of the cuticle, the cellular integument, the bark, the liber, the alburnum, the sap, the perfect wood, and the pith.

The cuticle is a thin, but firm transparent membrane, covering the whole vegetable body, except the anthers and the pistils of flowers. In many trees or plants, several coats of this membrane may be distinguished. Duhamel says, that he counted six layers in the cuticle of the birch;(1) Barton counted twelve. I have counted seven or eight in the root of the mulberry tree.(2) Some believe the cuticle to be a single membrane, and where there are more layers than one, that each is a

(1) *Betula.* (2) *Morus.*

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perfect cuticle, proceeding in its turn to be cast off. It is certain that some plants get rid of the several coats of their cuticles, by repeated exfoliation; the plantane(5) casts its cuticle every year. The cuticle of all roots is double at a certain age. In the leaves, flowers, fruits, &c. we do not meet with the successive layers of cuticle, that exist upon trunks and branches.

On the roots, the cuticle is tough and flexible; on the trunk, rough, thick, and unyielding; on the leaves, the flowers, and the other soft parts, thin, delicate, and soft. The cuticle of herbaceous(6) plants, and of those which are not perennial(7) is almost always more delicate in its structure.

The cuticle at first sight appears to consist of slender fibres, forming a kind of net work. Its texture is sometimes so thin, that the direction of its fibres may be seen, by holding it against the light. Upon close examination, it will be found to be composed of very minute bladders, which are often interspersed with longitudinal woody fibres, as in the nettle, the thistle,(8) and in the generality of herbs. It is visibly porous in some plants, particularly in the cane.(9)

In each layer of cuticle, we find a system of longitudinal vessels, separated from each other by a membranous substance.

The direction of the fibres of the cuticle varies, in the different species of plants. In the cherrytree,(10) it is principally circular; in the vine,(11) it is longitudinal.

The cuticle possesses different powers of expansion in different plants. In the fruit of the plane tree, where it bursts after a certain period, it is much less dilatable than in the cherry, where it remains entire, for a great while.

The cuticle of the fruit differs in its texture from that of the leaves, as may be seen thus: place an apple together with a leaf, under an exhausted receiver; the cuticle of the former will be inflated, until it

(3) *Open a tulip or a lily, (lilium) and you will see sixteen threads or filaments, called stamens, round the central pillar, the anther is on the top of these stamens.* (4) *The central pillar.*

N. B. *Notes* 3 *and* 4 *refer to the terms* anthers *and* pistils, *l.* 6 *from bottom, p.* 328. (5) *Musa.*

(6) *Succulent and tender plants, in opposition to woody; they perish annually down to the root. The pea, (pisum) and the nettle (urtica) are instances.*

(7) *Continuing for several years, at least more than two.* (8) *Carduus.*

(9) *Canna Indica.* (10) *Cerasus.* (11) *Vitis.*

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burst; that of the latter, like a sieve, will suffer the air to pass through its pores.

When the cuticle has a white, glossy appearance, as in several species of trees, in the stems of corn and of seeds, it is composed of a thin coating of silicious or flinty earth. In the corn,(12) the cuticle is almost entirely silicious. This was first discovered by observing sparks of fire, emitted by the collision of rattan canes, with which two boys were fighting in a dark room.

In evergreens, the cuticle is mostly resinous, and in some few plants, it is formed of wax.

For further information respecting the anatomy of the cuticle, see Ree's Cyclopædia, art. *Bark*, and Physiologie Vegetab. par Senebier, tom. 1.

We shall next speak of the physiology of the cuticle.

(12) *Zea.*

MR. NEMO,

WITHOUT offering any opinion on your theory of Meteoric Stones, your piece reminds me of a fact which I distinctly recollect.

About the year 1797, in Maine, I was walking in an open field with an old man, in pursuit of pigeons; it was in August, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

We suddenly heard over our heads several loud reports resembling the discharge of cannon.

The old fowler instantly stopped and observed that the gods were making battle. After some seconds, a second irregular and less severe firing took place, and after another short interval the exhibition closed with several quick reports like the repeated discharges of several muskets.

Immediately after the first noise we saw a dense cloud of smoke of considerable size, high in the heavens. This smoke which remained visible till sunset, and which was noticed by a great number of persons, passed constantly in a direction nearly contrary to the current of air which swept the surface of the earth. Preceding the explosion, several people in the darker parts of houses and other buildings perceived a flash of light over a space of eight or ten miles diameter. The day was perfectly clear. No fall of stones was known to take place.

FINE THOUGHTS.

IT was said of two young ladies, that they were only exceeded by the graces in number.

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EPITAPH ON AN INFANT, BY COLERIDGE.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The op'ning bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bid it blossom there.

TO THE FRIENDS OF LITERATURE.

(From the Panoplist, re-published in the Anthology.)

The public have been repeatedly informed of my design to compile a large and complete Dictionary of the English language; and most men of learning are probably apprized of the opposition manifested, in various parts of the country, and especially in the eastern part of New-England, to this attempt at improving the lexicography of our language. The unabating zeal displayed, on this subject, by various remarks and strictures published in the Anthology, indicates a spirit of enmity very unusual; the motives of which I will not attempt to explain. If honest, the men who possess them evidently manifest more zeal than knowledge or discretion. It is not improbable that many gentlemen mistake my views and the tenor of the remarks, which I have made on the English philological works which are now used in this country: if so, some explanations are due to the public, and required by a decent regard to my own reputation. But as the spirit displayed in the Anthology renders it necessary for me to withhold all communication, with the conductors of that work, I beg leave to trouble the readers of the Panoplist, with a few observations in explanation of the motives by which I have been actuated, and in vindication of my conduct, principles, and designs.

The principal charges against me, may be comprehended in these particulars—That I have indulged too much freedom in censuring the works of many men, of unquestionable erudition, and of established reputation in philology; and that I have displayed great zeal in pressing my own publications upon my fellow citizens.

In regard to the first charge, I can say most sincerely that if I have ever violated the rules of decorum in my strictures upon authors, it is a subject of much regret; for nothing is more abhorrent to my feelings, and repugnant to my principles. I really thought that in the preface to my Compendious Dictionary I had treated Dr. Johnson, bishop Lowth, and other English authors with a due degree of respect; having uniformly expressed my high opinion of their erudition, and having censured Mason, for the contemptuous manner in which he speaks of Dr. Johnson. In my letter to Dr. Ramsay, I have also censured Mr. Horne

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Tooke for the severity of his remarks on the same author. I have attempted to point out many errors in the works of those distinguished authors, and to *prove* the errors, by numerous examples and authorities. In the view of many learned men, these proofs appear amply sufficient for the purpose. In the view of others perhaps the proofs are not sufficient, for it would be very extraordinary that no differences of opinion should exist on this subject.

One thing is certain, that in whatever I have alleged, I have been actuated by a firm belief of the truth of my assertions; and, on a review of what I have written, aided by further researches, I can now declare my belief that, far from exaggerating the errors and defects of the English dictionaries and grammars used in our country, I am persuaded that my representations come very much short of the truth.

In addition to what I have said on the works of Lowth, Johnson, Varro, Vossius, Junius, and Skinner, I will now mention the Hebrew Lexicon of Packhurst. I have no doubt that the sense of Hebrew words has been generally understood; but a greater number of Hebrew words which are treated as radical, are compound or derivative, and a multitude of words are arranged by Hebricians, under roots with which they have no connexion.

Equally erroneous and defective are the Latin and Greek Lexicons in assigning words to their radicals. I have made no enumeration of these errors, but in the dictionaries of Ainsworth, Schrevelius, and Johnson, probably, not one word in fifty is traced to its radical signification.

In making these representations, I am persuaded my motives are pure and honourable. They spring not from vanity, or a disposition to depreciate the learned labors of other men. My real motive is to justify to the world my design of publishing a new work. I hold it to be very improper to tax the public with the expense of a new publication, without offering to the purchaser, as a compensation, *real and valuable improvements*. It is a common practice for men, for the purpose of acquiring fame or money, to make books by selection, without the merit of erudition, or the toil of research; and there may be cases, especially in regard to school books, in which the practice, if not commendable, is at least not very censurable. There are other instances in which men of very superficial attainments, aided by good taste and judgment, acquire more celebrity, as well as property, than authors of ten times their erudition.

In my contemplated Dictionary, I design to offer a new illustration of the origin and progress of language; altogether different from any thing that has yet appeared. I offer this in confidence, not that my

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work will be perfect, but that the fruits of my investigations will be a valuable acquisition to the republic of letters; and not to the English nation and their descendants only, but to most of the nations of Europe. After making due allowance for the partiality of every author for his own productions, I am persuaded that the improvements I contemplate, will appear to deserve encouragement, and to be an ample equivalent for the expense of a new work. These are my real views—such and no other are my motives.

To the importance of such researches as I am making, different persons will attach different ideas. In my own opinion, no researches into the origin of arts, or the history of man and his improvements are unimportant; much less, inquiries into the origin and history of his noblest art. But I have learnt that this subject is intimately connected with the history of nations; and not only ancient authors, sacred and profane, but the origin and migration of nations, may be illustrated by an investigation into their languages.

This explanation will, I trust, obviate the censure I have incurred, by endeavouring to spread the circulation of my school books. The small books I have published furnish my only means of subsistence, while I devote my time exclusively to literary studies. Some of them at least have been well received; I gratefully acknowledge this reception; but I wish not the public to give currency to any book of my composition, unless the purchaser believes it to be as good as any other of the kind, and finds himself indemnified for the purchase in the value of the book.

Having relinquished a lucrative business, for the purpose of pursuing a favourite study; and finding my means inadequate to the great expenses of the undertaking; having a numerous family and an aged father, bending under the weight of four score and eight years, looking to me for support; I am bound by all the ties of duty, affection, and humanity, to seek for such patronage as is due to my honest exertions. I seek only the fruits of honest labor, which for eight and twenty years, has been unceasingly devoted to the best interests of my fellow-citizens.

I am happy to find, that many enlightened men in this country who are best acquainted with my views and my designs, are disposed to render me all the services in their power. Equally gratifying is it, that the Eclectic reviewers in England, have spontaneously expressed their readiness to aid me in my undertaking.

The prospectus of my work, has been sent to the principal towns in the Northern States, for the purpose of procuring aid from such gentlemen of talents and property, as may have the disposition and the ability,

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to afford me encouragement. If I should meet with the necessary aid from this proposal, I shall prosecute the work with diligence and satisfaction. If not, I shall either abandon the undertaking, or apply to the liberality of English gentlemen for the necessary means to enable me to accomplish the work I have begun. NOAH WEBSTER, jun.

ON THE SIMPLICITY AND HONESTY OF MEN OF TRUE GENIUS.

Men of genius see a beauty (TO KAAON,) unknown to others in the subjects which they contemplate. They become enamored with the form of ideal beauty, and, like other lovers, regard but little many things which solicit the notice and attach the heart of the multitude.

Joseph Scaliger has said, *Jamais homme ne fut poete, ou aima la lecture des poetes, qui n'eut le cœur assis en bon lieu. No man ever was a poet, or delighted in reading the poets, whose heart did not lie in the right place;* and Horace said before him,

..... Levis hac insania quantas
Virtutes habeat sic collige; vatis avarus
Non temere est animus; versus amat, hoc studet unum.

Poets and men of genius are frequently no one's enemies but their own. From their contempt of riches they too often fall into poverty, and live in an ignorance of that humble kind of wisdom, which, though it makes no conspicuous figure, contributes much to comfort. They become the dupes of designing men; of little minds that grovel in the mire; of men who, though they cannot see far above the earth, yet see their interest with great acuteness, and pursue it with an artifice that seldom fails of good success; and who look upon persons employing their time in making verses, pictures, or in reading books, as simpletons easily to be deceived; as much their natural prey, as the pigeon is to the kite.

It is therefore to be wished that, in obedience to the scriptural rule, men of genius would endeavour to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove.

But as to this dove-like innocence, there are who controvert with powerful arguments, its peculiar prevalence in poets and men of genius. I rather think there is a tendency to it in them; but, as it happens in most general rules, there are many exceptions.

Horace says, a poet is seldom avaricious; but proofs to the contrary may be brought: yet the assertion is, in general, true; for there are many more proofs of their want of thrift, and their contempt of riches.

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The instance of Pindar, in the second Isthmian ode, suggesting a hint of his wants to Xenacrates of Agrigentum whom he was celebrating, is cited as an instance of poetical meanness and avarice.

In distress he might make such an application without being avaricious. The very want, which drove him to so disagreeable a necessity, might be occasioned by his contempt of money.

Mr. Pope was, I believe, strongly attached to money, and knew both how to gain and keep it. But not so Spencer, nor Shakspeare, nor Dryden, nor Otway.

It is to be wished that poets, and artists of genius, would add discretion to their taste and skill: for it is lamentable that they who give so much pleasure to others should make themselves miserable.

There is, after all, something amiable in their simplicity and generosity. It preserves them from base actions. You may, in general, make a safe agreement with a man of genius; I mean, of true genius; for as to the mere pretenders to genius, many of them are remarkable for duplicity and knavery.

But if poets and men of genius are free from avarice, they have shewn themselves prone to other passions equally or more detrimental. They have been voluptuaries in the extreme; and, upon the whole, they do not appear to have surpassed the rest of mankind in happiness so much as in talents.

The pleasures of genius, in its exertions, are certainly exquisite; but the horrors of a gaol, and of want or disease, must greatly lessen, if not totally destroy them; and the applause and renown bestowed upon them however flattering to the human heart, are but a poor recompense for the aggravated distresses of private life, which often involve a wife and family. Since genius must be supposed to have been bestowed as a gift conducive to the happiness of him who possesses it, let him take care to add to it discretion, and that useful but humble kind of wisdom called common sense.

COMMUNICATION.

SIR,

ENCOURAGED by your acceptance of my first communication, I venture, under the auspices of *that former favour*, to offer the following remarks for your perusal; *and*, if judged worthy to meet the public eye, the insertion of them in your next number would be an additional obligation conferred on Yours to command,

VERITAS.

The merits of Mr. Worrall, the painter and machinist in this grand romance, with the charms of Mr. Kelly, the composer, have been al-

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ready noticed, I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to the ladies and gentlemen who brought this happy union of superb show and heavenly sounds to the public view and ear.

Ali Baba, by Mr. Bernard, was in our opinion strictly correct, though coloured with a vein of sterling humour. The sentiments given him by his author were delivered with that unaffected bluntness which never fails of finding a ready access to the heart. The music of Ganem is immediately calculated for the voice of Mr. Darley, his representative for the evening. The sweet little ballad of Morgiana was most delightfully sung by Mrs. Darley, and the duet of "Ah, cruel maid," by him and Mrs. Darly, came so rapturously to our ears, that we were ready to exclaim with the Comus of Milton—

"Can any mortal mixture of the mould
"Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?"

To this reflective harmony the duet of Cogia and Ali Baba forms a pleasing contrast in style. It was given in with appropriate spirit by Mrs. Mills and Mr. Bernard.

Hassarac has but little to do till the last act, when he becomes a perfect Proteus to this theatrical change. However difficult, Mr. Mills is accustomed, and it is but cold justice to say, that on this evening the Oil Merchant, Hassarac, &c. found in him a happy representative. The last scene was managed with great effect. Mr. Dickinson, in the Cobler, was what I call comfortable—good. His work obtains its wished for end—the hearty laugh of the good humoured ladies. Mrs. Mills's Cogia was all the author could have wished; her admirable performance of this part made it a fit companion for the honest Ali Baba; it was excellent.—Good nature beamed upon their countenances, and diffused itself through all around. Mrs. Darley, as Morgiana, was all she should have been, graceful and commanding, and she was at once a fairy and a mortal. We have seldom seen Mrs. D. in pantomime, yet taking her performance of to-night as our rule of judgment, we hesitate not in pronouncing her equally happy in the pourtrayment of feeling by action as word. She does not search for laboured attitudes, or introduce them so frequently as to pall the sight (for even in pantomime the bounds of nanature may be overstepped) but naturally assumes them as occasions rise, and thus without the use of words steals upon the sense and conveys to the attentive mind the object of the scene. In the dance, she really seemed to float in air; and in the song of "Ah, little blind boy," at each note she breathed we could but say—how sweetly do they float upon the wings of silence. I took it for a fairy vision of some gay creature of the element through the empty vaulted night.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 22.] *Boston, Saturday, April* 14, 1810. [Vol. I.

SOMETHING FUTURE.

The winter is generally supposed to be the season when amusement is most sought for from the perusal of periodical and other publications. The long evenings and the tedium attached thereto by those who are not willing, or not permitted, to attend public entertainments, excite an inclination that something should be presented to their minds for immediate relief or exercise. Every one is desirous of knowing what passes in the world, though debarred from being a sharer in it, and a periodical paper is frequently sought for, from the sole hope of ascertaining if a place of entertainment, a rout, a theatre, or a ball room was or was not crowded on a certain evening, or how the promoters of it, or persons engaged in it, succeeded in their respective promises of entertainment, to themselves or others.

But although while we write some snow remains on the ground; although

> "As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
> And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
> Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
> Deform the day delightless,"

the spring or summer is fast approaching, and we, in consequence, must prepare ourselves for subjects congenial to the seasons during which we shall endeavour to amuse our readers. We shall therefore attempt by expatiating occasionally on the expanding beauties of nature to insinuate instruction through the medium of amusement; only inviting our country readers, or say rather our readers in the country, to take our paper with them into the garden during their walks, and we will endeavour, independently of our serious treatises, to say or collect something for them by which they will at least be uninjured, if they can or may be inclined to,

> "Look through nature up to nature's God."

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The various products of this part of our country shall, as they weekly spring, vegetate, flower, produce fruit or fade, be in one way or other the subjects of a portion of our paper, and we shall endeavour, sometimes through the medium of the simplest weed to attract the attention, and perhaps to direct the understanding of the younger part of our readers to the grand design of the Creator of the universe; which was as we conceive, that, every thing on earth from the ocean and its contents to the smallest grain of sand upon its shore, from the smallest grain of sand on the shore, to the immense mountains, the solid part of this globe sustains, with "all which it inhabits," should tend to the instruction, the improvement in true religion, and consequently to the happiness of man.

We believe also that

"An undevout *philosopher* is mad."

RELIGION.

"Oh! how unlike the complex works of man,
Heav'n's easy, artless, unincumber'd plan!
No meritricious graces to beguile,
No clust'ring ornaments to clog the pile,
From ostentation, as from weakness free,
It stands like the cærulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscrib'd above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quick'ning words,

"BELIEVE AND LIVE."

It appears strange to us, that we should be so often accused of ridiculing religion, because we have ventured, in some instances, to disapprove of doctrines which we have considered as perfectly irrelevant to the subject. We still defy any one to adduce an instance in which we have treated religion with ridicule, or disrespectful levity. We do not consider ourselves as individually called to account, when in letters addressed to us, or in sermons preached at us, we are asked whether ridiculing religion will produce general good; or are told that some men are inclined to reduce it to "a something or a nothing of their own imaginations."—This is mere stuff. If we have done, or said any thing wrong, let it be pointed out, not indirectly, but directly; where is the sentence, where is the word, the syllable, or letter, that in our paper intimates a disrespect to religion!

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We perfectly agree with all, that religion should not be trifled with; and it is therefore, that when we find it *is* trifled with by the introduction, or attachment to it of doctrines at which every man who has an idea of an omnipotent and benevolent Creator, must be startled, we will ridicule if in our power, not religion itself, but what is *ridiculously* attached to it for private or party purposes.

That God who created the universe, who in the decalogue gave his especial laws to Moses, who sent his Son into the world to expound the relative, social, and moral duties of man, could never have left any thing unknown to man, that it was necessary to his present or future happiness for him to know. When he thought proper to explain who or what he was, it is to be supposed that he so far explained his nature and his essence as was necessary to man, or consistent with his will of being known. When he answered Moses, he said he was, "I AM," (a Supreme existence;) again, "JEHOVAH," (a self-supported, or self-existing, or self-subsisting being.) Was not this enough for man (without his pride) to know? Must not all inquiries but what the Almighty has condescended to explain, end in indeterminate hypothesis? Can mortal argument, evanescent from those powers of reasoning which the Creator has limited, undoubtedly inferring, "thus far shalt thou go, but no farther," pretend to the determination of his *essence?*

"How can finite infinite explain?" Why should we be perpetually inquiring into, and endeavouring to explain the essence of that being who is our sole protector, who as we must acknowledge, intends all things for our good, and who consequently, if necessary to our good, would inform us of every thing contributary to a perfect knowledge of himself. Are *we human beings,* to presume to analyse our God, as we would a mixture of earthly mould, or the combinations of atmospheric gas?

We wish not to interfere with the opinions of others, any further than as, when openly promulgated, we perceive that they interrupt the happiness, without promoting, and perhaps, we might say, with delaying the exercise of moral duties in those who have attended to them. What is to be expected from a man or woman, who is told from the pulpit that all he or she can do will not save him or her from everlasting damnation, if they should believe such doctrine? and if they will not or cannot believe it, where is the utility of preaching it?

And what is this everlasting damnation, such preachers talk about? Where is this Hell fire with which we are threatened? we can discover nothing about it in the scriptures; we defy a proof. It is true, that it was customary with the ancients, as it is now with some of the

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moderns, to consign their dead bodies to the funeral pile, to the Pyra Πυρ, fire; with others to the grave, the Gehenna Γαια grave or sepulchre, or any place hilled, helled, or covered up. Why or how these two different modes of bestowing the last rites should be so connected as to be construed into what the people are by some taught to consider as hell fire, we must leave to the discrimination of those whose interest it has been to frighten creatures out of their senses, and their confidence in a just God.

"Damned," "damnation," are words frequently used by certain warm professors of the tenets of a Saviour, a Redeemer; but should not the expression be either modified or explained since our language has suffered such perversions of its original meaning? and, should such people as have no opportunity of consulting the original text be suffered to believe that damnation was intended to mean an eternal consignment to a fiery furnace, called a hell? We presume and believe, that our Saviour never preached such doctrine: that he declared, that after death, they who acted improperly in this life would be injured, that they would suffer, sustain a loss of happiness, (ζημιοω) in the next world; that they would be *damnified*, according to the still reserved original meaning in our law books, we believe—but no more.

We are told by the scriptures, that accordingly to our good or bad actions in this word, we shall be rewarded or punished in the next; and *this* we believe; but where or how we shall be rewarded or punished, we leave to the control of that Being who created the universe, and all that is therein, knowing that "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man."

But let us now conclude with what our Lord Jesus Christ saith,

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind: this is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: On these two commandments hang *all* the law and the prophets."

Roxbury, April 10, 1810.

TO ST. JOHN,

DEAR SIR,

"It is a rule that holds forever true,
"Grant me discernment, and I'll grant it you."

THE *reverse* of this maxim, I suppose admissable on the foundation of the old adage. I had only a cursory reading of your polite epistle in the Mirror, and by particular engagements the last week, my immediate reply was prevented. I beg leave, therefore, to apologize to you

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my apparent inattention. The only observation I can now notice, is *that* wherewith is connected the remark that I make no secret of my real name: I do not, sir—I stand forward the avowed defender of any editorial remarks in my paper, fairly and openly, and am as ready to encounter your objections, directed to any one passage, or to all distinctly pointed out, as I was in the first instance to write them. I am also ready to investigate with you, the foundation of those principles or the doctrines which you observe that I have so coarsely handled. But I wish not an engagement in the dark. However, if you still think your profession renders what still remains of concealment necessary, I have only to request that your future favours may be transmitted immediately to me, that my readers may at least know whence is derived the cause of my remarks.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

NEMO NOBODY, or
"*The Writer of Something.*"

MR. POLLARD.

Herschel did not discover a planet additional to the formerly supposed arrangement of our solar system, with greater satisfaction than that which we derived from the splendid addition of the talents of this gentleman to our oratorical hemisphere. We are only geniuses of the "hic et ubique" kind, by proxy, we pretend not to be so in "propriâ personâ." We regret that our Sunday evening proved to be less profitably, and less agreeably employed than it would doubtless have been, had we attended Fanuiel Hall; but the sources of our information respecting the abilities displayed by this gentleman, are too pure, and the streams flowing from them too clear to prevent our taking confidently the pleasing draught. We congratulate him most sincerely on the success of what we consider his maiden speech in public; we know his attachment to the style of Junius, and trust that he will not suffer himself to be nick-named, as one of the supposed writers of those celebrated letters permitted himself to be. Public good, will require his future energies, and his own just sense of right will direct him, as we hope with moderation, associated with correct principles, to the increase of it. An original beam of applause flashed on him from the sun of oratory, and consequ[illegible] reflections can add nothing to his praise.

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PREDESTINATION.

A GENTLEMAN who was a great stickler for the doctrine of predestination, and who was constantly contending that man was not a free agent, was lately applied to by another of the same principles, for pecuniary assistance. The money was loaned, but on interest. The borrower, however, appeared thankful to his friend, and was proceeding in his expressions of gratitude, when his friend stopt him, by observing that he could deserve no thanks, because fate had decided that he should so assist him, and consequently he had no merit in so doing. Soon after, the borrower became unfortunate; the lender called on him for payment, which being declined, he became importunate and angry. The borrower requested him to be pacified, and seek comfort in his own principles; for fate, added he, ordained that you should lend, and consequently you had, as you said, no merit in lending; now fate ordains that I should not repay you, and consequently I am not to blame for your losing your money.

TO THE EDITOR OF SOMETHING.

MR. NOBODY,

You are requested to inform the gentleman who, for several months last past, has visited at our house, that his visits have been quite too frequent, and that I, as one of the family, wish him hereafter to discontinue them altogether. I will also be answerable that the other members of our family will not make the least objection to it.

Although he has not expressly signified to me that I am the object of these visits, yet the intention of his whole demeanor, though ridiculously aukward and uncouth, is too apparent to be mistaken.

Now, sir, as I not only do not partake of the smallest degree of pleasure or instruction in his company, but, on the contrary, have a decided aversion to it, I feel it my duty to make it known to him. This, however, is quite foreign to my natural disposition, or wishes, to exhibit a man to public view, (for I have not a doubt that he will directly be recognized) but the prevailing desire I have to treat every person with civility, and the inherent principle I possess to offend no one if to be avoided, prompt me to it, to avoid a personal discussion with him on this subject. For I must acquaint you that he is one of those familiar beings who familiarizes with the most domestic duties in the family; and although by my inattention and neglect in frequently retiring to another room when he has been present, I have endeavoured to discover to him my aversion, still his ignorance or his madness, or both, have repeatedly instigated him to follow me even into my more retired apartments.

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Did not certain circumstances exist, I am almost persuaded that I should have overstepped the bounds of my accustomed civility, by abruptly manifesting my displeasure at his intrusion. But, situated as I am, I have thought fit to make him an offer of this garment to put on, that if it should fit he may wear it.

Before I conclude, sir, suffer me to make one general inquiry, whether every gentleman supposes himself at all times to have an indisputable claim to the assiduous attention and servile homage of every lady to whom his capricious fancy may urge his address? For one, and I believe for very many, I can freely say, that although females derive much pleasure and satisfaction from the company and society of the real gentleman, where they can gain useful information and instruction; yet they have many avocations to which they can far more profitably devote their time, than by wasting it either in the company of a blockhead or a coxcomb.

Yours,

6th of April. ARABELLA.

We know not how an author can deserve or obtain greater praise from men of sense and honesty, than by doing justice to an enemy. We extract the folllowing from the Repertory, of Friday, April 6, 1810. with the usually honourable editorial remarks.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

We cannot refuse to ourselves or to our readers the pleasure of giving an extract from this excellent and interesting Poem. The following description of the charge of the 23d Dragoons upon the French line, and the rapid formation of the enemy into an impregnable column, is sketched with historical fidelity, military precision, and a vigour of poetry, which has seldom been equalled.

Three columns of the flow'r of France,
With rapid step and firm, advance,
At first through tangled ground,
O'er fence and dell and deep ravine—
At length they reach the level green,
The midnight battle's murd'rous scene,
The valley's eastern bound;
There in a rapid line they form,
Thence are just rushing to the storm,
By bold BELLUNO led:
When sudden thunders shake the vale:
Day seems, as in eclipse to fail,

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The light of Heaven is fled :
A dusty whirlwind rides the sky,
A living tempest rushes by
With deaf'ning clang and tread—
"A charge!—a charge!" the British cry,
"And SEYMOUR at its head."

BELLUNO sees the coming storm,
And feels the instant need ;
"Break up the line—the column form,
"And break and form with speed,
"Or under Britain's thund'ring arm
"In rout and ruin bleed."
Quick, as the haste of his commands,
The lengthen'd lines are gone,
And broken into nimble bands
Across the plain they run ;
"Spur, Britain, spur thy foaming horse,
"O'ertake them in their scatter'd course,
"And sweep them from the land."
She spurs, she spurs ; in vain, in vain—
Already they have pass'd the plain,
And now the broken ground they gain,
And now, a column stand!
"Rein up thy courser, Britain rein!"
But who the tempest can restrain?
The mountain's flood command?
Down the ravine with hideous crash,
Headlong the foremost squadrons dash,
And many a soldier, many a steed,
Crush'd in the dire confusion bleed ;
The rest, as ruin fills the trench,
Pass clear, and on the column'd French,
A broken and tumultuous throng
With glorious rashness shoot along,
Too prodigal of life ;
And they had died—aye every one,
But WELL'SLEY cries, "On ANSON, on
"LANGWORTH, ALBUQUERQUE and PAYNE,
"Lead Britain, Hanover and Spain,
"And turn th' unequal strife."

Now from the plain and every steep
A thousand thunders peal ;

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Again the vollied tempests sweep,
And sulph'ry vapours, dark and deep,
  The meeting armies veil;
The kindling fight at every post
Blazes, but toward the centre most,
Whence, hoping on a happier stage,
The renovated war to wage,
  France now assails the hill,
And pours with aggregated rage
  The storm of fire and steel;
And when the fresh'ning breezes broke
A chasm in the column'd smoke,
  Busy and black was seen to wave,
The iron harvest of the field—
That harvest which, in slaughter till'd,
  Is gather'd in the grave—
And now before their mutual fires,
  They yield, and now advance;
And now 'tis Britain that retires—
  And now the line of France.
They struggle long with changeful fate;
  And all the battle's various cries,
Now depress'd, and now elate,
  In mingled clamours rise,
'Till France at length before the weight,
  Of British onset flies;
"Forward!" the fiery victors shout,
"Forward!—the enemy to rout;
  Pursue him, and he dies!"
Hot and impetuous they pursu'd,
And, wild with carnage, drunk with blood,
  Rush'd on the plain below;
The wily Frenchman saw and stood—
Screen'd by the verges of the wood,
  He turn'd him on his foe.

The gallant bands that guard the Crown
Of England, led the battle down,
  And, in their furious mood,
Thrice they essay'd, with onset fierce,
Thrice fail'd collected France to pierce—
  Still France collected stood.

While full on each uncover'd flank
Cannon and mortar swept their rank,
And many a generous Briton sank

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Before the dreadful blaze;
Yet midst that dreadful shout and din
Their fearless shout they raise,
And ever, as their numbers thin,
Fresh spirits to the post rush in,
Of peril and of praise.

No. 2.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

The cuticle of vegetables serves to modify the impressions of external objects upon them; gives passage to the fluids absorbed for their nutrition, and is pierced by a great number of pores, which throw off their excretory products.

The pores of the cuticle vary in shape and magnitude, in different plants; and this is the cause of the variety of texture or grain in different plants.

That the cuticle does not greatly restrain the growth of the plant is proved by this experiment: if a portion of the cuticle be removed, no bur or swelling will take place.

We have said that all roots, at a certain age, have two cuticles. The first of these is coeval with the other parts, and exists in the seed. Afterwards a layer is sent off from the bark, and forms a second skin: for example, in the root of the dandelion(13) towards the end of May, the original or outer skin appears shrivelled, and is easily separated from the new one, which is fresher and more firmly adherent to the bark. Perennial plants are supplied in this manner with a new skin, every year. The outer one always falls off in the autumn and winter; and a new one is formed from the bark, in the succeeding spring.

Upon the trunks of most trees which are dicotyledonous,(14) the successive layers of cuticle continue to adhere together; each of these cracks and gives way as the tree increases in thickness, and hence the deep clefts which always appear in the bark of trees of any age. The several laminæ, which are in this manner left surrounded by the cracks, are larger the nearer they approach to the wood, in consequence of the most external cuticle having first yielded to the growth of the tree.

(13) *Leontodon Taraxacum. Dent de Lion.*

(14) *Dicotyledonous plants are those, the seeds of which are divided into two compartments, called tubes, or cotyledons. All the varieties of beans (Faba) have two cotyledons.*

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When the cuticle is destroyed, it grows again. It is then more strongly adherent to the rest of the bark, so as to form a kind of cicatrice, which differs in colour from the surrounding cuticle; this difference it retains for a long time. The cuticle of the leaves and fruit does not grow again.

The resinous cuticle of the evergreens(15) tends to preserve them from the destructive effects of violent rains, severe climates, or inclement seasons, to which such plants are particularly exposed; in the same manner as varnish, of which resin is the essential ingredient, preserves the substances which are covered by it. In the same way, it prevents all unnecessary expenditure of moisture from the plant.

The silicious cuticle of the stems of cane, &c. accounts for the strength and hardness of those long and slender stems.

(15) *Sempervirentes.*

THE PATH WAY—AGAIN.

MR. NEMO,

NOTICING in the 19th number of your paper a contribution of "The mite of O"—and feeling equally desirous with himself to contribute a "mite" to the convenience as well as to the utility of the citizens of Boston, I readily commenced practising upon his suggested improvement.

In several of my first attempts I succeeded tolerably well. But the next day after the fall of the late snow, meeting a lady as I was passing up Cornhill with two gentlemen arm in arm, and being unable to disengage myself from them, I pressed eagerly to the right to give her room, being myself on the left, which suddenly brought the inside gentleman against the steps of a door which projected some few feet into the side walk, and caused him to stumble in such a manner as to bring the whole force of his body against the one next him. This not only completely checked the course to which we were inclining, but impelled us in the contrary direction with such increased velocity that I struck against the lady, who was at that instant beside us, with such violence, as completely crowded her into the gutter, which was then filled with snow and water to a height of several inches.

This accident so confused and embarrassed me, as to bring to my recollection that I ought to lend her my assistance, just at the moment she was regaining the walk—and my zeal again hurried me against her with such untimely rapidity as once more to remove her into the gutter; and the snow at the same time causing my feet to slip from the margin of the pavement, I was in an instant placed by her side. By this

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time there were not a few witnesses to the sad dilemma in which we were placed. We, however, regained the side walk nearly together, and which was no sooner done than a body of snow from the roof of a house gave us such a showering as had nearly crushed us to the pavement Recovering again from this mishap, and learning that neither of us had received any material injury, save a very decent wetting, we each attempted a dislodgment of the snow from our heads and shoulders, in which we soon succeeded, and then separated, having by this time passed each other, pursuing respectively our different ways, to the no small amusement of the spectators, at our mutual embarrassment and discomfiture.

To avoid a similar evil again, I shall hereafter give the ladies the inside when passing; and beg leave to suggest to others the propriety of adopting the same rule. R.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

We have ever been feelingly and morally delighted with the description of a Country Clergyman, which Dr. Goldsmith drew. To a reasoning mind, no character can be so estimable as that of a man whose life is devoted to the diffusion of knowledge, the inculcation of moral principles, and the preparation of his fellow-creatures for the happiness of a future state.

In our chance reading this day, we happily, for our own satisfaction, and we hope it will prove so to that of some of our readers, met with the following passage; it is an extract from the Sacerdos Parœcialis of Dr. John Burton. We have attempted hastily an imitation of it in English for our female friends, the classical reader will discover its beauties only in the original.

We have however taken some liberties with the New-York publishers. having varied the typography in at least six places, for which, if wrong, we apologize.

O felix studii, qui non ingloria ruris
Otia tutus agit, procul ambitione, metuque !
Qui recolens quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque
Providus æternæ meditatus seria vitæ
Gaudia despiciens peritura. Deoque vocanti
Cujus sacra gerit, magno lætatus honore,
Impendit curas, animamque relinquit in astris.
Non illum potuit Syren, damnosa voluptas
Flectere, non miseros agitans discordia cives
Nec malesuadus honos, nec lucri prava cupido;

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Sed pietas, cœlumque fides amplexa, remotum
Ad majora vocat; fortunam dona ferentem
Subjiciens pedibus, rigidique pericula fati,
Atque alio patriam monstrana sub sole jacentem.
Felix! qui late turbantibus æquora ventis,
Civiles tuta prospectat ab arce tumultus,
Immunis culpæ, simul immunisque pericli!
Cætera securus sancto vacat usque labori,
Sedulus et populo prodesse, DEOque placere.

TRANSLATION.

O happy the priest, who to study inclin'd,
Remov'd from ambition and fear,
Makes only what graces the wise and good mind
His pride, his pursuit, and his care.

Disdaining the perishing joys of this life,
Eternity seeks for his meed;
And trusts to that God who invites him from strife,
For the bliss by his justice decreed.

Injurious pleasure, the syren, nor bends,
Nor discord nor faction involves,
The pride of false honour, nor avarice ends
His pious and steady resolves.

But piety, faith that embraces the skies,
To nobler employments direct;
Taught dangers of fortune and chance to despise,
He stands 'mid their tempests erect.

Thrice happy, who in the tumultuous strife
Of jarring contentions below;
With confidence looks to a happier life,
Where streams of true joys ever flow.

From fault and from danger by innocence clear,
He fears not adversity's rod:
His labours, devoted his people to cheer,
Ambition, his duty to God.

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JOHN KEMBLE.

As we were told at the time, and as we had every reason to believe, the marriage of Mr. John Kemble with Mrs. Brereton was not accompanied with the usual predilections or the customary courtship. It was reported and credited, that they were each satisfied with the consideration that the other was a worthy honest character. Mr. Kemble, to be sure, attended the marriage ceremony, and perhaps dined with his bride, but the spirit of his strong attachment to learning could not yield to the weaknesses of human nature What had passed in the morning was, in idea, entirely absorbed by the studies of the evening, and it was not till, in spite of frequent hourly repulses, his servant John at past two o'clock in the morning, asked him if he had forgotten what had passed during the preceding day. "Why, what do you mean John?" said Mr. Kemble. "Do you forget sir, that you were married?" replies John. "God bless my soul, John," rejoins Mr. Kemble, "it had entirely escaped my memory."

But Mr. Kemble is not singular; for history informs us of several persons whose severe attachment to letters would not yield to the softer and more social, yet not less innocent delights of nuptial festivity. Among other instances of this dereliction of duty, for a dereliction it certainly must be, the ladies of Turnebus and Budæus, those very deep scholars, had reason to complain that they had been married merely for the purpose of affording their husbands more time for the prosecution of their dry studies, by cooking their victuals and preparing their clothes for them, for on their wedding day they saw—no, they did not see—but they *felt* that their respective husbands pursued their accustomed studies, with the same perseverence and obstinacy as before.

MR. BRUCE.

Mr. Bruce, the celebrated explorer of the source of the Nile, generally retired during the warm months to his summer seat at Ardwhillary on the banks of Loch Lodnuc.

We knew him well; among many other social virtues which he possessed, he was very fond of promoting the innocent and improving amusements of young people. One evening after supper, for the amusement of his guests, he proposed that each should compose an Epitaph for his or her neighbour—the variety of the effusions produced much good natured mirth We shall only select the one written by himself on a lady whose Christian name was Elizabeth, premising that, from his residence at Gondar, and his having been appointed Governor of Geesh, he was frequently called by his friends in Scotland, the Prince of Abyssinia.

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EPITAPH.

Here lies our sweet Bess,
Queen Bessy the less,
Abyssinia's Prince her chief mourner:
She cared not a fig
For cotilion or jig
If she got common sense in a corner.

She was wise, she was gude
Sometimes sulky and rude,
She had more of the Owl, than the Dove, sir;
If the devil could take her
In turns with her Maker,
She'd please, both below and above, sir.

A VISION.

EUGENIUS had passed through a short life of religious and moral virtue; he had lost, at the age of thirty-one, an amiable wife and two lovely infants; soon after which, it pleased Providence to remove him also—his friend Benignus attended him to his grave.

Benignus, on his return to his home, retired to his couch, and meditating on the unfortunate event, as he termed it, fell asleep. His fancy still represented his friend on his bed of sickness, when suddenly an angel appeared, and addressing Eugenius, said to him, "Your life has been hitherto spotless; take the reward while you deserve it; wish not to remain in this world a subject of future temptation." Eugenius, with a smile, observed; "My God, thy will be done," and instantly disappeared.

When Benignus awaked, he reflected on what he had seen in his dream, and observed, "Yes, Eugenius is now happy, certain of eternal bliss; had he been suffered after such trials to remain in this world, he might have lost by discontent and impious repinings those claims which his virtue, as yet unsubdued, secures to him for everlasting joys: He might——but enough; he is gone."

Communication.

THEATRE....MR. BERNARD'S BENEFIT.

THE BUSY BODY, &c.

WE were extremely pleased at the brilliant assemblage presented to view from the boxes of the theatre on this evening; a gratifying exemplification to our long tried favourite of the high respectability in which

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his talents are held by the Boston audience. Did time permit, we should delight to dwell upon the superior manner in which the various personages of this admirable drama were supported; we cannot, however, without a gross violation of our own feelings, and an act of glaring injustice to Mrs. Powell, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Mills, Mr. Dickinson, and Mr. Barnes, conclude, without unequivocally declaring that in our minds the parts assigned to Mrs. Powell and those gentlemen were seldom in any place or at any time better performed. The Miranda of Mrs. Powell ranks among the happiest efforts of this lady in the comic department; the playfulness of her manner whilst playing upon the *dotage* passion of Sir Francis Gripe, received its well earned reward, the smiles of the fair, and hearty plaudits of the gentlemen.

The Marplot of Mr. Bernard is so well known, that to comment on it now, would be but to repeat what others have said before us. We shall therefore content ourselves with observing that he marred every plot he embraced to the complete satisfaction of his auditors. Mr. Mills possesses the almost certain guarantees of success in genteel comedy; an easy deportment, and pleasing figure; with those to night he made his way, and must have left by his elegant performance of Sir George, the gentlemen present entirely in good humour with the declaration of Howard in the will—"Woman is the true substance after all; compared to her all other objects are as the glow worm to the sun, they may dazzle the eye, but can never warm the heart." Sir Francis Gripe was certainly never better looked, dressed, or acted than by our worthy friend Dickenson. The passions of fear and avarice were admirably depicted by him during the bartered interview of Miranda and Sir George. We are already beyond the bounds contemplated at our commencement, and shall therefore close by declaring that all was excellent.

MR. & MISS WORRALL'S BENEFIT.

The benefit of Mr. and Miss Worrall is advertised for Monday evening; could an idea be entertained that families and individuals would neglect this opportunity of rewarding those talents and that industry which have afforded them so much entertainment during the last winter, we would expatiate on the claims of this gentleman and his daughter on public patronage. But we believe that any other than the recommendation their own talents have given would be unnecessary. We can only hope, what we must expect, that they will obtain justice.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,

Were prepared, but omitted for want of room.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 23.] *Boston, Saturday, April* 21, 1810. [Vol. I.

COMMUNICATION.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Permit me through this medium to express to you my ideas upon life, of which you appear to think I have taken too cold a view. The pomp and glare of fashion, I have beheld through the mirror that shows their general, not minute defects; and cannot but perceive, that whilst every hour brings us nearer the grave, we conduct as though this scene of folly was perpetual. Each eager in the pursuit of some trifle, borne on by the tide of fashion, or the whim of the moment, with but too little consideration for the purposes of our being, we nearly shut out the prospects of eternity, in our avidity to seize and cling to the transient scenes of this finite condition of our existence.

As calm spectators of the actions and movements of others, we can very ingeniously moralize upon them, and wonder at the infatuation which supports and governs their lives; but when the scene is reversed, and *we* become the actors, led on by some whim, perhaps more mad, we cast away the true mirror, for one that portrays to us the artificial glare of the moment, and rush on, leaving others in their turn to comment, and wonder; until their evil genius assists them in the same course of action. So life forms a continual chase; that in which we are in pursuit a mere bauble to gull us of our duty; consequently, our observations upon life must lead us perpetually to a conviction, as the celebrated Grattan expresses it, "of our immeasurable inanity." In the moment of reflection, as we look around the world, we are induced and willing to retire within ourselves, struck with the period that is literally wasted in pursuits that leave no trace of their utility, but the conviction of their unworthiness. One seeking in the parade of ostentation the mere bubbles that float on the surface of life, raised by the commotions of folly and vanity, the deluded being would seize them as they move with the current, to fill up by their fancied consideration the

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measure of his existence, when their airy nothingness sinks to his view. He still continues to fly from one illusion to another, until the king of terrors stops his career; whilst the more nobly gifted perceives the infatuation in which he has existed, and casting it from him, awakes to *nature and to reason*. Upon the recovery of himself, he starts amazed as from a confused dream; even his brief perseverance in delusion, excites his wonder, and resting the decision to the voice of wisdom, she replies, *such is the infatuation of youth and folly*.

Another, the object of an admiring world, familiar with the voice and look of applause, until his poisoned mind feeds upon it even to satiety, though originally gifted with the energies to reject its ill effects, yet giving himself up to all the delusions of sense, created by its noxious breath. Selected from obscurity, as the apparent favourite of heaven, his mind is buoyed up by the exulting confidence, and braves its attendant dangers unassisted by the principle which would show him its fallacy. Reason in vain warns him to strip off the gawdy trappings with which his imbecility has permitted his sycophants to array him, to assert his native superiority—to be himself: the spirit is willing, but alas, the flesh is weak. Dazzled by the sunshine of popular favour, he grasps at every object calculated to feed his folly, without reflecting that the applause which blazons to-day, to-morrow may be extinguished by the same breath which lighted it; that that applause can alone endure which is sanctioned in heaven by a life of active virtue and wisdom; where the sun perpetually rises and sets with proof of its justice. He pursues his vain career, until his claim to the plaudits which seduced him from himself, are lost in his created deformities, and he is suffered unheeded and unlamented, gradually to sink into oblivion. His light which once dazzled by its brilliancy, is "hardly felt as it descends;" it seems indeed extinguished, ere it had reached its meridian. Thus also, the vacant beauty arrayed in the charms and allurements of youth, exhausts her useless life in pursuits that debase the dignity of human nature, and counteract the great purposes of her being; existing on the vanity which overwhelms and engrosses the powers of her mind, and attaches her merely to mortality, she inhales a noxious vapour that annoys even where it cannot destroy. Suffering herself to set too high a value on the applause of those shallow, irregular set of beings, who wish to level her to their own ideas of happiness, she becomes alike insensible and undeserving of that approbation by which alone we should exist; when by rejecting the conduct produced by her weakness, she would learn more highly to appreciate herself in the address that naturally follows *self respect*; whose influence is reflected

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upon even the meanest object; instead of which, her youth is spent in levity and trifling, until time rifles her of its charms; in vain then is art resorted to, in order to lend harmony to her vacant tones, which the bloom of youth had given them. Her pretty folly has lost its attractions, as the gloss which mantled it, has decayed, and left it naked to the view; nothing then remains to attract the idle gaze, for which has been sacrificed all that would have taught her to have despised and shrunk from it; and ensured a pleasing descent to her declining years, instead of being annoyed by the fragments of her former glory: she discovers too late, that a youth of folly is an age of pain. Vice too runs its dark career, leaving nearly at every step the hideous impression of its deformity; whose dire effects may be traced even remotely, in misery of various descriptions—"forms a thousand ills, ten thousand ways."

But you will say, why show the shades without the lights of the portrait? they must be contrasted, in order to form the beautiful—true, and had I not already extended my letter too far, I would present you with a nobler picture of human nature, in the same light in which I have beheld it; that of virtue, talents, and beauty, struggling with adversity, and elevated to the pinnacle of worldly glory, alike undisturbed by the dark obscurity of the one, and the dazzling splendours of the other. Time has no power to efface the impression of a fine countenance, animated by genius and virtue, stamped in the warmth of its effusions with all that can arrest, charm and fix the attention; it claims all we are capable of bestowing of approbation and applause Such a being is elevated above *common* conception, breathing instructions that strike to conviction the superiority of intellect over all sublunary possessions. Much could I add upon the subject, but that the length of my letter extended much further than I intended, warns me to desist. Presuming you will here trace me without difficulty, I rest satisfied with subscribing myself, A FRIEND.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

A POEM.

When Fancy, from the azure skies,
On earth came down, before unseen,
She bade the wond'rous structure rise,
And haply chose the sylvan scene.

The graces too, with sprightly air,
Assisted in the work divine,
The arch they form'd with nicest care,
And made the murmuring stream incline.

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Then Fancy, from the pile above,
Would gaze with rapture bending o'er,
And charm'd behold the streamlet rove,
While Echo mock'd its feeble roar.

And here, perhaps, the Indian stood,
With uplift-hands and eye amaz'd,
As sudden from the devious wood,
He first upon the fabric gaz'd!

See Tadmor's domes and halls of state,
In undistinguish'd ruin lie;
See Rome's proud empire yield to fate,
And claim the mournful pilgrim's sigh.

But whilst relentless Time impairs
The monuments of crumbling art,
This pile unfading beauty wears,
Eternal in its every part!

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY SINGING.

Oh sweet is thy voice when with tremulous tone,
Its vibrating accents in melody rise,
When angels in heaven, entranc'd on their throne,
Look down at thee singing with sympathy's eyes.

Oh say, beauteous lady, where learnt you that song
Which floats in soft murmurs and dies on the gale?
To a seraph such warbling can only belong,
Imparted by Pity with suffering pale.

Thy mellow notes hush! Oh that cadence forbear,
Or else by the blush of thy bosom and cheek,
Thou wilt wake from my harp the sad lay of despair,
And force me the vigils of sorrow to keep.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

Sir,—Not wishing to have you troubled too often with the penny-post, I have taken the liberty to press upon you a sheet full of *effusions*, which you may dispose of as you please, individually, collectively, or destroyingly.

Yours, M. T.

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To a Young Lady who asked the Author if he was not in love with (a miniature of) her Grandmother, suspended from the neck.

You ask if love's deceiving wiles,
Proceed not from those pleasant smiles;
Suspended from your breast,
If in the portrait there is nought
That throbs my heart,—delights my thought,
And—you must guess the rest.

I own, sweet Fair, attractions art
Sits on the picture,—speaks the heart
The Matron once possest;
The eyes partake of thy bright eyes,
The cheeks possess the rose's dyes,
And—you must guess the rest.

The lips import sweet sense—and grace
Marks every feature of the face;—
But I have one request,
Think you no *other* form as fair,
Some tyrian eyes, and auburn hair,
And—you must guess the rest.

But does the likeness touch my heart,
Do I receive love's sportive smart,
And am I loving,—blest?
I grant the portrait merits love,
But there's *another* face, *above*
Whose charms,—O! guess the rest.

M. T.

MYRA.

Dark was the night, the howling wind
In pit'less horror blew;
The lightning's vivid flashes shone,
And o'er yon black heath flew.

A mournful outcast stemm'd the gale,
Bereft of every friend;
Her looks disorder'd, wild and pale;
While in loud shrieks she did bewail,
Her fast approaching end:

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'Twas disappointed love she moan'd;
While tears fell on her cheek,
For faithless Henry loud she groan'd
And sigh'd in accents deep.

Now the loud thunder's heavy peal
Impetuous roll'd around;
The rain in torrents on her fell,
And midnight darkness black as hell,
O'erspread the lonesome ground.

"O faithless man," she cry'd, "thy vows
"Were false as midnight air;
"Yet I forgive thee all my woes,
"And such may you ne'er share."

A louder clap of thunder broke,
Red lightning round her fir'd;
A chilly dampness rent her cloak,
With night's corroding dews she shook;
And on the heath expired!

M. T.

RELIGIOUS COMFORT.

"COME unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"For,

"MY yoke is easy, and MY burden light."

Such was the language of a Saviour, when he invited man to repentance and happiness; it was interesting and consoling, it was calculated to emancipate him from the chains of sin, and invest him only with the mild restraints of religion, of virtue; it was calculated to excite endeavour by inspiring hope, and to make him happy by inducing him to be good.

PHILANTHROPY.

AMID the various feelings and passions which pervade the human breast, there is none so completely disinterested, or so productive of internal content as the undisguised spirit of philanthropy. Like mercy it is twice blessed; it *blesses* him who *giveth* and *him* who *receiveth*.—Thus productive, even in a temporal point of view, is it not strange

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that the dispositions (contracted by habit) of any should be barred against its admission. The world at large, Jew, Heathen, or Christian, is, in the eye of the Great "I AM," but one family; yet some in opposition to, and in open rebellion against this divine tenet of our Creator, presume to cherish the poisonous seeds of prejudice, and unblushingly declare none but themselves, or those born under the same climate, are or can be equally virtuous. That a parent should be more particularly attached to the offspring of his immediate house than to the children of the world at large is but natural; yet should he not close his eyes against the personal or mental accomplishments or acquisitions of his neighbours, but be willing to admit that earthly perfection rests not with himself or family alone, but is like the air we breathe, diffused through Nature's works. We find it with the Hottentot, the Arab, the European, and the savage of America. Then let us, for the sake of virtue, cherish the harmonious, the heavenly seeds of philanthropy—Let us, stript of prejudice (the bane of happiness,) value worth, where it is found, whether in a forest, or at the foot, or in the breasts of monarchs. This emanation from the glory of our God, philanthropy, will enable us to fulfil with delight his sacred mandate, "Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you."

SELF-COMPLACENCY.

THERE is a kind of self-complacency which arises solely from excessive self-conceit. A person under the influence of this foible imagines every thing which he says or does excellent, and every thing that belongs to him superior to the very same thing in the possession of his neighbour. According to the common adage, his geese are all swans. This quality renders a man completely ridiculous, and is indeed utterly inconsistent with good sense and the obvious suggestions of common experience.

But there is also another kind of self-complacency, which is founded on solid and virtuous principles, and is the cause of one of the most substantial satisfactions which human nature can enjoy. I mean to enumerate a few of the means which have a natural tendency to produce it.

CHRISTIAN PIETY.

THE offices of christian piety are attended with pleasures of a species no less durable than exalted. It was this which induced Erasmus to declare in a serious sense, that there are no greater *epicures* than *pious christians*. What can contribute more to pleasure than the consequence of piety, the calm serenity of reliance and resignation?

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To please one's-self, such is the happy constitution of things, nothing contributes more effectually than the *communication of innocent pleasure to others.* I say innocent pleasure; for it is the nature of guilt to add a bitter infusion to the sweetest cup of human delight.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Acts of pure christian charity, unmixed with ostentation, leave a relish behind them which few gratifications equal or resemble. I have no doubt but that the internal sensations of a truly charitable man, after having unostentatiously relieved a person in great and urgent distress, are more pleasurable than those of the most celebrated conqueror: and I imagine the good Samaritan and Mr. Hanway enjoyed greater delight than was usually experienced by Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Charles the Twelfth, Frederick King of Prussia, or Bonaparte. The blood seems to run more smoothly in its channels after a benevolent action; so that the delight of it, while perfectly pure, may at the same time be denominated a sensual pleasure. It is a delight also which may be recalled at will, and it affords peculiar solace under sickness and affliction.

As the state of man is progressive, Providence has been pleased to ordain that the steps of his *improvement* should be attended with complacency. Whether the improvement is moral or mental, the pleasure is great which accompanies it. A man feels himself rising in value by every new acquisition of good qualities. To be advancing more and more, by daily approaches, to attainable perfection, is a state so pleasant, that it may be said to resemble the ascent up a beautiful hill, where the prospect over variegated meadows, meandering streams, forests, distant roofs and spires, become at every step more delightful.

INDUSTRY.

Industry, in laudable pursuits, is a never-failing source of internal satisfaction. It causes a pleasing succession of ideas, by bringing new objects, or a change of circumstances, continually in view. And if it is conversant with matters of importance, and attended with success, there is no state so happy as that of an industrious man in the exercise of his skill and abilities.

PASSIONS.

To have subdued an irregular or excessive passion, and to have resisted a mean, a vicious, a degrading inclination, affords a pleasing consciousness of virtuous resolution; a sensation so agreeable and flattering, as could not have been equalled by indulgence or compliance with it; and

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has this additional advantage, that it is not followed by pain, remorse, or any consequences which can occasion shame or sorrow. On the contrary, after the gratification of vice or irregularity, a man feels himself little and low; he despises himself, and recovers not his happiness till, by contrition or amendment, he regains a due degree of self esteem.

BAD MEN.

No bad man, says the heathen poet, *is a happy man. Nemo malus Felix.** He is perhaps for ever in pursuit of enjoyment; but he feels agitations and anxieties that detract much from his pleasures; and his reflections upon them, and their consequences to himself, his family, and many others, become, at least in the solitary hours of dejection, ill health, or of night alone, extremely uneasy. So that it is not merely the declamation of a preacher, but the decision of experience arising from actual fact, which pronounces that a good conscience is necessary to the true enjoyment of life.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

No man can have a conscience perfectly void of offence; but whoever has violated it reluctantly, and repented as often as he has transgressed, may be said to have a good conscience; and a treasure it is more to be desired than the golden stores continually brought from the East, by men, whom Providence suffers to become enormously rich, to shew that enormous riches are no decisive marks of its peculiar favor.

How sweet the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself! A *good conscience* is the finest opiate. The *materia medica* cannot supply one half so efficacious and pleasant; and all the nabobs together, if they were to unite their fortunes in contribution, could not purchase a similar one.

GOOD HEALTH.

Good health, preserved by temperance and regularity, gives a sweetness to life, a pleasantness of feeling, which no civil honors or secular prosperity can bestow.

PRUDENTIAL ECONOMY.

Prudential economy in the management of expenses, and the confining of them to the certain income, so as not to be incumbered with debt, or distressed by the invention of ways and means to raise supplies for the

* *Juvenal.*

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current year, exempt from ten thousand painful solicitudes, and give an ease and calmness of spirits unknown to the most opulent who possess not this caution; a caution equally required by prudence and common honesty. To see, in consequence of it, a family rising to independence, not likely to be exposed to the scorn and ill usage of the world, affords a comfort more satisfactory than the fugacious pleasures of ostentatious extravagance.

SELF ESTEEM.

Self esteem founded on rational principles, is one of the first requisites to a happy life; and to the honor of virtue and religion, let it be remarked, that it is attainable only by a benevolent, a wise, a prudent conduct. Men who, by early education, by happily falling among good examples, by reading good books, and by forming good habits in consequence of all these advantages, conduct themselves in all things with reason, with moderation, and with kindness;—these are they, who, after all the pretensions of voluptuousness, enjoy the most of this world; for their happiness flows like a gentle stream uninterrupted in its course, uniform and constant, while that of others is like a torrent, which dashes from rock to rock, all foam, all noise for a little while, till it is lost in the ocean, or wasted away by its own violence. It is destructive of others, destructive of itself, and too turbulent to admit of pure tranquillity.

Let those who have wandered in pursuits which themselves are ready to acknowledge delusive and unsatisfactory, resolve, by way of experiment, to try whether the pleasure of that self-esteem which arises from rectitude of conduct, is not the most pleasing possession which the world affords; whether it does not promote a constant cheerfulness and gaiety of heart, which renders life a continual feast. The path of duty, comparatively speaking, is strewed with flowers and sweetened with fragrance. To the timid, the slothful, and ill-disposed, the first entrance may appear to be closed with briars; but he who has courage to break through the difficulties raised by his own imagination, will find himself in as pleasant a walk as is to be found beneath the moon. But I will not draw a deceitful picture with the colours of rhetoric. Much uneasiness and some sorrow must be the lot of every man in his present state; I only contend that the pleasantness of wisdom and virtue is not fictitious, and that he who faithfully adheres to them will, upon the whole, enjoy all the delight of which his nature and his situation render him capable.

SELFISHNESS.

Many philosophers maintain that selfishness is the spring of all our activity. Whether their system is well founded or not, it is certain

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that in pursuit of the pleasure of rational self-esteem, we may be as selfish as we please without incurring the disgrace of meanness; for to the indulgence of this kind of selfishness it is necessary to cultivate every thing liberal, generous, useful, amiable. The pleasure arising from it is not unsocial, though it centres in self; for it is not to be enjoyed but by promoting the good of society. The pleasure is the first reward which Providence has vouchsafed to assign to the honest efforts of humble virtue, a reward infinitely disproportionate to that reserved for it in a better state, but still of a pure, of a celestial nature, and great enough to excite the most ardent efforts in its acquisition.

What happiness can subsist without this essential ingredient, self-complacency? External circumstances are of no value without it. The gold loses its lustre, and the purple its glossy dye, without it. Titles, rank, power, property, the grand idols of a prostrate world, are deceitful and empty whenever the delicious tranquillity of a mind soothed to rational complacency is a stranger to the bosom.

There is this additional advantage in being pleased with one's self, on solid reasons, that it puts one in good humour with the world. All nature seems to smile with us; and our hearts, dilating with conscious virtue and benevolence, feel a new delight in the communication of happiness.

EXCESSIVE SENSIBILITY.

BELINDA was always remarkably fond of pathetic novels, tragedies, and elegies. Sterne's sentimental beauties were her peculiar favourites. She had indeed contracted so great a tenderness of sensibility from such reading, that she often carried the amiable weakness into common life, and would weep and sigh as if her heart were breaking at occurrences which others, by no means deficient in humanity, viewed with indifference. She could not bear the idea of killing animals for food. She detested the sports of fishing and hunting, because of their ineffable cruelty. She was ready to faint if her coachman whipt his horses when they would not draw up hill; and she actually fell down in a fit on a gentleman's treading on her favorite cat's tail as he eagerly stooped to save her child from falling into the fire.

Being rather of a romantic turn, she would frequently utter sentimental soliloquies on benevolence and humanity; and when any catastrophe of a pathetic nature occurred, she generally gave vent to her feelings by writing a lamentation. I procured from one of her friends the following piece with liberty to present it to the public eye.—Belinda, it seems, was at her toilette, adorning her tresses, when an animalcule of no great repute in the world, and who often obtrudes where he is not welcome,

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fell from her beautiful tresses on her neck. In the first emotions of her surprise and anger she seized the little wretch, and crushed it between her nails, till it expired with a sound

δουπησεν δε πεσων,

as Homer expresses the exit of his heroes.

—The noise and the sight of the viscera soon recalled her sensibility, and she thus expressed it :

"Thou poor partaker of vitality, farewell. Life undoubtedly was sweet to thee, and I have hastily deprived thee of it. But surely the world was wide enough for thee and me. And it was ungenerous to murder one who sought an asylum under my fostering protection.

"Because thou art minute we are inclined to suppose thee insensible. But doubtless thou hadst nerves and delicate sensations proportioned to the fineness of thy organs. Perhaps thou hadst a partner of thine affections and a numerous progeny, whom thou sawest rising to maturity with parental delight, and who are now left destitute of a protector in their helpless infancy.

"Thy pain is indeed at an end; but I cannot help deploring the unfeeling cruelty of those who deprive the smallest reptile, to whom nature has given breath, of that life which, though it appears contemptible in the eyes of the thoughtless, yet is sweet to the meanest animal—*was* sweet to thee, thou poor departed animalcule! Alas, that I must now say *was sweet* to thee! Did I possess the power of resuscitation I would reanimate thy lifeless corpse, and cherish thee in the warmest corner of thy favourite dwelling place —But adieu forever; for my wish is in vain. Yet if thy shade is still conscious, and hovers over the head it once inhabited, pardon a hasty act of violence, which I endeavor to expiate with the tear of sympathy and the sigh of sensibility."

Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

No. 3.

VEGETABLE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

The cellular integument lies immediately beneath the cuticle, and generally exhibits a deep green colour. It is very tender and succulent. It extends over every part of the plant, and consists of vesicles, utricles, and filaments, delicate in their texture, but very numerous, which cross each other, in all directions, and are so close together as to form a continued coating.

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This substance is very conspicuous in the elder,(16) especially at the time of sap. It is called cellular envelope by Du Hamel, parenchyma by Grew, by Mirbel it is called herbaceous tissue as distinguished from parenchyma, by which last he means that part of the cellular tissue, which is continued into the layers of the bark.

The cellular integument may be considered as the organ which separates the matter of transpiration, and which serves to repair the cuticle, and to prevent the drying of the parts, which it covers. It is among the glands of this integument that digestion appears to be performed. The colouring matter of vegetables is here developed; the light which penetrates the cuticle concurs in enlivening the colour; here, likewise, oils and resin are found, and lastly it is from this that those various products of the organization are thrown off, which may be considered as the excrements of the vegetable digestion.

The authors referred to in No. 1, have treated so copiously of the cellular integument, as to render unnecessary any thing that we could add to what we have already written.

(16) *Sambucus Nigra.*

TRASK.

Trask was formerly well known in Boston as a drill officer. Such as were under his tuition have never forgotten his lessons. The passage being narrow for four abreast or a less number, or obstructed, the order was, Double your files, or, Single file. When marching with locked arms, rather than wait for the passage to widen of itself, the above command was commonly given—and my comrades generally had the good fortune to get safe along without bowing to a cellar door, or jostling a lady off the side walk.

Seeing some hints in your 19th number to foot passengers in our streets, it struck me that they were well meant if not wholly practicable, and I have accordingly since endeavoured to observe them in my walks—my memory, however, does not always serve me, and I frequently find myself on the wrong side of the way, but immediately pass over to the other, I cannot say notwithstanding, that at present the common consent is obtained which our friend —O— contemplated; a small amendment, however, is I think apparent, we may therefore hope for more, and in the end some sort of system in our marches and countermarches. A recent and very pleasant occurrence must be recorded. Three young well dressed gentlemen were walking abreast with locked arms, on the side to which they were entitled, according to —O—;

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meeting a lady, they soon took close order and obliqued a little to the left, giving her the wall, and thus shewed much politeness without any inconvenience to themselves, or obliging the lady to step off of the edge stone into the gutter. It was no small satisfaction to notice that the return for this unusual civility was a courtesy. The blushing damsel, as if resolved never to be caught so again, passed to the other side. Of the young men, I said, Trask must have drilled your fathers.

April 13. S.

(From the Chronicle, April 19—Anticipation.)

THEATRE—MR. MORSE'S BENEFIT.

We are happy to see announced for this evening's entertainment and for the benefit of Mr. Morse, Shakespear's justly celebrated tragedy of Lear, the part of Lear by Mr. Fennell. Mr. Morse's selection this evening for the entertainment of the public could not have been more happy. Mr. *Fennell's* Lear ranks among the best dramatic efforts of this accomplished and veteran performer; and Mrs. *Darley's* Cordelia is unrivalled in America.

It is also understood, that Mr. Morse will recite the celebated *Monody* of Robert Treat Paine, Jr. Esqr. on the death of Sir John Moore. When we recollect the effect given by this gentleman to the "Paint King," we anticipate as much pleasure as we ever experienced from Mr. Ogilvie's best recitations.

With the proceeds of this benefit Mr. Morse hopes to visit the old world, with a view to pursue his studies in the histrionic art. If his own industry and the patronage of the public should be proportionate to his talents, fame will prepare for his reward an immortal amaranthine wreath. *PHILO-DRAMA.*

(From the Boston Gazette—same date.)

MR. MORSE's BENEFIT.

We understand that this gentleman intends to visit England, for the purpose of professional improvement; and, as the peculiar characteristick of his acting is a fine and well executed discrimination, we have no doubt he will return from his European tour with such honours as will gratify our national pride. He has undertaken, this evening, a task of high ambition, by performing the arduous character of *Edgar*, and reciting Mr. Paine's Monody on the death of *Sir John Moore*. This poem is placed, by the best criticks who have seen it, among the best works of Mr. Paine— who has arranged its imagery and its pathos in that judicious gradation, which is seldom observed in the more lofty

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and impassioned effusions of the bard. Mr. Morse has given us proof that his elocution is equal to the highest flights of passion and of poetry; and we anticipate a truly classic repast. We also hope that the receipts of the house will "*raise the wind*" to waft him across the Atlantick.

OBSERVATIONS.

We have selected the above remarks from two of our daily papers, for the purpose of examining to the satisfaction of our readers, how the event corresponded with the anticipation of the one, or justified the observations of the other.

A writer in the Mirror a few weeks since observed something respecting our aptitude in discovering puffs *collateral*; we hesitate not in declaring the former of the above extracts a puff direct, and a puff directly *wrong*. Setting aside all considerations but those respecting Mr. Morse, the writer observes, in the first place, that "Mr. Morse's selection this evening for the entertainment of the public could not have been more happy." We think that for the entertainment of the *public* he could not have been more *un*happy in selecting this tragedy—it had been performed so often, that it had lost all claim to novelty, and it is well known that novelty in person, exhibition, or principle, constitutes the chief excitement of public attention. The entertainments offered this evening were not calculated to attract the public, nor do we believe that the expectation of making money was Mr. Morse's primary object—but we think that Mr. Morse *obtained* his primary object; his ambition had led him to attempt one of the most arduous characters of the drama—and his industry and his talents proved to the judicious few that his ambition was not erected on a weak foundation; but we have too high an opinion of Mr Morse's sense to suppose that he relied on the pecuniary proceeds of a benefit (so called) to enable him to visit the old world; his talents and requisites, industriously cultivated, will ensure him success, and it will not be to the English public a repulsive introduction, when they are told he is an American.

We are not in the secrets of the cabinet, but we presume that the exertions of this evening, produced to Mr. Morse nothing—but fame.

It is no office of friendship to praise indiscriminately; the difficulties incurred by the personation of Mad Tom we believe we have seen surmounted with more ease and better effect; and in this part of the arduous undertaking, we think Mr. Morse, must yield the palm to Mr. Caulfield and Mr. Mills: in the natural character of Edgar, Mr. Morse excelled.

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MONODY.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown,
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She brought an angel down.

During the recitation of the monody we knew not which the more to admire, the author or the orator; indeed we almost fancied that we beheld both in one. We are near the close of our weekly labour, and can say but little; we shall therefore only observe, that we think Mr. Morse in the first instance, highly indebted to Mr. Paine for the opportunity this admirable Monody afforded him of exhibiting the noblest of his talents; and in the next, that Mr. Paine having thought proper hitherto to withhold it from the press, could not have more excited an increased desire of the admirers of sterling poetry to witness it in print, than by committing his fame to the oratorical powers and discriminating sense of Mr. Morse.

Communication.

THEATRE—BLIND BOY.

To deny that there is a considerable interest excited in an Audience witnessing a representation of this piece would be a paradox in truth, and an act of injustice to the dramatic effusions of the author; nay we further think, though we cannot approve of his management of the characters introduced, in toto, that with equal materials he could produce upon a second trial a structure more equally poised in effect, and consequently more creative of continued approbation. The last scene of this Melo Drama from the power of incidents and situation touched our feelings with electric force and drew from our ready hands the warmest attestations of the mind's approval:—Yet is the means of this wished for toute ensemble so laboriously prolonged that our theatric fancy was almost drowsied before its expectation was realized.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,—A reader of your valuable paper wishes to ask, if that specimen of walking the rope, as was exhibited in Charleston on Saturday last, has a tendency to promote in the minds of youth any advantage, or whether such odious practices will not mislead them to "commit folly by choice," that they may obtain the applause of fools.

Boston, 16 *April*, 1810. Yours, &c. A PARENT.

WE are sorry we are obliged to omit what we had prepared in justice to Mrs. Claude, on her performance of the Romp, which was indeed excellent. This is brief but deserved praise.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 24.] *Boston, Saturday, April* 28, 1810. [Vol. I.

CARTS.

We have observed a great carelessness prevailing among the cartmen of this town. Some will leave their carts in the middle of the street to the great obstruction of other carriages; some leave their horses so long unattended to, that the animals become impatient of their driver's idleness, and start forward of their own accord; the confused calls of the occasional witnesses of such incidents tend only to alarm the horses, and they pursue their course with careless speed, to the great amusement of some part of the community, but to the afflicting pain and danger of the other. We have noticed with great satisfaction the activity of the town officers in checking these improprieties, but they cannot be every where at once. As men who disdain to make a sense of duty to their fellow creatures their rule of action are vulnerable principally in their purses, would it not be well to impose a severe fine on the owners of all carriages that are met in the streets without their drivers, and not only make such owners *liable*, but make them *pay?*

We know that hackmen, cartmen, truckmen, and private coachmen consider the streets as exclusively their right, and think that they are privileged in driving straight on, how many children soever may be in their way; but if these gentlemen would condescend to reflect that they as often, at least, obstruct the paths of foot passengers, as children obstruct their course, they might humble themselves so far as to believe that turning a little on one side to save the life of an innocent infant or a feeble old man would not be very derogatory to their humanity.

PUBLIC GENEROSITY.

This is a subject of which as of many other non-entities, we hear a great deal said, without one solid proof of its existence. Public generosity is about as much to be depended upon as Pan-aceas, Pan-adas,

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or Pan-demoniums. It may be the subject of a fairy tale, but woe be to that man who makes it his object of reliance. The following extract from history, with many others that might be selected, will shew how trifling are the hopes wise men should indulge of experiencing public generosity when it is wanted.

BELISARIUS.

Belisarius was general of all the forces under the Emperor Justinian the First, a man of rare valour and virtue; he had overthrown the Persians, Goths, and Vandals; had taken the kings of these people in war, and sent them prisoners to his master; he had recovered Silicia, Africa, and the greater part of Italy. He had done all this with a small number of soldiers, and less cost: he restored military discipline by his authority, when long lost; he was allied to Justinian himself; and a man of that uncorrupted fidelity, that though he was offered the kingdom of Italy, he refused it. This great man, upon some jealousy and groundless suspicion, was seized upon, his eyes were put out, his house rifled, his estate confiscated, and himself reduced to that miserable state and condition, as to go up and down in the common road with this form of begging: "Give one half-penny to poor Belisarius, whom virtue raised, and envy hath overthrown."

GRATITUDE.

Topal Osman, who had received his education in the Seraglio, was, in the year 1698, about the age of twenty-five, sent with the Sultan's orders to the Bashaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to Said; and being afraid of the Arabs, who rove about plundering passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this short passage they were attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a very bloody action ensued. Topal Osman here gave the first proofs of that intrepidity by which he was so often signalized afterwards. The crew animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh.

Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish captain to pay him particular regard: but his wounds were still in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, where the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the most dangerous; and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the name of *Topal*, or cripple.

At that time Vincent Arnaud, a native of Marseilles, was commander of the port at Malta; who, as his business required, went on board the

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privateer as soon as she came to anchor. Osman no sooner saw Arnaud, than he said to him, "Can you do a generous and gallant action? Ransom me: and take my word you shall lose nothing by it." Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered made an impression upon the Frenchman, who, turning to the captain of the privateer, asked what he demanded for the ransom. He answered, 1000 sequins, (near 500*l.*) Arnaud, turning to the Turk, said, "I know nothing of you; and would you have me risk 1000 sequins on your word?" "Each of us act in this," replied the Turk, "with consistency. I am in chains, and therefore try every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust the word of a stranger. I have nothing at present but my bare word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent." The commander, upon this, went to make his report to the Grand Master, Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the captain for 600 sequins, which he paid as the price of Osman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure.

Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but, finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour, he was emboldened to ask another favour; which was, to leave the payment of the ransom entirely to him. Arnaud discerned, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves. He agreed to the proposal with a good grace; and shewed him every other mark of generosity and friendship. Accordingly Osman, as soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage.

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cairo. No sooner was he arrived there, than he delivered 1000 sequins to the master of the vessel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with some rich furs; and he gave to the master himself 500 crowns as a present. He executed the orders of the Sultan his master with the Bashaw of Cairo; and setting out for Constantinople, was the first who brought the news of his slavery.

The favour received from Arnaud in such circumstances made an impression upon a generous mind too deep ever to be eradicated.

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During the whole course of his life he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify his gratitude.

In 1715 war was declared between the Venetians and Turks. The Grand Vizir, who had projected the invasion of the Morea, assembled the Ottoman army near the isthmus of Corinth, the only pass by which this peninsula can be attacked by land. Topal Osman was charged with the command to force the pass; which he not only executed successfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by assault. For this service he was rewarded by being made a Bashaw of two tails. The next year he served as a lieutenant-general under the Grand Vizir at the siege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon. Osman staid three days before the place, to secure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops.

In 1722 he was appointed Seraskier (General in Chief) and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the consuls of the different nations came to pay their receipts to him in this quality, he distinguished the French by peculiar marks of kindness and protection. "Inform Vincent Arnaud (says he) that I am the happier in my new dignity as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his son in pledge of our friendship, and I will charge myself with making his fortune." Accordingly Arnaud's son went into the Morea; and the Seraskier not only made him presents, but granted him privileges and advantages in trade, which soon put him in a way of acquiring an estate.

Topal Osman's parts and abilities soon raised him to a greater command. He was made a Bashaw of three tails, and Beglerbeg of Romania, one of the greatest governments in the empire, and of the greatest importance from its vicinity to Hungary.

His residence during his government was at Nyssa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his son waited upon him there, and were received with the utmost tenderness. Laying aside the Bashaw and governor, he embraced them, caused them to be served with sherbet and perfumes, and made them sit upon the same sofa with himself; an honour but rarely bestowed by a Bashaw of the first order, and hardly ever to a Christian. After these marks of distinction, he sent them away loaded with presents.

In the great revolution that happened at Constantinople, anno 1730, the Grand Vizir Ibraham perished. The times were so tumultary, that one and the same year had seen no fewer than three successive Vizirs. In September, 1731, Topal Osman was called from his government to fill this place; which, being the highest in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is

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always dangerous, and was then greatly so. He no sooner arrived at Constantinople, to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement; and that he should hasten to Constantinople, while things remained in their present situation; adding, that a Grand Vizir seldom kept long in his station.

In the month of January, 1732, Arnaud, with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with him variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery. These by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud, now seventy-two years of age, with his son, was brought before Topal Osman, Grand Vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the presence of the great officers of state with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him, and pointing to the ransomed Turks, "Behold (says he) these your brethren, now enjoying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave, loaded with chains, streaming with blood, and covered with wounds: this is the man who redeemed and saved me; this is my master and benefactor: to him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom, sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me. Where is there a Mussulman capable of such generosity?

While Osman was speaking, all eyes were fixed upon Arnaud, who held the Grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own. The Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune, heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence, ALLAH KERIM! (the providence of God is great!) He made before them the distribution of the presents they had brought: the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultana mother, and the Kisler Aga, (chief of the black eunuchs;) upon which the two Frenchmen made their obeisance and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the Grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Some time before they left Constantinople, they had a conference in private with the Vizir, who divested himself of all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears in the eyes of many to do nothing without a view to his own particular interest;

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adding, that a Bashaw was lord and master of his own province; but that the Grand Vizir at Constantinople had a master greater than himself.

He caused them to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks, and likewise procured them payment of a debt which they looked on as desperate. He also made them large presents in money, and gave them an order for taking a loading of corn at Salonica; which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that part had been for a long time prohibited.

As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same. His behaviour to his benefactor demonstrated that greatness of soul which displayed itself in every action of his life. And this behaviour must appear the more generous, when it is considered what contempt and aversion the prejudices of education create in a Turk against Christians.

ELIZA.....*A Poem.*

In former times, when on Columbia's shore,
Her sons had witness'd independence's birth,
When Massachusetts view'd the sterling ore,
And with her patriot virtue stamp'd its worth,

There liv'd a soldier in true honour rear'd,
One, whom proud Romans would be proud to own,
The majesty of arms in him appear'd,
Mercy its crown, and Liberty its throne.

From his own breast each generous thought he drew,
Its source untainted—the full stream was clear.
He sought not honour from exterior shew,
But look'd *within*—and found the *soldier* there.

His sons in battle fought—in battle died,
His country's freedom check'd each half shed tear,
One only daughter liv'd, his age's pride,
Her form *enchanting*, and herself most dear.

The happy parents, fearing no disguise,
Plac'd all their hopes on this their only child,
But fond affection often veils those eyes,
Which reason opens to a mind beguil'd.

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She lov'd—her parents—list this solemn theme,
Hop'd in their bosoms was repos'd each thought,
Each tender sentiment, each passing dream,
That could find welcome in a heart so taught.

Eliza lov'd—but love unfelt at first,
Mantled her bosom—but with feeble rays,
Till on a sudden in full sway it burst,
And dazzled reason with its flashing blaze.

Farewell to duty—farewell every thought
That virtue sanction'd, confidence inspir'd;
Maternal fondness now no more was sought,
Her father's virtues now no more inspir'd.

Her changing mind had warp'd her judgment too,
Now, not her reason, but her fancy view'd;
She saw a soldier, and she *thought* him true,
Because she *knew* her father to be good.

Stern virtue dwells not in external mien,
'Tis but hypocrisy that's ever mask'd;
In low brow'd huts the native soul is seen,
In loftier mansions is our judgment task'd.

No more each parent's anxious breast was nigh,
The fond repos'tory of virtue's fear,
She shunn'd the ear might startle at a sigh,
She shunn'd the eye that might surprise a tear.

And proudly trusting to her strength of mind,
She dar'd temptation, anxious to excel:
Without experience, to her weakness blind,
Trusting she ne'er *could* fall—she trusting *fell*

PRAISE OF WOMAN.

By the Auther of the Natural Bridge.

Woman ador'd! the power is thine
To make all spots alike divine!
Persuasion on thy sweet lip dwells,
Soft Pity in thy bosom swells!

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There's melting music in thy sigh,
There's brightest heav'n in thine eye!
'Mid bleak Kamschatka's frozen snow,
Or Equinoctial's fervid glow;
From Andes' height to Belgia's plain,
Thy presence charms the wide domain!

EVENING AT OCCOQUAN.

BY THE SAME.

[*The village of Occoquan is situated on a little river of the same name, which falls into the Potowmac. Its inhabitants are people called Quakers, with whom the author of these stanzas once passed a summer.*]

Slow the solemn sun descends,
Evening's eye comes rolling on;
Glad the weary traveller bends
To the banks of Occoquan.

Lo! the moon with peerless light
In the stream beholds her face,
Shedding lustre o'er the night
As she runs her glorious race.

See the bark along the shore,
Larger to the prospect grow,
While the sea-boy bending o'er,
Chides the talking waves below.

Still the busy mill goes round,
And the miller plies his care;
Wearying Echo with the sound,
Wafted by the balmy air.

Here no negro tills the ground,
Trembling, weeping, woe—begone;
Liberty is ever found
On the banks of Occoquan!

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No. 4.

VEGETABLE ANATOMY.

BARK AND LIBER.

UNDER the cellular integument is the bark. The number of its layers is various, the innermost being called the *liber*.

In some roots the bark is very thick; in the carrot, the ~~yel~~ or more generally the yellow part is all bark. In the parsnep, it is no less evident. In the turnep, it is much thinner, though equally distinct from the wood or body of the root; in the dandelion, it is nearly twice as thick as the woody part.

The bark contains a great number of woody fibres; these when separated by maceration exhibit in general a kind of network.

In a family of plants to which the mezereon belongs, the fibres of the liber have a white silk-like appearance. In the lace bark, of Jamaica, they may be separated by lateral extension into an elegant lace. In the old bark of the fir tribe, nothing of this kind is discernible.

The bark of the cluster pine, which is some inches in thickness, is separable into thin porous layers.

The bark of oaks, twenty or thirty years old, if cut and exposed to the weather, separates into many fine thin layers, of a similar, though less delicate, texture to the lace bark of Jamaica. All these layers, in a living state, are closely connected with each other by the cellular texture which pervades the vegetable body in general, as well as by transverse vessels.

The vessels of the bark shall be mentioned in our next.

EASTER SUNDAY.

HE, "was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hell; (he was put into a sepulchre) on the third day he *rose again* (*a*-rose) from the dead—and ascended into heaven."

Our Sabbaths have very seldom if ever been engaged in so very satisfactory a manner as was this. Mr. Whitney, of Quincy, at the meeting house on Jamaica Plain delivered with a tone and expression which reminded us of the invitation of our Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of them is the kingdom of heaven," an excellent lecture on the duty of the professors of the christian religion. In his discourse shone, with the mild radiance of truth, the real lustre of religion; visible as the orb of day they daily witness in its rising, to the most uninstructed of his congregation.

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At the lower meeting house we were in the afternoon delighted with the sweet harmony of doctrine from Dr. Kirkland; it was sweet, because it was harmonious, and it was harmonious because in unison with our feelings. A Saviour had died for our redemption—on the day of which this was the anniversary he had risen from his sepulchre. We were prepared for all the enchantments of feeling and we were amply gratified. Give us religion in its mild, affable, encouraging, ennobling, and NATIVE form, and we may speak with the voice of millions in saying, *This will do us good.*

In the evening we confess that we expected that the skein of religious thread would have been presented to us in an entangled form at the Park-street meeting house; but it was not with a small degree of satisfaction that we listened in *this* place to a sermon at least divested of contrary principles and tenets to those to which we had before attended with delight. Mr. Codman, though he afforded no clue by which the customary attendants at this meeting house might escape from the labyrinth in which they may have been before involved, delivered a (comparatively) mild discourse, confining himself to such principles and doctrines as are and must be readily acknowledged as just, by all. He preached to the *reason*, and not to the fears of his congregation. He therefore pleased, and did not terrify.

MR. STEVENSON'S BENEFIT.

In the former part of this paper we have said something of what is commonly called public generosity. We think ourselves justified in the observations we then made, by subsequent occurrences: Mr. Stevenson, at least, by the usual puffs in the daily papers, oblique, collateral, or direct, has been represented as a gentleman, in his employment intelligent, active, and obliging. That he is really so no one can deny. But to this, we will add that he connects with his necessary duties an inclination and ability to join with them an extraordinary patience and forbearance, discernible perhaps not to individuals who may occasionally purchase tickets, but to those who look somewhat deeper into human nature, and human actions.

From the puffs, for we can call them nothing else, that appeared in our public journals, we should have supposed that the boxkeeper's benefit would have been a crowded one. That Mr. Stevenson *deserved* a full house is undeniable; but, alas! between merit and its reward there is a great gulph fixed by public inattention. To the *honour*, therefore, not of the public but the individuals of the town of Boston, or of that part of them who have been obliged by his extraordinary civilities, we

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have to record that there were many seats in the boxes unappropriated and disengaged on this evening.

We have acquired an admirable skill in arithmetic; we can all calculate, so that if there should be proved a trifling balance due from the supposed creditor to the debtor on the settlement of accounts, *interest* will strike the balance. But if integrity is not rewarded, policy will take its place.

Our recollection is excited to a circumstance perhaps amusing. Mr. Brandon formerly kept the box office at Covent Garden Theatre, in London. A play was announced which foreboded crowded boxes. A gentleman unknown to Mr. Brandon sent him a hamper of wine, with his compliments and thanks for the civilities he had experienced from him during the winter, (which by the bye were none,) informing him at the same time that he intended to leave London on the morrow. The morrow came, and the gentleman, *on* the morrow, sent to Mr. Brandon and informed him that he was *accidentally* detained in town, and being so, he should be glad to visit the theatre that evening if a box could be obtained. It is hardly necessary to add that a box *was* secured for him, and *that* in the most fashionable part of the theatre. The corollary is, that if the public will not support honest men, they must endure rogues.

MRS. DARLEY'S BENEFIT.

So far as our means of information have extended, and so far as our own judgment could sanction opinion, Mrs Darley is deservedly and avowedly the favorite of this strange monster called the Public—well—what then? every one loves her; why? because they cannot help it. Every one receives pleasure from her performances and retires pleased with the accurate delineation of character, she at all times exhibits. But this lady, amiable not less in private life than in her delighting and natural representations of virtuous characters on the stage, was subjected to the mortification of witnessing an audience, composed only of the few who have hearts to feel, and honour to unfold their feelings.

From the applause, which we might be generally justified in calling an affectionate applause, which she had constantly experienced during the past winter, we had entertained hopes that her *name* alone would have attracted a numerous attendance. We have only to regret that her own merits and those of the authors of the pieces, judiciously, if not with policy selected, experienced so inadequate a reward.

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THE following letter was received too late for insertion according to our general system; but with pleasure to ourselves, and doubtless to the satisfaction of the reflecting part of our readers, we insert it in that portion of the work usually appropriated to less serious subjects. Our amiable correspondent must, however, excuse us for the omission of the preliminary articles. We did not arrogate to ourselves the honour of being *personally* addressed in the last. It appears evidently that our paper was only made the medium of her excellent observations to her friend. The printers made a mistake in copying the contents on the cover, for which we apologize to her. We could not *believe* (so little do we know of the world) that any lady would address a letter to a gentleman, though the editor of a public paper; but a something like pride intimates to us that even should that ever be the case, the lady would have no great cause of anger or impatience.

MY DEAR JOSEPHINE,

BY a more explicit address and signature than my last I again direct to you a few general observations, feeling, that to you they will be acceptable, however triflingly my opinion will weigh in the great scale of human action. I do not presume much edification can be derived from one who has little else to boast than the *consciousness* of her inability to effect any thing worthy your consideration.

The satisfaction that is derived from freely communicating sentiments without embarrassment, and feelings without disguise, to those whose superior intelligence we cannot but respect no less than the virtues of their heart, reminds me of the remarks of the ingenious and elegant St. Pierre upon the privilege of letters—what he applies to general literature may be also felt in epistolary communications. In conversation the mind is necessarily in a degree shackled by the feelings that are attached to a knowledge of the civilized world. Term them pride or what you will, still the reality exists of a kind of embarrassment in oral communications, in a feeling delicate mind, even of the most frank and virtuously independent. But in expressing our sentiments on paper, there is at the time no satirical eye to make us feel the futility of our remarks; no malignant sneer (to excite the flush of indignation) at the involuntary effusions of a warm and upright nature; no tittering folly and stupid vacancy to annoy and wonder at the temerity to comment where we should consciously feel our inferiority. But there is a gratifying kind of retirement from immediate observation for that within ourselves. We forget the world and wish to be forgotten by it. We resort to

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memory only in order to be capable from our experience as well as intuition, of discriminating between real beauty and deformity in the various grades in which they are presented to the world: The beauty of natural and acquired excellence in the practice of a useful life through all its courses of benevolence and wisdom, the deformity natural and acquired, in the destitution of every thing like virtue. Glancing through every action, impressing every lineament of the countenance, and communicating its dissonance even to the tones of the voice Every thing indeed attached to it bears its impression, and partakes of its nature. And it is by experience only, we can accurately decide upon the effects of each, though from a natural impulse, experience but confirms the decision of our feelings.

There are implanted in the human mind seeds to produce the finest flowers, if we do not suffer the weeds to choak them ere they rise to perfection. "Man is born good," says St. Pierre, "it is society that renders him wicked." Without admitting this principle to its extent, society undoubtedly corrupts many a mind According to the good fortune, I may term it, of the selection of associates in the setting out in life is the progress of virtue, in common minds, in a great measure advanced. For you will allow example has more power than precept. Practice must confirm a fine theory or all its well spun lessons are of no avail. Though some possess a native energy of character, that renders their movements the decisions merely of their own virtuous minds, yet ordinary characters do not often take the pains to select a course of action for themselves, but follow those who are willing or seek to lead them: and as their good or evil fortune at first prevailed is the character impressed, and their future destiny too often fixed. The most ordinary mind is certainly strengthened and improved by associating with its superior, as the greatest is benefited by communicating with its equal. I have always conceived that for mutual benefit people of lively and brilliant imaginations should communicate most with those of cool strength and depth of understanding, polished with at least a degree of elegance to engage the attention. The cold logician will best model the ardours of fancy of the imaginative enthusiast, and its splendours will best stimulate into exertion the calmness of the logician. For if two beings possessed merely with the inventive genius of imagination, without that just perception of real life which can alone give them an insight into things and themselves, communicate only with each other, they will go through the world in a perpetual delusion, and the common events of life will be too insipid to engage them from their airy dreams. In looking around the world they turn from it in disgust, at

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finding so few objects to answer the high wrought pictures of their imaginations. And thus if the cold calculating mathematician, possessed originally with elevation of character, rejects all for associates but those who alone can compute with him numbers and measures, the native fervour of his mind must in time be deadened, and he will be incapable of any noble action. The pleasing recreations of life, the works of genius and taste, will all alike be insipid to him. He will be an unpleasant companion even to those capable of estimating his excellence in that, for which he has sacrificed his life. For such is the power of habit, that the love and attention to any scientific pursuit increases with its use. We find no two minds exactly similar, even in greatness, there must be lights and shades that are heightened or obscured by the hand of the master, that retouches them. An ingenious, but chimerical writer in order to stimulate every one to the exertion of their capacities, denies the existence of the *native* superiority of one mind to another; and asserts that the cause alone of the difference in the character of mankind, is, that no two individuals receive the same education, by which, he means the education that chance supplies by placing us in opposite situations. I reflected upon its possibility, and found *experience* the best proof of its fallacy: And as it required all his ingenuity to counteract the contradictions it must perpetually give to his system, he allows that the organization is not exactly similar, some being more sensible to the impression of one object than another, and to good fortune that placed that object in view at the period the mind was most open to receive its impression, were they indebted for their superiority over others. The assertion may be calculated to produce a favourable effect, as the finest talents are often buried from indolence and uneasiness. Exertion, industry, and perseverance unquestionably will do much, but nature and good fortune more. Some being born with a genius that waits only for an opportunity to strike out in some path, in all its lustre, though it unfortunately may sometimes be buried because no such opportunity offered. Whilst others are so very limited in their capacities, that through life they remain enveloped in darkness, and no effort of human skill can awaken them to delight. Education may strengthen the weakest mind, but it cannot create one. "Hesiod," says the inimitable Dr. Johnson, "divides mankind into three orders of intellect; the first place belongs to him who can by his own powers discern what is right and fit, and penetrate to the remoter motives of action. The second is claimed by him who is willing to hear instruction, and can perceive right and wrong when they are shewn him by another. But he who has neither acuteness nor docility, who can neither find the

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way by himself, nor will be led by others, is a wretch without use or value." The *first* is of course the most rare, as it implies a fund of original matter, which is given but to a few. The second is the degree of capacity of the greatest portion of mankind;—and the last, I trust, the most rarely to be met with. For where shall we discover that being, so hardened, as not, at some period to have a tractable moment by which he might be led into the right path, if the opportunity was improved by an interested, or merciful individual. The period occurs, but is suffered to pass, as the nicety and address that is required in managing the different turns of the human mind, is not completely understood by those with whom he is surrounded. The feeling that would be favourable towards it in one individual, might prove otherwise in another. Some are led by exciting tender passions, others by alarming their security, or awakening the pride or ambition that was apparently extinguished by listless inaction. We should, therefore, endeavour so to study the character of each other, as to be enabled to render mutually the most essential benefits, in securing as far as it is in our power, that which will prove to us happiness without alloy, *never fading and eternal.*

POLYMNIA.

N. N. ESQ.

On the forenoon of this day, as I was passing by (what is called) *Magner's Row*, in Boston, I saw a crowd of persons assembled opposite a small building, and on stopping to inquire the cause of the assemblage, I immediately discerned one of the most painful sights that I ever beheld, viz. A woman, with an infant in her arms, standing near the door of the hovel, in tears; and near her two girls in distress; paraded before the door in the street was a variety of household things; a cradle in which was a child asleep, and a basket in which sat another child; while a man, apparently the father, (and somewhat advanced in years,) was placing his little property, the cradle, &c. in such a manner that carts or trucks might not run over them while passing! At the same time I discovered that the hovel had been just unroofed, and the door and windows taken away! On inquiring the cause, I was informed that the family had not been able to pay the rent with that punctuality which the *merciful* landlord required; and that *that* cause had produced their expulsion in this *humane* manner. Being at that moment under the necessity of leaving town, I put a trifle into the hands of a friend, who was present, and who promised me to inquire into the business, if he had leisure, and do his best for the poor unfortunates. But as I shall not return to Boston before next week, and of

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course not have an opportunity to see personally to the wretched affair; and as you are known and even celebrated as a man of humanity, I have taken the liberty to write you this memorandum, by way of guide for you to do justice to the oppressed or miserable—not doubting but that if YOU undertake it, the business will be well and thoroughly done, and your "Something," of Saturday next, afford either a consolatory or a salutary lecture. W.

Salem, April 25, (evening) 1810.

AWFUL OCCURRENCE.

A YOUNG lady witnessed the afflicting sight of a child being run over by a truck, last week; she felt as a human being on the occasion, and for a considerable time expatiated on the distresses of the parents. She was employed in some domestic arrangement near the fire, when accidentally, her muslin gown attached the flames, and she was so much injured thereby, as to expire almost immediately. She was buried a few minutes *before* the child, whose fate she had so much lamented.

RELIGION.

"Id quod"
"Æpue pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,
"Æque, neglectum, pueris senibusque no cebit!!"

BENEFIT.

As o'er the sea his vessel sails,
Her canvass fill'd by prosp'rous gales,
The joyous owner gladly hails
His benefit.

When golden harvest smiles around,
And yellow corn spreads o'er the ground,
The farmer smiles that Heaven has crown'd
His benefit.

Here the mechanic sure can boast
His daily labour never lost,
He's sure to find, wherever tost,
His benefit.

Shall there remain then not one smile
For those who oft your cares beguile,
Think their reward, hope, ship, and toil's
Their benefit.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 25.] *Boston, Saturday, May* 5, 1810. [Vol. I.

WHAT IS GOOD FOR MAN?

"For who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life, which he spendeth as a shadow?"

We listened to an excellent sermon delivered on this text last sunday, and our subsequent reflections lead us to direct as many of the intelligent observations, as could be readily applied, to our own pursuits, and situation. We presume that when sermons like the one we allude to, replete with sound and common sense, and fortified with solid argument are delivered; it would be a profitable practice for every individual of the congregation, to retire after meeting to their closets, and apply the remarks to their own minds, as they would try on a new coat, or a new gown, to see how they will fit. There is a something in the exhibition of the pure doctrines of christianity, that will find its way to the heart, if the ear is only open to receive them, and the mind willing to receive their impression.

PERIODICAL WRITERS.

Real diamonds and gold, are rare, concealed under the earth, or in the beds of rivers; but perhaps truth, as it is more valuable than diamonds and gold, is also more difficult to be found in a state of perfect and unsullied purity. A man scarcely knows the truth of his own mind, his own avowed and professed sentiments; so just is the remark of the scriptures; "That the heart is deceitful above all things; who can know it?"

Writers, frail and imperfect like their fellow mortals, are very apt to deceive themselves and their readers in representing the motives which compel them both to compose and publish their lucubrations.

Inspect prefaces and advertisements, you will find many authors declaring, that their chief motive to write, is a desire to inform the understandings, or to correct the morals of the world, regardless of themselves, whether fame or obscurity is to be their final portion.

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They are contented to withdraw themselves, so long as the public receive advantage; while the cause of truth is served, or science advanced, their end is fully answered.

If indeed *man* were a more perfect being, than he is found to be in his most informed and improved state, we might believe that writers who recommended liberality and public spirit with much strength of argument, were themselves possesed of those qualities in a degree which taught them to forget their own interest, as they sometimes profess, in their zeal to promote the welfare of the public; but few men are so elevated as to be entirely divested of self love. One writer may renounce money, but is impelled by fame: another may despise fame, but is actuated by the love of gain. If a few have written merely to inform and amend their fellow creatures, they must have been such as were remarkably elevated and enlightened by the pure principles of christianity. Heathen philosophy and human learning produce not such moral heroism.

REVIEW.

In reviewing our past labours, we feel sensible that many errors have escaped us. The stated periods at which our paper must be issued to prevent disappointments, sometimes vexatious, involve us frequently in such haste as to preclude the possibility of that minute and repeated attention necessary to correctness. An appeal to the superiour courts of our judgment has also sometimes procured a decision that our opinions have been too hastily embraced, and too hastily committed to the press; several have been formed on the peculiar disposition of the moment, which ought to have been submitted to the revisions of the mind. Should our future subscriptions induce us to republish the first volume, we shall endeavour to correct them.

OURSELVES.

We confess that if we were asked upon what principle we began this paper, we could only reply jokingly, to do "Something" for ourselves; a serious answer would put our judgment and our candour to a severe trial—we meant to do no harm, and we hope that we have done none.

We are now approaching the end of our first volume, and we feel inclined to ask our subscribers if we shall begin a second this summer, we shall ourselves be readily inclined to scribble, so long as others may be inclined to read and pay; the number following this will be the last of the first volume—we therefore request those who may be inclined to encourage

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SOMETHING

For summer amusement, to hint their inclinations, by subscribing, and paying our publishers for the next half year. We have, as yet, only sowed the seeds, we have reaped no harvest, we began without public patronage, but the liberality of our publishers supported the work till we obtained it. If we find during the next week, a probability of its continuance, we shall persever in our endeavors to deserve it; if not, we shall be under the necessity of discontinuing the paper during the summer months, because "It is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labour, that he taketh under the sun."

LONG PRAYERS.

We think the intended effects of supplicatory addresses to the creator on a congregation, are frequently diminished by their being rendered elaborate and long.

"Give me," said an ancient, "whatever may be good for me, though I should neglect to pray for it; and deny me whatsoever may be hurtful, though I should ignorantly make it the object of my supplication."

This may be called a laconic prayer. It has always been much admired. The perfect resignation to the divine will which it implies, renders it a model for the imitation of Christian piety.

Our Saviour himself seems to have disapproved of long prayers; and the invaluable prayer which he has condescended to dictate to erring mortals, is remarkable for its beautiful brevity. It might have been reasonably supposed, that the pious composers of prayers would have been desirous of imitating their great master in the conciseness of their petitionary compositions. But diffusion and repetition have been their most conspicuous blemishes. There is no doubt but that the practice which prevails among some highly respectable sects, of filling up a large portion of time in their public service with extemporary prayer, has contributed greatly to increase the length of prayers beyond the limits both of reason, and of sincere and attentive devotion.

The human mind is so formed, as to be incapable of retaining any sentiment during a long time, in a great degree of fervor. But prayer without fervor, is, we fear, an unacceptable service. And this perhaps, is the reason why brevity in prayer is expressly approved by Him, to whom prayer is to be offered, and who consequently must know what is most agreeable to himself, and what sort of service is most expressive of man's sincerity.

CHANGE PLACES.

"If I was half as rich as ——," says a gentleman to another, as we passed a conversation party in the streets the other day, "I would

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do so at once." Of the subject of the conversation we heard nothing, but we could not help reflecting on the uncertainty of a sameness in disposition accompanying a change in circumstance. Every one who espies an error in his neighbour, thinks he would correct it were he in his neighbour's situation; yet it is more than probable, that were he so, he would be similarly seduced. We rarely prove that a change of circumstances does not produce a change of disposition. The feelings of the poor man are not uncommonly directed by sympathy towards the distresses of a fellow sufferer, which, should fortune smile on him on the morrow, may be forgotten or neglected. The affluent man, unconscious of distress, and unsusceptible of feelings to which his nature has been unaccustomed, wonders at the importunities or complaints of the shorn sufferer, and thinks, if *he* were poor he would be far more patient.—Say, fortune! if thy smiles have not reversed the temper of a man as often as thy frowns; shew us the man who, mild, merciful and benevolent in adversity, has preserved all his commiserating feelings on his advancment to prosperity; or him, who firm and merciless in prosperity has not been irritated or softened by adversity, and we will reverence him as something more, or detest him as something less, than human.

MR. KEMO,

DEAR SIR,—As I do not remember ever to have seen your opinion upon female novel reading, I would beg leave to state my case, and have your opinion upon that which tends much to destroy my comfort and peace. You must know, sir, that I have an only affectionate sister, who lives in the country with her father and mother, where she is taught every thing which it is proper and wholesome for one of her tender age to know; nor is allowed to read any other books than those deemed by her dearest mother to be useful for the education of a domestic wife: but during her late visits to town where she has been permitted to come and spend a few weeks with her brother, at an old maiden aunt's, she has by some means or other, I know not how, got into her head the foolish notion that to be a lady she must read all the idle and unreasonable nonsense that is introduced and palmed upon society, under the title of sentimental novels and romances, which I am told, for want of "refined taste" I cannot see any benefit or advantage in; but on the contrary, much evil resulting. And sir, she has already, though not having been in town quite three weeks yet, in spite of all I can say against it, sent to the library two or three times a day, for the week past, for different novels. This I was not so much alarmed about, thinking they might some of them be for friends, till I went home yesterday to dinner and found her

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fixing off the boy with nine volumes that had been taken out the evening before; and as she said, (which I had no reason to doubt, from her phrenzied look) all read through. Pray sir, inform me what such notions will end in, and give your advice upon the subject.

With great respect, your humble servant,

D. K.

ANSWER.

We are obliged to D. K. for his hint on an important subject; we have already treated obliquely on it, but we will make it an object of direct consideration in our next.

ON SYMPATHY.

Few subjects, perhaps, are more frequently the object of social conversation, and few are they from which more questionable deductions have been drawn, than from this. Sympathy is the common theme on which minds prone to their own panegyrick elicit the most fervent expressions, because, it is known to be the first of duties, and is besides a natural propensity: each one feels, that something like disgrace would be attached to him, were he supposed to be incapable of it, or deficient in its exercise.

MR. MILLS' BENEFIT.

THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM, BALLET, AND ROBINSON CRUSOE.

We were happy in seeing a crowded Theatre on this gentleman's benefit, and we *should* have been happy had we witnessed a similar attention to *former claims* on the patronage of merit. Mr. Mills exerted himself in his arduous and distinct personifications of the evening, with an energy that evinced his gratitude and exhibited his various talents to the high gratification of his numerous friends.

If we had never before had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. Labottiere's performances, we should have been astonished at the extraordinary powers exhibited by him in the dance. We have seen many of the most celebrated dancers in Europe, but we really think, that in the effects of muscular activity, he has seldom been excelled; where the graces of the nobler parts of the body have been more highly cultivated, a more pleasing tout-ensemble may have been produced to the eye; but the mind has seldom been excited to a greater degree of admiration of agility and elegance in steps.

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Sir,

Allow me to entreat you will do me the honor to insert the Wish, or the House on Lake Oneida, in your elegant miscellany. The composing of it during a summer's abode there, gave a value to every man's conversation, and an object to every inquiry.

I am, with perfect respect, your most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE WISH,

OR, THE HOUSE ON LAKE ONEIDA.

A POEM.

Hoc erat in votis.....*Horace.*

[*The author of this production passed the summer of* 1809 *at Lake Oneida. His study window overlooked the Lake, and with the ample expanse of water before him, the moon riding at its "highest noon," over Pompey's Hill, and the little islands at a distance, apparently catching in their lap the meteor streaming through the veil of night. It was delicious to lie locked in fancy's arms and embody her conceptions! The voice of the Loon sounded on the flood, and sometimes the dip of the paddle was heard.*]

O thou who with capricious hand,
Deal'st out thy gifts around the land,
Implant'st the crown on this man's head,
And that, constrain'st within a shed:
O fortune, once in raptur'd hour,
I thus address'd thy sovereign power:
Grant to my prayer a mansion tall,
With portals wide, and spacious hall;
Windows deep, and folding doors,
Lofty domes and stucco'd floors.
Let it rear its stately head
O'er Oneida's pebbly bed;
Where the gentler winds awake
The slumbers of the peaceful lake,
And the wild swan loves to lave
His snowy plumage in the wave.
And grant thy bard a princely room,
With arras deep and polish'd dome,
Such as in gallant days of old,
Witness'd plum'd-knights and barons bold,
Contending in the ring to share
The glances of the kindling fair.
Then round the regal hall appear

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The trophies of Britannia's war.
Now gazing, be the eye inclin'd
On fainting Wolf, to death resign'd;
And as its counterpart, be seen,
Great Nelson, sinking soft between
The dauntless Hardy's minist'ring arms,
Whose eyes o'erflow with wild alarms.
Then next appear in Syria's land,
Sir Sidney and his gallant band,
Whose sinewed arms in valour's cause,
To great Napoleon gave a pause.
In colors bright, too, be portray'd
Fam'd Cockrane, like high Jove array'd,
Hurling his flames, that streaming fall
Amid the sinking ships of Gaul!

And give ye powers, some damsel kind,
With graceful air and lovely mind,
Whose tender smile, in deserts drear,
A banish'd nobleman might cheer.
And oh! but let her be well read,
(I would not harbour with the dead)
Skilled in Shakespeare's magic page,
And at home with Litchfield's sage;
To taste and grammar, early bred,
Not breaking Lindley Murray's head.

Woman ador'd! the power is thine
To make all spots alike divine.
Persuasion on thy sweet lip dwells,
Soft pity in thy bosom swells.
There's melting music in thy sigh,
There's brightest heaven in thy eye.
Midst bleak Kamschatcha's frozen snow,
Or equinoctials fervid glow,
From Andes' height to Belgia's plain,
Thy presence charms the wide domain.
Obedient to my casual call,
Let servants crowd the distant hall;
And first, among the serving train
Be seen, an aged woman, plain,
With eye severe, and visage prim,
To wash the tea-cup's used brim;

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The pot to scald, the spoons to steep,
The chest to lock, the keys to keep.
Then through a visage dark as night,
Peep forth an eye of laughing white;
With head of wool, without alloy,
Belonging to a negro boy.
A slave the sambo-dog must be,
To make him laugh with greater glee;
Freedom to blacks is but a loss,
It brings them to the gallows-cross.
Then tripping o'er the floor, be seen
A rosy lass of sprightly mien,
Expert with upheld broom to trace
The spider's web through every maze.
Then next appear in wholesome plight,
Set off with laced livery bright,
A coachman, skill'd to guide the rein,
And sit superior o'er the plain.
Next in the chimney's lofty nook,
Be seated there, a dainty cook,
Well taught to make the rich ragout,
The pig to roast or barbacue.
And sometimes on the merry green,
Let all the serving train convene,
The cook and all, the foot to shake,
Enlivened by the fiddler's squeak.

[*To be continued.*]

EQUAL HAPPINESS.

We are continually hearing people complaining of others being happier than themselves, but we have some reason to believe that, when no guilt exists, an equal portion of happiness is dispensed to all. Some derive it from one cause and some from another, and some are deprived of happiness by the very causes of it in their neighbours, and derive their comforts from privations of such amusements as constitute the delights of their associates. A man wishing to enjoy himself retires to privacy, if this be broken in upon, he loses himself, for the time, a portion of those pleasures, he confers on his visitors: his politeness induces him to entertain them, but to this politeness he sacrifices his real satisfactions; *they* are pleased; but his forced attentions deprive him of much solid enjoyment. One man internally appears happy, he is envied;

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let that man tell you the secrets of his pillowed moments, and judge him then. Another walks the streets disconsolately, but retired to his couch he sleeps in peace, for he has done no wrong. Rich men have their cares, their troubles and perplexities, as well as poor men.—The only difference is, that one frets for the gain or loss of ten thousand, and the other for the gain or loss of ten dollars. One frets because his table is not in sufficient style, and the other because he has not sufficient to eat. Place a man in any exalted situation in life, and he will have his cares: Reduce another to the lowest station, and he will enjoy his comforts.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR JOSEPHINE,

THE condition of human happiness we find established not in proportion to the possession of intellectual endowments, but the just application of them to the purposes of our being; losing in our conscious remoteness, from the height of wisdom and virtue, every idea of self-superiority; by which means, we are rendered active to accomplish what otherwise our vanity might flatter us we possessed. The wisest and best we know fall far short of the standard of perfection evinced in the precepts and example of our Saviour. Where then is our cause for elevation of spirit, when he whose life was so perfect was more meek and humble than the poorest of us all? How could we otherwise in contemplating such a life of wonderful goodness and suffering, than shrink from ourselves and be humbled to the earth, in our comparative weakness and depravity. Human nature is full of inconsistencies, otherwise we might wonder at that self-confidence that presumptuously elevates itself in the midst of its deformities, instances of which we so often behold in creation. But the most self exalted objects are generally those who possess the least claim to approbation. For, let the most perfect of mankind but closely and impartially scrutinize themselves, and they will find but little to applaud in the weakness of their nature. The very sense of right which the best possess, will lead them from self-exaltation; which, whether created by human favour or self presumption, will leave them nothing to support it in the barrenness of their virtue. Even if surrounded by all that fame and fortune can bestow, it will shortly prove to them the folly of depending upon it for self-approbation, that can only be secured by *real* virtue. That *virtue* which seems an inspiration from the Deity, active at every period of life in proportion to its means and necessity. For where is the great merit of that *passive virtue*, as it is termed, which is content with observing a few rules of right, without seeking the general welfare. It is not *real* virtue,

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but a selfish principle of *self-defence*; that to ensure its own security, would view millions of its species tottering on the brink of destruction without a single effort of self-sacrifice to preserve them from the impending ruin. The little virtue they may possess, is rendered dormant by the listless inaction of their lives. Not acting *egregiously* wrong, they rest satisfied with the soothings of vanity that they act *selfishly* right. But time never fails to announce the delusion of self-confidence. For though vanity may momentarily *soothe*, yet it has but little power to *silence* the warrings of conscience. It is but a weak foundation on which to establish the principles of action. It is without security as without defence, and every breath may injure it. For the more we seek to elevate ourselves, the less will others assist us, but will depreciate as we exalt; so that we invariably *lose* more than we *gain* in the attempt. No one is willing to allow the possession of qualities to which we may even have a claim, while we appear too sensibly to feel their existence. If we would have justice done us, we must not seem to value their possession to the exclusion of modesty, either in confidently acknowledging, or as confidently denying our claim to them, which are often equal proofs of vanity. I have seen vanity display itself in various forms, according to the character of its possessor. When apparent it is the most ridiculous of all foibles, often destroying the effects of the most brilliant qualities. I have beheld an individual gifted with all the graces and energies of a fine genius, adorned by those engaging virtues that seem to flow from a warm and honest heart unadulterated by the world; yet all these attractions, degraded by the effects of a too apparent knowledge and pride of their existence, which was displayed in a variety of contemptible arts. His friends soon discovered that in order to preserve their idol from further disease, they must cease to do him open justice. I have frequently been obliged to hear and witness many proofs of his disgusting vanity. I have seen him, in meeting ladies with whom he was acquainted, confidently look them out of countenance, (I had almost added impertinently) and with the smile of self-conceit, pass them without the accustomed politeness of an associate and gentleman. A tacit acknowledgement that he did not wish to *bestow* but *receive* attention. A married lady a short time since, greeted me with, "well what do you think I have just met—and I suppose you will hardly credit me, as I assure you he nearly put his face under my bonnet, and continued staring at me after he had passed, in the most unpolished, conceited, and ill-bred manner possible; it might have been, however, in order to discover who I was." "No, no," was the reply, "not to discover who you

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were, but that you might learn who *he* was, and be added to the list of his fancied admirers."—"Well," said she, "I protest but for his vanity he might have passed me unobserved, without a remark of any nature whatsoever."—"Why did not your wish," was jestingly the reply, "always to give pleasure, induce you to gratify his vanity, by affecting to be literally struck with his appearance? The trick would assuredly have been worthy of the act that induced it," &c. &c. Many anecdotes of a similar nature I could relate, was not this sufficient to give you an adequate idea of the light, in which the first characters may be placed, when tarnished by such weaknesses. I cannot but lament to see the finest talents thus losing their effect by such an unpardonable violation of them. To hear comment upon comment lavished upon these deficiencies, whilst those exalted properties that might enlighten his associates and defamers, are passed over or forgotten, attracted merely by the mantle he has thrown over them. As a disinterested friend of *humanity*, I would advise and warn him, in the impressive language of truth and reason, to recover himself, to take other means of proving that applause *has been* lavished upon him. To be careful how he injures "the cause he would defend." To recollect dignity of deportment should be attached to his profession, talents, accomplishments and virtues; all of which are unquestionably united to the weaknesses and follies created by his too apparent vanity. A little self-examination must teach us all the fallacy of vanity, and the result would supply but little food for it. The very effort at self-elevation proves a deficiency of some nature, and defeats itself. Through the various forms in which I have traced the effects of vanity, I will as minutely delineate it to you as I have observed it, in my next letter; in the mean while be assured of my regard.

POLYMNIA.

No. 5.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

In the bark, the peculiar virtues of particular plants reside, and more especially in several of its internal layers, nearest to the wood. Here we find in appropriate vessels the resin of the fir and juniper, the astringent principle of the oak and willow, on which their tanning property depends, the fine bitter of the Peruvian bark, and the aromatic oil of the cinnamon. The same secretions do indeed more or less pervade the wood and other parts of these plants, but usually in a less concentrated form.

It is in the liber only that the essential vital functions are carried on for the time being, after which it is pushed outward with the cellular

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integument, and becomes, like that, a lifeless crust. These older layers, however, are for some time reservoirs of the peculiar secreted juices of the plant.

When a portion of the bark of a tree is removed, the remainder has a power of extending itself laterally, till the wound is closed. This is accomplished by each new layer, added to the bark internally, spreading a little beyond the edge of the preceding. The closing of the wound goes on the more slowly, as the wood underneath, from exposure to the air, has become dead, and frequently rotten. If, however, the dead wood be carefully removed, and the wound protected from the injuries of the atmosphere, the new bark will be found to spread much more rapidly. *See Forsyth on Fruit Trees.*

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

"'Tis speech that ventilates our intellectual fires."

——— "Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun —
Had thought been *all*, sweet speech had been denied.
Speech, thought's canal. Speech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross;
When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth.
Thought too, deliver'd, is the more possest;
Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.....*Young*.

From a book we had great pleasure and instruction in reading, written by a native of Boston, we make the following extracts with some little alterations.

"The use, advantage and necessity of speech, or articulate language to any individual in a state of society, are so very obvious and striking, that every attempt to illustrate them must be superfluous.

"In every station and condition of life, transactions must arise, *even from our natural wants*, to which, without this faculty, we should in a great degree be incompetent. What purpose then, is there more worthy of humanity, than that of providing a remedy for a defect in many of our species, which is so essential an obstruction to their happiness?"

Man, as a social being, hath an irresistible propensity to communicate with his species, to receive the ideas of others, and to impart his own conceptions: this natural disposition for society and conversation is very early apparent in infancy, and, as 'nature never gravitates to nought,' it hath universally provided the means of fulfilling its dictates, (except

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perhaps in the comparatively few instances of idiots) that is, it hath bestowed capacities, for gradually acquiring all such habits and faculties as are requisite and convenient to us, or conducive to its own purposes. In some, those natural *capacities* or capabilities are complete, in others partial; but, in all, they require, like every species of soil, cultivation and improvement.

That mankind are designed for a state of active intercourse, seems evident from this consideration alone, that every acquisition is progressive, and very little of our knowledge is from intuition. Even our most common faculties, although acquired by insensible degrees, are the effect of habit. Every great and valuable end is attainable only by slow degrees; no art or science was ever brought to perfection on a sudden.

Nothing exemplifies this position more incontestibly than language, emphatically and elegantly defined by Harris in his Hermes, "The joint energy of our best and noblest faculties, reason and social affection."

'The seeds or elements of reason and social affection are connate with us, and inseparable from our constitution as intellectual beings; they spring up, bud, blossom, and bear fruit in due season, in proportion to the culture they receive; they manifest themselves *even in those who have never enjoyed the means and advantages of attaining speech*, as absolutely (though not so copiously,) as in other men: the operation of *their* minds in many instances are demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt, although inexpressible by them *in words*.

Wednesday, May 3.

We this day received several letters of very anterior date. One signed R. J. dated March 22d, which would have had an immediate answer in the negative, had it come to hand in due time; the subject is now out of date, but we doubt not that the writer, whom we think we know, will be perfectly satisfied with this answer—"Assuredly *not*."

On reviewing the superscriptions of the letters in the packet, put into our hands this day, we find that they are all personally addressed, and consequently, we presume, were not put into the box of the publishers of "Something." We have in many instances, and for many reasons, cause to regret this accident; we beg, however, to be exculpated from neglect. Several valuable pieces have been lost to our publication by their temporary allusions; the following, however, we insert, and should we have reason to believe the wish expressed therein general, we shall, as we always shall think it our duty to do, comply.

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Boston, April 3, 1810.

NEMO NOBODY, ESQ.

SIR,—Since your number 9 of Something, I have been looking, in vain, for some of your numbers upon Religion and Education. I hope you have not determined to discontinue them, for I found many things in them which pleased me; and I can also answer for others of your readers, who are much disappointed at this cessation.

I observe that Saturday's Monitor has discontinued his numbers in the Centinel—would it be disagreeable to you to supply his place to the public, by devoting a page of your work to the same good purpose? I doubt not you could perform the duty both usefully and to general acceptance.

Yours, very respectfully,

A. G.

THE above letter was some how or other not received for a month after it was written as appears by the date. We can only say now in answer, that we mean not to avoid, or discontinue any subject of general good; we feel, with what we think the necessary touch, the pulse of the public; we feel that it sometimes beats slow and sometimes with feverish heat, and with all the skill we can muster as moral physicians, we apply our occasional remedies; but as physicians cannot at all times save their patients, we must occasionally expect the loss of subscribers, although we do not know that we have killed any yet.

TO MY FRIEND.

No simple, gay, fantastic girl,
In love shall e'er my heart entwine;
Nor will I homage pay to wealth,
Nor yet will bow at beauty's shrine.

But the fair maid whom nature's blest
With wisdom, far beyond her years;
Who o'er the charms of innocence
The attractive robe of virtue wears:

Whose graceful form and modest mein,
Has with them dignity combin'd;
Whose wealth is in her knowledge stor'd;
Whose richest beauty's in her mind;

And who abroad's politely gay,
Cheerful at home, with ease;
Whose gentle manners always strive,
Her every friend to please,

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I'd make my choice—and to her worth
Pay the just tribute due;
And prize her far above the wealth
Of India, or Peru.

For, when with troublous cares oppress'd,
To her I'd them impart;
Who, with endearing smiles of love,
Would *lull* my restive heart.

If I were weary—then would I,
Within her guardian arms,
Lull me in safety to repose,
Secure from threat'ning harms.

If I were ill—her watchful care
Would *lull* my throbbing breast;
Lull every tumult of the soul,
And *lull* my pains to rest.

And should the tongue of slander dare
Asperse my valued name;
Her chaster breath would *lull* its rage,
And vindicate my fame.

With such a shield encompass'd round,
I'd *lull* a world of care;
Lull my fond hopes—my fears, too, *lull*,
And *lull* me in despair. B. R.

Theatre, Friday, April 20th, 1810.

MRS. GRAUPNER'S BENEFIT.

We have peculiar pleasure in noticing the following occurrence, although it originates from circumstances which afford ample cause of regret to the amateurs of harmony and the friends of industry.

Mr. Graupner having discovered that the profits of Friday evening amounted to—a considerable loss; waited on the managers in the morning, and requested to know what were the *damages* of his *benefit*; having been informed that the loss was thirty-seven dollars, he paid the money, observing, that he was glad he had no *more* to pay; adding, at the same time, that although he would willingly enjoy the same treat himself at the cost of fifty dollars, he was sorry that he, on this occasion, heard it to so much *disadvantage*.

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We introduce this anecdote, not as a sudden or extraordinary ebullition of wit, but as a partial exhibition of the character of a man stemming and throwing aside with lusty sinews the billows of public caprice, *without* the heart of controversy. Trifling as the occurrence may appear to many, there are *some* who will view it in a light most honourable to the gentleman whose mind so nobly exhibited itself. Laugh at this, ye gilded butterflies! but till you have acquired the talents, industry, and usefulness of those whom air only bears you above them, the independent mind will in its most serious moments regard you with—no, only with pity.

We have too great a respect for the *public* of Boston, to say any thing that might induce our distant readers to consider their occasional attentions to the Benefits, as a criterion of their justice, or their taste; they have doubtless, some other means of exhibiting both; we are only sorry that they have not come within the reach of our observation, so that we might have the pleasure of publishing an instance of it.

We speak of the *public* as a body-politic, of course we have no allusions to ladies or gentlemen of *taste*.

OBSERVATION.

We hope that we shall never shrink from the cause of the unfortunate on the one hand, or refuse justice on the other. It has been stated to us that a communication signed W in our last was not correct in all its parts. While we dare not contradict the facts to which our correspondent, as well as many others, was eye witness, it is but justice to comply with the wishes of Mr. Magner in stating the testimony of three coloured female witnesses, who testified before us, that the persons who inhabited his tenement were disorderly people, and that it was in consequence of their very riotous behaviour, from Saturday night incessantly till Wednesday morning (the whole period of their stay) that they were turned out by unroofing the tenement, and taking away the windows and doors, and not for their being unable to pay rent, of which so little could be due, and which little was not demanded of them. Our correspondent and many others who witnessed the scene of distress, and whose feelings did not permit them to examine into causes before they relieved misery, might have been misinformed by the by-standers; but at the request of Mr. Magner, who has insisted on our naming him personally, we refer all persons inclined to hear more on this subject to himself, that they may thoroughly understand what kind of rioters he had admitted to his building, and judge accordingly.

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SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 26.] *Boston, Saturday, May* 12, 1810. [Vol. I.

NOVEL READING.

We promised our obliging correspondent D. K. in our last, that we would in this number offer a few remarks on Novel Reading, and we hasten to perform our promise.

We confess that we are not so fastidious as to consider a young Lady's reading a few well selected novels as an amusement, a subject for condemnation, but, the indulgence of such an employment as a propensity, is we think, pernicious in the highest degree. Novel reading may be considered as one of those allurements which the benevolent Cowper observes, are regarded "Safe in themselves but dang'rous in th' excess."

It is safe, we presume, when a few of our best novels are selected for instruction as well as improvement, and are read without disuniting the moral and the interest, or passing over the serious observations and reflections in the eager pursuit of the interest alone; and when time and attention is freely bestowed in an analytic examination of the characters, and in comparing carefully their respective conduct with what we think would be the natural effects of external causes operating upon dispositions similar to those described, and subjected to the same occurrences, situations or trials.

Minds capable of making, and inclined to make, such a use of novels, may read many of them without danger. It is true that the most of them are mere trash, marring what they pretend to mend,

"Smiv'ling and driv'ling folly without end;"
Where corresponding misses fill the ream
With sentimental frippery and dream."

These are in their nature pernicious, but it does not therefore follow that they must do harm; many a venomous animal lives and dies in its solitude without having injured a human being, and a prepared traveller may meet a Lion or a Tyger without injury. Go not where these novels are, and they cannot harm you, or if you needs must go, arm

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your mind against their open or insinuating attacks. There are many female minds in this town as well as elsewhere that *might* (we do not say they would) read the worst of novels without injury; but thousands are there, by whom the best might be read without improvement. The reason appears to be this. The education of our young females has, as it must seem, been directed principally to external and superficial qualifications; they have generally, we dare not say universally, been taught, what they have been taught, by rote; a lesson (quelconque) which they might repeat at home to their parents, was a sufficient estimate of their improvement during the preceding week, but where is the security for this apparent improvement being more than a momentary light thrown on an external sense as it were by the reflections of a mirror? so long as memory can *re*paint to the eye, the letters, words and sentences they have committed to it, an inexpressive something may be uttered by the organs of speech; but what impressions can the mind receive when knowledge merely glances its rays over the surface of the body? such impressions must be like those of a man, who, having stood three hours on the approach of summer against a wall exposed to the rays of the sun, retires afterwards to his dwelling to be chilled.

Take nine tenths of the young Ladies of this town, and enquire of any one of them supposed qualified to answer such interrogatory—What have you learnt? her first reply will probably be—O, I have *gone through* such and such books in arithmetic, such in geography, such in history, &c. &c. put to her a simple question *out of book* in any of those sciences, and what will be her answer? it is ten to one that it will be I never learnt *that*. How then is the mind interested in this mode of teaching, what profit can we expect from that superficial refreshment which falls on our senses only like a spring shower to be evaporated by the return of pleasurable effulgence? Take a child of fourteen from our schools and what is she, and what is to be expected from her? her memory, perhaps, we dare not say has been crowded, because the impressions on it have been so slight, that many may have been displaced by others—we will say it has been played upon like a drum head retaining its vibrations so long as it has been beaten by the sticks, but no longer; in fact she is herself a drum, she will speak if the customary applications are made, otherwise she is silent, and hollow within. Her mind is vacant, it has never been taught to embrace and contain any other intellectual ideas than those which accident has presented to it. As the tympanum of the ear serves to convey sounds to the brain, so will her eye serve to convey subjects of converse to her tongue, she will talk because she has seen; but rarely will a sentiment originating in her own mind be elicited.

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Such a mode of instruction elevates not a human being, or a reasoning creature; but what can we expect, judging from experience of natural consequences, from a girl of fourteen or fifteen so educated? She is taken to parties, balls, &c. She is addressed in an unusual style of language; she knows not how to reply, she has no resources in her mind; she hears others addressed, and replying with facility, perhaps wit, she becomes acquainted with her own insufficiency, but unwilling to acknowledge it, she plots in secret the means of removing it. Novels she has heard abound with pretty questions and smart repartees: she goes home, she applies to them; devotes her time to what *she* thinks will make her more engaging. She fancies a lover sighing at her feet, and wishes to be prepared for any occurrence of that nature that may arrive. Her mind begins to be engaged, but in what? in the pursuit of that extravagant, painted susceptibility which ruins all. Her instructors had taught her a few sums in arithmetic, some lessons in history, and geography, but the latitude as well as longitude of her mind, were left to her undiscovered. She had not yet been taught that the mind is as susceptible of the highest gratification from the contemplation and exercise of moral duties, as is the heart of the warmest transports of disinterested love. She therefore wishes to prepare herself for meeting a lover or a husband as drawn by the prurient pen of some wild enthusiast: to equal this lover, in sensibility, she must sigh, pine, faint, and be near expiring; in her expiring moments she marries; but on marriage the lover becomes a husband, and demands resuscitation: a husband himself, *he* requires a *wife*, not a novel reading damsel, but one capable of performing domestic duties. Alas, these novels had taught her only to fancy what it was to be in love; they had not prepared her mind for the exercise of social or domestic duties. She has obtained to be sure, what she might have obtained without reading novels, a husband; but her mind has not been fortified against the experience of what husbands are. In the husband the lover vanishes, in the wife the adored mistress; and the only alternative for the latter, is to become a willing or an enforced slave. Novels in the representation of their amiable characters present men and women as they *ought* to be; but solid and useful instruction shews each as they *are*; perfection is not to be expected on either side. All men and women have their weaknesses and foibles, and to these in each, the other must yield, reciprocally, if they expect domestic comfort. But we are wandering; to return then to our main subject: the attachment which young females exhibit to novel reading must originate in the weaknesses of their minds, resulting from a deficiency in their education; they perceive the vacancy, and think that it

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can be filled up by a few borrowed phrases, or casual remarks on common occurrences; and the reason *why* they think so, is *because* their minds have never been taught to germinate and produce any thing from themselves. A young girl accustomed or addicted to novel reading, opens wider the two greatest avenues to seduction, vanity, and susceptibility: she begins by supposing herself the heroine, and ends by consoling herself in being the victim of *fancied* feeling. But this is all *stuff*, not of the conscience, but of the bewildered brain. A young man acquainted with the world, might say, shew me any young woman who is a constant novel reader, and I will seduce her; and the task, horrid as it is, would be easy accomplished. Examine the general opinions of even young men, and you will find that the more females are found to be addicted to novel-reading, the less are they esteemed virtuous: examine the opinions of elders, and you will find the less are they esteemed sensible. A devotion to novel-reading, indicates a mind of an inferior capacity and grovelling exercise; it encourages not, but weakens its energies, it causes it to waste its essence on phantoms, when it should by it invigorate realities.

But we are not to attribute all the blame to the female herself. As the twig is bent the tree will grow; some reflections, therefore, should glance upon the parents or instructors. May not this question with propriety be asked? Why have not their *minds* been cultivated, why have they not been taught to derive amusement where only the sources of real pleasure can emanate, from a just sense, a correct taste, and a consequent enjoyment of what is beautiful, moral, and religious?

We blame not the instructors, they do all they can afford to do. Parents seek a cheap education for their children, instructors seek a living; if the latter cannot obtain it by taking ten or twenty children, they must take forty, or fifty, the consequence is obvious; the acquirements of the pupils must be superficial, they must be such as will shine for the moment, but which the first supervening cloud will effectually obscure.

In order to divest a female of a propensity to novel-reading, it appears necessary that if her mind had ever been attended to, it should be reformed, a certain solid principle of enjoyment should be introduced, which by collateral emanations should afford subjects of admiration and delight; this principle we presume can only be established on natural foundations, on the direction of the mind to the contemplation of a God, and of his works. Sow once on the human mind, the unblemished seeds of religion and morality, and the fruit produced must be happiness here or hereafter.

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We join the pleasing task of our brother editors by copying the following letter, because it may do good.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

The following narrative of restoration to life after the animal functions had ceased, and the merited success with which perseverance was rewarded when hope itself seemed hopeless, ought to be a great inducement to others who may happen to be similarly situated to persist in using the means even after repeated failures. Never perhaps were the advantages to be derived from activity, collectedness and perseverance, more strikingly illustrated.—Freeman's Journal.

FROM THE LONG ISLAND STAR.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Ohio county, to his friend in New-York, dated February 18, 1810.

I HAVE but one thing new or momentous to write you; which thing I believe to be a singular instance and display of divine goodness, in restoring to life from the dead, the relation which I mean to make the burthen of this letter. On Wednesday the 17th of January last, I sent my two sons, William and Thomas, to my old friend and neighbour B's, with two horses to bring thence a sled. On their return they came to our outer gate, (a quarter of a mile from the house,) Thomas got off and unlatched the gate, which opened towards them, and not giving room to turn in, the horses being in a fret, ran the tongue of the sled in between the bars of the gate, and there remained; at that instant the beast on the near side, on which William road, blundered and fell over the tongue with him on its back; the other beast whose bridle was tied to the leader's shoulders, being staggered thereby, also fell; and strange to tell, fell over the beast which fell first, over William and over the tongue, (so that the horses had exactly changed sides.) By the knees of the beast which fell last, William was caught with his throat across the tongue and there strangled to death! Poor little Thomas, (it appears) made every effort in his power to release his brother; but to no purpose. After striving to release him, "till he was dead," as he expressed it, he then started to seek for help at home. When he came near enough to be heard, he called to me, and told me William was dead. I immediately ran, (ordering my lancet to be brought.) When I arrived at the awful spot, dreadful to relate, but how much more dreadful to behold! both beasts on my dear child all lying in a pile; (his body lay across one and his head under the knees of the other,) as if all dead! When I attempted to raise the knees of the beast which confined the child, it made as though it would struggle: but when I spoke it was instantly still. I then without much difficulty got the child out, but to all appearance

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dead. I took him a few steps from the horses, and sat down with him across my lap. The first thing I did was to put my hand into his bosom to examine if there was any pulsation of the heart, but found none, and I am fully persuaded the flame of life was extinguished, that the wheels thereof had ceased to move. Notwithstanding, I also believed, that that God who raised Lazarus from the grave, could also restore my dear child to life again. With this firm persuasion, I applied my mouth to his, and blew strongly into his lungs. His breast instantly raised, but no signs of life. I blew again and again, at short intervals; and I think, immediately after the third or fourth time of blowing into his lungs, he drew breath! Blessed be the name of the Lord. I still continued at longer intervals to blow. About this time my lancet came, and finding the wheels of life again beginning to move, (though exceedingly weak and slow,) I opened a vein which bled pretty freely. My next concern was to get home, where every possible stimulus was resorted to, to help to kindle up the flame of life. I think it was at least half an hour after he first breathed, before he shewed any sign of life except that breathing. The first motion of his limbs began on putting him in a tub of warm water. As the motion of life grew stronger, convulsions came on, and increased to a continual agony. My fears now were, that although life had been restored, it would by these, in a little time, be destroyed. We sent for Doctor S. M'Kehan (whose judgment was certainly correct) who prescribed copious blood-letting. He took about three half pints, which, with what I had taken, must have made upwards of a quart. (The child is in his eleventh year.) This had the happy effect of checking the spasms, and in a little time forced them entirely to yield. In three or four hours after, he opened his eyes, but appeared to have no arrangement of ideas. In about twelve hours he spoke, but continued delirious several days. Thanks be to God he is perfectly restored in body and in mind. He must have lain lifeless, fifteen or twenty minutes if not more. I think it truly wonderful, that he should pass through this dreadful scene, and not a bone broken or sinew strained. He has no recollection of any thing that transpired that day, or through the whole affliction; so that it appears his affliction has been without any consciousness of pain. I have been the more particular in detailing the above, (especially the mode of treatment) not knowing but that it may be useful to others under similar circumstances. I would thank you to give the editors of your eastern papers a copy of the above.—Farewell.

ON FASTIDIOUS CONVERSATION.

There are persons so extremely refined and so delicately nice, that conversation, as it is commonly conducted, even among the sensible and

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well-bred, affords them but little pleasure; and as it appears among people in the middle rank, persons of plain sense and simple manners, actually puts them to *ineffable* torture.

This fastidiousness of conversation, where it is *real* though valued as a high distinction, and the cause of pride in those who possess it, is a great misfortune. The perfection which it expects, is not to be found in this sublunary state; and in pursuit of it, disappointment is constantly incurred. In the various intercourse of life, the company of all sorts of people must sometimes be engaged in, and the majority may perhaps be inelegant, injudicious, and absurd; but still a really good understanding will make due allowance for defect of natural ability, defect of education, defect of good examples, and a hundred other defects, which must render conversation, as it is commonly met with in the world, very far from perfect. Good sense, united with good nature, and subdued to candor by experience, will find, amidst all these defects, something to afford pleasure, and something to contribute toward knowledge and improvement.

But this fastidiousness is oftener affected than real; and it is the *manner* of conversation which causes this disgust more frequently than the matter; for common sense is distributed without partiality to the majority of mankind in every rank in society. The artificial and refined modes of expressing it are indeed confined to those classes, whose opulence affords a superior education, and whose situation enables them to catch the transient graces of the prevailing fashion. But this refinement often weakens while it polishes. And the plain common sense of ordinary people, forms a solid, massy ore, which men of sense will prize, notwithstanding the dirt and extraneous matter with which it may be incumbered. But the over-refined and over-delicate cannot stoop to pick up the most precious jewel from a dunghill. The jewel must be set in gold, and presented in a costly casket, or they turn away from it with expressions of disdain. They will not take even gold and silver, if it is the common currency. They must traffic, with pearls and diamonds, or with something else, if it is possible, still more exquisite.

But to the fastidious, not merely the vulgar, but those of liberal education and polite manners, are causes of *squeamishness*, if they are deficient in certain little graces, or modes of behaviour, which are no more to solid sense and goodness of heart, than the shell of a nut is to the kernel. "Mr. Such-an-one," says one of the over-delicate fraternity or sisterhood, "is a very learned and good man, to be sure. Much may be learned from him. He is very entertaining to many, and not deficient in good nature and civility; but I know not how it is, I cannot bear his conversation."

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This excessive delicacy originates more frequently in excessive self-conceit, and excessive ill-nature, than from any excessive superiority of taste, or excessive discernment. The pride of the pretenders to it is flattered, and their malice gratified in finding something in every one, who has the misfortune to converse with them, wrong, defective, and disagreeable.

No virtue, no excellence moral or intellectual, no beauty, no innocence, can be secured from the malignant satire of persons who have once persuaded themselves that they have an *indescribable something* in their own persons, understandings, and manners, superior to the rest of mankind. Their whole delight and chief employment, as soon as their company is gone, is to ridicule and blame the behaviour and character of every one whom they had just caressed and entertained at their tables; with Judas like smiles, and dissembled hospitality; which, it must be confessed, is an *indescribable* baseness.

The persons most liable to this folly, in both sexes, are smatterers in literature, would-be-wits, and half-bred people of fashion. Not furnished with a sufficient stock of real merit to rise by their own elasticity, they have no means of viewing themselves on the elevation they aspire at but by depressing all around them.

There is, indeed, so much affectation of superior taste, delicacy, and refinement; and it leads to such unmanly, unchristian, ungenerous treatment of others, that every man of solid understanding, who at the same time possesses a due sense of esteem for the human species, however unimproved in arts, must wish to discourage it, by denying it that respect and attention which its vanity claims as its due.

A microscopic eye for the discovery of defects and ugliness, is surely not desirable. If a power of vision so accurate and minute, is cultivated and acquired, let it be chiefly exerted in discovering the latent good qualities of our fellow-creatures; the integrity, the genius, and virtue of every kind which often lies concealed under a forbidding outside, and escapes the notice of those pretenders to extraordinary discernment.

It is indeed impossible but that superior understanding, improved by the advantages of a liberal education, and the company of the learned, the polished, and the experienced, should see defects in those who have not enjoyed these benefits. But their superiority of understanding will teach them to make allowances for unavoidable blemishes; and not to be implacably offended at little errors, deficiencies in forms, and neglect of decorum, arising from ignorance or inattention; at natural failings or deformities, to which themselves or their families are liable, as well as others, or at any thing else where no offence is intended. Such a conduct will be no less politic than benevolent; for he who is offended

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at others, commonly offends them; and creates a busy and vigilant enmity which will usually find, at some time or other, opportunities for severe retaliation.

It is the good natured advice of Horace, that instead of magnifying and aggravating the faults of those with whom we converse, we should extenuate them, by giving them gentle appellations, just as a father palliates the bodily deformities of his child, by calling them pretty oddities, and lovely little deviations from the common and ordinary standard of nature. It is certain that the unaffected suavity of disposition which bears with involuntary error, and employs itself to find out excellencies to counterbalance faults in characters, contributes more to personal happiness and the comforts of society, than the acutest sagacity, malignantly employed in detecting and describing little blemishes and trifling deviations from the fluctuating standard of fashion.

No. 6.

VEGETABLE ANATOMY AND PHISIOLOGY.

When the bark is cut across, it is found to consist of numerous concentric layers. Each of these is generally most hard externally. They differ however, among themselves in this respect, and in their breadth. All the layers are frequently broadest towards one side of the tree, so that their common centre is thrown much out of the actual centre of the trunk. Trees of hot countries, as mahogany, and ever-greens have their layers but indistinctly marked.

The wood consists of woody fibres, and of various vessels running for the most part longitudinally, some having a spiral coat.

In some trees a number of the outermost rings differ greatly in color from the innermost, and are called by workmen the sap, or albumum. In the Laburnum, the former are yellow, the latter are brown. In the oak and many other trees, a singular difference, though less striking, is perceptible, and in most the external rings are much less firm than the rest.

The wood owes its strength and tenacity to the innumerable woody fibres of which it is principally made up.

Of the vessels of the wood, some in their youngest state convey the sap from the root to the extremities of the branches and leaves; some of the others contain the various peculiar or secreted juices.

The question whether one of the circular layers of wood is formed every year may be considered as undecided, but there are many reasons for answering it in the affirmative.

It has been asserted that the north side of a tree may awlays be known

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by the narrowness and density of the rings. There is indeed most wood formed, and consequently their circles are broadest on the side most favourable to vegetation, and where there are most branches and leaves. This in a satilary tree is generally towards the south; but surely frequent and great variations must arise from heat-exposure, soil, moisture, &c.

The external rings of the wood retain more vital principle and more of the peculiar juices of the plant than the rest; and this difference often extends to a greater number of rings on one side of a tree than on another. The more vigour there is in a tree, or a side of a tree, the sooner is its albumum made perfect wood; for by *albumum* we are to understand, the layer of new unhardened wood of the present year.

Du Hamel has proved in his *Physique des Arbres*, vol. ii. 29, &c. that the wood is secreted or deposited from the innermost part of the bark. Dr Hope, late Professor of Botany, at Edinburg, father of the present Professor of Chemistry, has, if possible, more decisively proved the same.

Du Hamel is persuaded that under certain circumstances the wood produces a new bark.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR JOSEPHINE,

It is not, be assured, with eyes closed upon my own imperfections, that I thus observe and comment upon the passions and follies of others. I cannot but feel I have much to correct, much to acquire, and much to arm myself against, ere my distance from human frailty places me at that desirable height, to be enabled to *look down* upon the deficiencies of mankind, with the dignified calmness of tried and exalted virtue. I am convinced, my friend, that my susceptibility to worldly impressions, places it far, far beyond me. Our exemption from *voluntary* error is not sufficient; we must exert ourselves to keep out its *intrusion*, a self-command of which, I fear, but few of us in truth can boast. But the habit of considering with attention, the characters and actions of others, and discovering their present and remote effects, often leads to self-examination. We turn inwardly for comparison, and though we too often model it to the dictates of self-love; yet the period must arrive, sooner or later, when we shall cease to listen to its allurements; when we must be stripped of the garb in which the world induces us to array ourselves, and its consideration will assuredly be disregarded, as nobler prospects are gradually unfolded to our view. The mind is then no longer buoyed up by the vanities which have shut us from ourselves. Upon the removal of the mask, delusion vanishes away, and our bleared eyes are bright-

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ened on reality. All that has obscured our original nature, hold out to us, on their exit or decay, a memorable lesson of the perversion of our lives. This cannot be considered a digression from the promised subject of my present letter; it is a link of the same chain: *vanity* possessing the peculiar property of stamping our natures with a false impression; and the humours of mankind give it a form as various as their characters. I have known people rendered by it, apparently gentle and charitable, as hard and ungracious; patient and forbearing, as irritable and virulent; polite, as rude and insolent; easy, as stiff and conceited; graceful, as graceless; cheerful, as sullen; attentive, as negligent; studious, as indolent; silent, as loquacious; condescending, as proud; in fact, *apparently* virtuous, as vicious. In some we may discover it by an *effort* at censuring themselves, to draw forth praise, *at least* for their *humility*. Do not gratify their self-love by an attempt to awaken it, be assured it is no proof it *sleeps*, but rather that it is *watching*. Tacitly admit their assertions without comment, and they will not often thus molest us. In a few it appears by an affectation of eccentricity; presuming upon their small claims to genius, they wish to establish it by the effort they make to display its often attendant weaknesses, which every fool may ape, probably with most success. In some by a lengthened visage of affected wisdom, or a significant motion of the head, that its shallowness may be hid under the pretended concealment of some mighty matter, too weighty for the poor organ of speech to venture to give it utterance. In others we may perceive its effects by a winning art of manner; which as frequently proceeds from *vanity*, as any other source: being unrestrained by the awkwardness of distrust of success, they display the powers they possess to advantage, creating often a kind of animal spirits that produce the desired issue. Mankind are willing to acknowledge their influence as they tend to their amusement. But although it may render some *few* dispositions more amiable apparently, as well as engaging, yet its existence must be, at least, *ultimately* to their injury. Even those who render it serviceable to them, will frequently, from caprice or mortification, to which it must be subject, feel it, or suffer it at times to appear to their injury. Let our virtues therefore, proceed from a better source. But I am convinced, we shall sufficiently wish to avoid it, as we behold its disgusting nature in the coxcomb, the pedant, and other conceited race of beings. They have only to appear before us, without suffering from their effects, to excite in us the sensations that they must in every noble bosom; and how can we, in possessing it, answer for what form it may apear in to the world: our self-partiality creates a delusion that is hid only from our own eyes. Vanity cannot be considered, a

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knowledge of superiority, but rather a display and pride of that knowledge, and presuming in the possession of qualities to which we are strangers. We should all know the extent of our possessions, in order to render them serviceable to ourselves and others; but we should have modesty,-or *at least*, address enough to disguise it, which greatly increases their influence. Justly reflecting minds can never be vain of any of their possessions, however splendid or endearing to them. In discovering their superiority over others by a self-knowledge, or the admiration of mankind which usually follows, they would naturally reason thus with themselves. If I possess this charm, or excel in this talent, still many surpass me in others; even if superiour to a *few*, how inferior am I to *many*: or allowing they possessed *every* charm and talent, which is not probable, as it is hardly the lot of any, yet they will feel of how short duration are all earthly possessions, and how trifling the admiration excited by them, in competition with the applause of a higher power, which will secure to us an eternity of happiness, by a devotion to it founded on the *real* virtues, not on a fallacious spring that sets them in motion, and assumes their nature merely for a selfish gratification.

POLYMNIA.

THE WISH,

OR, THE HOUSE ON LAKE ONEIDA.

[*Continued from page* 392.]

Where the babbling brook is found,
Let there a stable grace the ground
With area large, and entrance wide,
To place my chariot by its side.
And let my neighing steeds be seen
Assembled sleek the stalls between,
With forehead fair and shoulder high,
And fetlock fine and lucid eye,
Luxuriant in the lofts appear
The herbage of the laughing year;
And near the manger-boards be seen
My supple grooms in jerkins green,
Who round the palfreys earnest stand,
With curry-comb and brush in hand.
Then o'er the walls and lofty door,
Of harness be a plenteous store,
The saddles from fair Albion's coast
With silken intertextures crost,
And geer all dazzling to the sight,

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With silver bits and stirrups bright.
Let Fancy now her eye extend
O'er laughing grounds where fruit trees bend,
And there the orchard's bloom shall vie
With Mary's cheek of crimson die;
And there on every tree be heard,
The varied note of joyful bird.
The wood-pecker's betraying beak,
The glossy blue-bird singing sweet,
The straw-plumed warbler twittering mild,
The pettish cat-bird screaming wild;
While to the slugs, denouncing war,
The crow loud cawing cries afar,
And on the fence, with all his might,
The quail domestic calls "Bob—White."
Where falls of water murmur round,
And sportive echoes catch the sound,
With sycamores* of verdant hue
A park shall charm the ravish'd view:
Let there the roving deer be seen,
Browsing in peace the tender green,
The lofty buck with antlers fair,
The gentle hind of milder air.
And let my park with beasts be rich,
And statues placed in many a niche,
That bards of old, a tuneful train,
May live again along the plain,
Let Homer o'er a bank recline,
Musing his "Tale of Troy divine,"
And Maro from the ground arise
To sing Eneas' bold emprize.
And Horace there will not disgrace
The honors of the sacred place,
Warbling the deeds of roman fame,
Or Cytherea's softer flame.
Remote from every vulgar eye,
The Teian bard shall quaff and sigh;
Anon the brimming bowl shall drink,
And now on Lesbia's bosom sink.
May some calm sprite with magic wand,
Banish taverns from my land;
But, Oneida, daughter fair,
Thou wilt rather make thy care.
An Hermitage with modest pride,

* *Sycamores every where abound on the Lake shore.*

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Hanging o'er thy silver tide.
Let there some gentle hermit dwell
With hairy gown and mossy cell,
With roots and every healing herb,
The progress of disease to curb:
And when the meek moon's crystal eye,
Beams from the forehead of the sky,
Let there the taper's cheering light,
Gleam from the hermit's casement bright,
To point the path, and shew the way,
To midnight travellers led astray;
Who welcom'd to her frugal fare,
His milk and fruit with pleasure share.
And heedless of the raging gale,
Repay his kindness with their tale;
While loud the crackling faggot burns,
And the small cricket sings by turns.
Let no neighbour's house appear
In my front or shaded rear,
But maples tall alone be seen
On the wide smooth shaven green.
Yet sometimes on the tranquil road
Be seen the waggon's ponderous load,
Or else appear the motley pack
Suspended from the pedlar's back,
Or harmless Indian, wandering far,
No longer breathing horrid war;
Or mounted travellers, through the wood,
Repairing all in cheerful mood
To Niagara's thundering flood.

[*To be continued.*]

SCRAP.

Sir William Jones, whose early acquaintance with oriental learning, and premature accomplishments in all polite letters, promised an uncommon eminence in the maturer periods of his life, laments in one of his last publications, that the profession of letters, though laborious leads to little pecuniary benefit; and that it seldom contributes to elevate, in the ranks of civil life either the professor or his family.

He therefore took a tender leave of the beloved region of the muses and

Desertis Aganippes Vallibus, Juv.
The muses vale forsaken

offered himself a votary of wealth and honour in the profession of the law. He relinquished the barren hill of Parnassus to cultivate a richer field.

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To edit a moral work is one thing, to get money by it is another, and between the one and the other there is so wide a gulph fixed, that few have spring enough to overleap it. To sit in your room and imagine that without prepossession or prejudice you are delivering the honest opinions of an independent mind, is an employment almost incapable of co-existence with importunate solicitations for an increase to your subscription list—hence perhaps the poverty of authors in general.

The profit of literary works falls chiefly to the lot of the venders of them, and the most eminent writers who have nothing but what their works bring them, would be likely to starve. There are instances indeed of literary drudgers, who undertaking mere compilations and low works of little ingenuity and invention, have gained a livelihood: but a man of genius can never stoop to such employment, unless through mere necessity; and then being in a state of servitude, and unable to choose his own subjects, and the manner of treating them, his spirit evaporates, his fire is damped, and he becomes a mere hireling, seeking gain and disregarding reputation.

PROMENADE AND CONCERT.

Exchange Caffée-House, Thursday, May 10, 1810.

Every incitement that the managers of this entertainment could offer, and every attention that good management could effect, were unfolded on this occasion. The house, we presume, was profitably attended. But something more than steady habits is necessary to make such an assemblage valuable and effective. The worthy part of such institutions in Europe consists in, and is founded upon the inclinations and abilities of individuals to improve the pleasures of social converse; for this purpose every one furnishes himself with materials in the forenoon, collects or recollects a stock of materials which he may have an opportunity of distributing to advantage to his associates in the promenade, and thence an evening's amusement of this nature becomes an intellectual treat. On the first introduction of a species of amusement so new here, little satisfaction was to be expected; people in general came merely to know what it meant, unprepared to contribute each to the other that portion of delicate amusement which might have constituted an agreeable whole; they consequently saw or listened only, and went away. Let us take the liberty of hinting to the managers of this promenade, in the first place, the propriety of diminishing the price of entrance, and to the attendants of it, particularly to our young gentlemen, to prepare themselves on some subject or other that will preclude the enforced obligation of standing as a cypher by a female's side, and

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compelling her to silence because no remark is made on which her ideas might evolve. We think it the duty of every gentleman, whether husband, father, brother, or otherwise engaged, to secure the pleasures of the female he attends to such places of recreation, and the greatest usefulness of such amusements will thence always consist in preparatory exercises properly arranged and advantageously exhibited.

A HINT.

Somebody has been selling laudanum without a prescription from any physician. I shall not mention names, because it is not my present purpose to punish or expose, but to admonish. It is true the medicine, or as it was applied the poison, was sold with reluctance. Many enquiries were made by the apothecary, and many false assurances were given him that no improper use should be made of the drug before he could be persuaded to deviate from what he seemed to be sensible was his duty.

But let me ask the vender, why do you ever sell laudanum, without a recipe for it from some reputable physician? A moment's reflexion will convince you how easy it is for any one needing laudanum or worthy of being trusted with it, to obtain a paper for it from his physician. Without this authority, the apothecary should be held accountable for the effects of all dangerous medicines which he permits to go out of his hands.

In this case, the female took, as she said, an ounce of laudanum, but judging from the effects produced I think the quantity must have been less; as it was however, she came near effecting her purpose. This woman in the course of a vicious life had met with vexations and disappointments which she thought herself unable to endure.

Every good principle, which could have supported her in misfortune while innocent, she had abandoned in the beginning of her career. Her acquaintances which would have been friends had she been virtuous, had forsaken her; and though in the most unsuitable of all possible states to leave the world, she was hurrying herself out of it by her own hand.

Thus vice is at war with the dignity and serenity of moral purity, and converts the very means of health and happiness into the instruments of a frightful destruction.

CORRESPONDENTS.

MANY valuable communications are omitted for want of room—several shall appear in our next.

We feel strongly inclined to request *some* of our correspondents to send their favours earlier in the week; it would be the means of our affording a better treat to our readers than we can otherwise accomplish.

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